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# THE IDEAL ATTAINED!

By

WILLIAM D. HOWARD, D.D.,  
President of the University of Chicago

WITH A FOREWORD BY

THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

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NEW YORK

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1894

# IDEAL ATTAINED;

MINIATURE

The Story of Two Scottish Souls and how they  
won their Happiness and Lost it not.

BY

ELIZA W. FARNHAM

AUTHOR OF "WOMAN AND HER SINS," "ELIZA WOODHULL," &c.

It is not necessary to say much more  
of the merits of this book. It is  
a story of two lives, and a story  
which will be read with interest  
and sympathy by all who are  
interested in the human race.

NEW YORK

C. M. PLEMB & CO.

217 CANAL STREET

1882



THE  
IDEAL ATTAINED;

BEING

The Story of Two Steadfast Souls, and how they  
Won their Happiness and Lost it not.

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BY

ELIZA W. FARNHAM,

AUTHOR OF "WOMAN AND HER ERA," "ELIZA WOODSON," ETC.

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"We had experience of a blissful state,  
In which our powers of thought stood separate,  
Each in its own high freedom held apart,  
Yet both close folded in one loving heart;  
So that we seemed, without conceit, to be  
Both one, and two, in our identity."—MILNES.

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NEW YORK:  
C. M. PLUMB & CO.,  
274 CANAL STREET.  
1865.

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THE

# IDEAL ATTAINED;

PUBLISHERS' PREFACE

BRING

One who gave her entire life to service to others  
The story of Two Steadfast Souls and how they  
won their Happiness and Lost it not

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Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1865, by

CHARLES H. FARNHAM,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern  
District of New York.

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## PUBLISHERS' PREFACE.

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One who gave her entire life so sacredly to philanthropic labor of hands or brain, as did Mrs. FARNHAM, would be likely to regard the production of a work of fiction as incidental and subordinate.

The manuscript of the volume here presented to the public, was prepared some years since, in a surprisingly brief time, and under peculiar circumstances. It was then, evidently, laid aside for other, and, as the author believed, more important work; and only during her final illness was it confided to the care of the Publishers.

Had it been submitted to other judgment, an earlier publication would doubtless have been secured, when it could have received the author's own supervision. The want of this, and the slight revision which the manuscript has undergone, will, it is hoped, palliate any inaccuracies that may be discovered.

The pictures of natural scenery upon the Pacific shore, and of social life during the early years of California, will be recognized as eminently faithful. The chief interest of the work, however, lies in the characters given to the two leading personages, whose vivid portraiture constitutes noble embodiments of an exalted ideal, conveying a fresh and striking reflection of the author's own rare and peculiar genius.

Hudson Book Co. 8/10/18

# THE IDEAL ATTAINED.

## CHAPTER I.

At the time when my story commenced we had been at sea nearly days. Our ship was the fastest one of the modern fleet which then had ever sailed from New York for San Francisco. She was called clipper-built and though for her speed the late structure of that sort she had made some very quick voyages across the Atlantic and in the China Sea. She was a noble piece of work and was well and true, and so late looking, though to her eyes, not and more, and slender with a hull and machinery of fine, looked more like a fairy bridge between us and cloud-land, than any land-built vessel of the western hemisphere. It was the early years of the nineteenth century. The fastest ship of the time and the fastest of the California voyage, and her expedition of speed was assured, as we were disappointed, that the task of some months in the Pacific Ocean, which we regarded as the most of our sailing, was not. In all other respects he was an admirable commander. Good discipline that was never weak, prevailed everywhere in his little kingdom, and when



# THE IDEAL ATTAINED.

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## CHAPTER I.

At the time when my story commences, we had been at sea ninety days. Our ship was the *Tempest*, one of the noblest vessels which, then, had ever sailed from New York for San Francisco. She was called clipper-built, and though far from equaling the later structures of that sort, she had made some very quick voyages across the Atlantic and in the China Seas. She was a noble piece of water-craft—clean, trim, and resolute looking, though, to my eyes, her tall masts, and slender yards, and innumerable lines of rope, looked more like a fairy bridge between us and cloud-land, than any substantial means of more material progress.

The *Tempest* had changed owners and master for the California voyage, and our expectations of great speed seemed likely to be sadly disappointed, through lack of some quality in Captain Landon, which prevented him from making the most of her sailing qualities. In all other respects he was an admirable commander. Good discipline, that was never cruel, prevailed everywhere in his little kingdom, and when,

in our eagerness, we questioned him, with spurring intent, about our progress, he replied that he preferred sailing *upon* the sea to going *through* it; and that a man who had doubled the Cape of Good Hope six times, and the Horn four, would scarcely be in so great a hurry to get around the fifth time, as younger men who had had less experience.

We all liked Captain Landon heartily. He was social and kind, and in his relations to all on board his vessel he was uniformly and unexceptionably the conscientious, high-minded gentleman. Nevertheless, and it perhaps proves the ingratitude and hardness of our hearts, there were words sometimes coupled with his name, in our deck and state-room chats, which showed that, to the speakers, all his virtues did not atone for the one capital lack of swiftness. Beware, O ye who conduct the vehicular progress of sovereign Americans, how you suffer the winds of heaven to out-strip you!

Ninety days, I told you, we had been out, yet the Captain would not talk of less than twenty-five more—it was more likely, he said, to be thirty-five. The truth was, that, having a hint, without specific directions for following Maury's proposed theory of navigating the Pacific, he was making an attempt thereto by running very much farther west than he ever had before; and we were naturally more impatient of every day's delay, which seemed to our ignorance possibly attributable to this experiment, than we should have been to any occurring in the legitimate routes. Captain Landon spoke little of our position at this time, and we thought would much have preferred finding himself a few degrees eastward of this undesirable spot. For we were in an ocean of dead calm, glassy, shining,



unrippled by breath of air or swell of wave—the sails depending like idle rags from the spars, and the steady sun pouring his glare and heat mercilessly upon us, from the hour of rising till the last level rays smote us across the western sea. What could we do but suffer?

Our company in the cabin was small, numbering only nine beside the Captain—three ladies, four gentlemen, and two children. I will introduce the least important personages to you first, and we shall then be at rest about them, for it is not their experience I am going to give you. There were two of them to whom I believed no experience ever had come, or ever would come, which could by any possible stretching be made to fit and clothe a human soul.

There was Mr. Wilkes, an invalid schoolmaster, whose only relaxation, beside drinking peppermint-water, between breakfast and luncheon, and between luncheon and dinner, was singing psalms, accompanying himself on a tuning-fork. Mr. Wilkes was slight and small in person, with large eyes that had apparently faded with his waning vitality, for around the rims of the irids there was yet visible a lingering tint of yellowish gray, while within it had all vanished, and given place to a dingy buttermilk hue; the dreariest eyes—especially when the peppermint-water was in hand, which was the great part of every day—that were ever seen. Mr. Wilkes was going to California for his health—and recreation, he sometimes added. Truth to tell, I think the poor man had little of the ruling motive, in his travel, which was then filling that devoted State with the adventurous, the avaricious, the ambitious, the dishonest, and the criminal of the whole earth. There was scarcely nature enough in his

little weazen body and respectable soul, for so much rugged purpose to find lodgment. His stated pleasantries in regard to worldly prospects in that wicked, thriving country, was, that, "if they gave him nothing, they would not get much out of him, either," for he had only taken enough to pay his expenses back; and he seemed to consider that, in this acuteness, he had over-reached the Californians in the most unprecedented and triumphant manner.

"I can teach singing there, Miss Warren," he would say—he was disposed to be rather confidential at times with me, or, more strictly speaking, to avail himself of the only patient ears he could ever command among us ladies—"I can teach singing, but I should not like to undertake a school till my health is improved. It is very laborious, Miss Warren, to teach a school. I have taught fourteen years in one house, and I always found it very laborious. It injures a man's health in time, and mine is so much impaired, that I thought a voyage would do me good. If I don't gain, I shall not lose anything, because, as I told you before, I took good care not to bring any more money with me than would take me home again, and I left my wife and daughter very comfortably settled in our own house in Millville."

You will understand, now, that it was a great merit in me to stop and hear, every two or three days, such a statement of his personal affairs and prospects—sometimes prolonged much beyond this, without the addition, however, of another idea, and always ending in the pleasant consolation of the wife and daughter and the little house at Millville. If these talks lacked interest and originality to me, they did not to him; and in the tedium of a voyage one is so thoroughly



put down to what one can bear, that you are unconscious how very trivial the things often are which serve to occupy you, and make you believe you are being entertained, or even interested.

Mr. Pedes was one of the traveling members of a New England Scientific Association, and was going to California and Mexico as entomologist and taxidermist for that body. He had the full measure of indifference to personal appearance that was requisite in a scientific man; wore often soiled linen, the membranes, by all outward indications, being in a state of adaptation thereto; lingered obstinately over his text-books and treatises—affirmed by Agassiz; and plainly enough hinted, when he did talk, that American science would be largely indebted, a few years hence, to the Society which was devoting men and means to exploration and harvest on the Pacific coast, in the face of all the difficulties which the scientific man had then to meet there. Mr. Pedes was, perhaps, not a churlish man. I think he was really devoted to his pursuits, with an absorbing interest in them, and a substantial gratitude that he was thereby segregated from the men and women in the world who were not so blest. He was my *vis-a-vis* at table, and I remember the leading idea in my mind, for many of our first days, in meeting him there, bore reference to the personal traits referred to. After I became accustomed to him, the importance of toilet measures did somewhat fall off; and when, occasionally, he talked to us, in the lecture-room style, on the *vertebrata* and the *invertebrata*, the *vivipara* and the *ovipara*, I even became so reconciled to him, that I used, sometimes, in the dreariest dullness, to wish he had the same necessities for communicating and receiving that other human beings feel. Because,

you see, our circle was small, and every accessible soul was so much resource to each of us.

Our third man, going upward, was Mr. Garth, the youngest of them all—a native of New York and graduate of Yale. Since that venerable mother had sent him into the world, he had traveled over his own country and visited Europe, and he seemed to have questioned men and things to some purpose, for he had clear and ready ideas, when the way of expression was opened to him; could relate much that he had seen and remembered, always in choice and easy terms; and was, altogether, an agreeable, accomplished person. But there was a fragility in his physical and mental being. He lacked, as so many of our young men do, the sturdiness of body that is indispensable to an enduring, complete, and full life. His chest was narrow and thin, and his muscular system light, so that I always felt, in thinking of his future, that if one of the heavy strokes of experience should fall upon him, he would be unable to sustain himself against it. He was not only fragile, but had that peculiarly clear, pale blue eye, which indicates the most perishable or unre-sisting fragility. Yet Mr. Garth had tolerable health, and like a sensible man, set a high value upon it, without possessing, however, much practical knowledge of the laws by which it could be preserved or increased. His Alma Mater had instructed him in the conjugations and inflections of the Greek, Hebrew and Latin verbs; had stored his mind with the poetry of Homer and Virgil—the wisdom of Plato and Socrates; she had given him much useful and dignified knowledge of the sciences external to himself, but had not taught him one physiological law by which the life, thus ennobled, could be made stronger and more efficient.



Nay, she had, in all probability, weakened it by her own neglect of these in the treatment she had bestowed on him. Thus, Mr. Garth did not understand the *value* of daily bathing. The comfort of it in warm climates led him to practice it, but off Cape Horn we never had to wait for him to vacate the bath-room. He was ignorant that the very strong tea and coffee, served at our breakfast- and dinner-tables, were like fire or poison to his unshielded nervous system; he did not know that the hot bread he ate every morning made a direct attack upon his digestive energies, which had scarcely power to accomplish their function upon it; and he would not have believed, if any one had told him, that it was better his lungs should be supplied with pure air while asleep, even though, to accomplish it, a cold current should have to be admitted directly to his room.

Alma Mater had not descended to trivial and modern instruction like this, and as none of the schools had given it to him before he went to her, and his father and mother were, in all probability, as ignorant of it as himself, or as any learned professor of mathematics or languages, he was now in a state of blessed unconsciousness that, instead of fortifying and strengthening his health and manhood by his daily habits, he was slowly and steadily undermining them. If he had an Ideal of manhood, it was of the spiritual, apart from and almost ignoring the physical. He was now in quest both of adventure and fortune, and, with a few thousand dollars in hand, was going, in this not greedy, hasty manner, to California, with the hope of multiplying it, in some honorable and just way, to many thousands, and, at the same time, of seeing some phases of life that were not offered to him elsewhere.

Our remaining gentleman was Colonel Anderson. He was a Briton by birth, but of Danish-English extraction; and in his person were combined the physical perfection and elegance of both these finely developed nations. His stature exceeded six feet, but every line of the height and breadth which made up his Herculean form was cased in Nature's royal mold of masculine beauty. His chest was deep, and the voice that flowed from it, like the joyous west wind for fullness; his shoulders were broad and square, but gracefully set above the clean lines which narrowed steadily downward to the thin flank; and while his muscular figure had barely that roundness which is compatible with manly elegance, his motions were as lithe and supple as a leopard's. Colonel Anderson's head would have delighted the eyes of the most enthusiastic disciple of Gall or Spurzheim, the active brain manifestly filling all the space allotted to it; and his features had the clear cut, promptly defined lines of the English face, with the frankness and spirit of the northern countenance. His large dark-blue eye gleamed occasionally with the true fire of the old Norse soul, and at such moments there seemed to flash upon us the likeness of some ancient Jaol or Viking, whose motto might have been, "No obstacle to my purpose but death."

He was accomplished, social and spontaneous to a degree that was very un-American, and un-English, too, indeed; yet there ran through this warm, impulsive, piquant character, a vein of steadiness, that was thoroughly English, and that was capable, upon provocation, of becoming reserve as proud and freezing to unwarranted familiarity, as the purest British blood could feel. Externally, he was all Dane, and it was



an apology which at once extenuated and characterized his little social offenses when he said, "The wind was from the north at that moment," or, "Then spoke that blessed father of mine." Colonel Anderson's paternity was his great pride—though he had been born in England, and all his life identified with British institutions and power. He had been in the East Indies and South Africa; afterward on the Grand Canal, with Mehemit Ali, and roaming about the Mediterranean, especially the Italian States; had leapt headlong into the arms of Mazzini and the Liberals; chafing and fretting there, between inaction and hope, till the day came when those noblest men of the country were driven from it—when the Revolution of '48 seemed to have proved but a poor futility, and all the manly, courageous love of liberty was crushed into silence or driven from the Continent, as if it had been the most pestilent and ruinous presence that could afflict the people. Then he had come to England, and was about buying a commission, to reënter the army, in the hope that thereby some worthy work would come to his hand, when the desire to see America seized him. He came, and had spent a year between the Free and Slave States and the great West; and now, apparently somewhat to his own astonishment, he was a passenger on board a ship to California. I have told you here much of his history that we did not know till long after the time I am now speaking of.

You are already thinking, I know, that the man I have described was one whom all women of the weaker sort would call adorable, or perfect, or splendid; and whom the stronger would admire profoundly, and pronounce in an under-tone, magnificent. He had genius of a sort not grown by the intellect alone. His

power, his frankness, his directness, his love of young children, and capacity to enter into and increase their happiness, his unmistakable and unerring sympathy with the right, in all questions, however great or trivial, gave him the position of a commanding person. His experience had been various and large, and from it he had gathered much of all sorts of knowledge; knowledge of general subjects, of science, of men, of opinions, and of practical, daily doings, which he could and would use in the promptest and most efficient manner, when occasion required. After this, I have no need to tell you that I admired him exceedingly, and that, but for my being an acknowledged old maid, whom any good man like him, in the course of a long sea voyage, would naturally come to treat with the frankness and unceremony of a sister or old friend, I have little doubt that I should have fallen desperately in love with him.

Of the two ladies beside myself, one was a Mrs. Farley; and when I prefix the article, and give her name, I give the measure of her individuality; for Mrs. Farley, beside her name, consisted of eight or ten or twelve boxes and trunks of clothing—costly, fashionable clothing, understand, all new—and a smallish, slight, genteel person, on which, as a foundation, with whalebone and cotton, a most respectable, showy, and with due help of outside materials, even an imposing looking woman was sometimes gotten up for occasions. Without the extras, and let down from the dignity which they maintained by taking, she was a little, gossiping, weak, complaining woman; somewhat bitter, but never malignant—hardly positive enough for that; a negative, small existence, for whom the great danger was that we should utterly forget when she was out of our sight.

The two children were the sons of the lady whom I



have not introduced—Mrs. Bromfield. Their father had been more than three years dead, and was buried away on one of the remote islands of the purple South Seas, of which, whenever I looked into her serious face and great brown eyes, she seemed to be dreaming. I could see whole groves of cocoa-nut and stately palms reflected in their depths.

In detail, Mrs. Bromfield was not handsome. Taken singly, every feature of her face except the eyes might be pronounced plain. Her full lips had such decided curves in their chiseled lines, that I used to think, in looking on them, the mouth lacked tenderness, and expressed strength and pride, rather than love. Her forehead was broad, with a massive projecting form, as unlike as you can imagine to the smooth, characterless delicacy of shape so much praised in women. Even the unenvious and admiring did not often render the verdict “beautiful,” after examining her impressive face. And yet many such looked on her, for she was one of the few women who are universally admired, without that coveted gift, beauty—a rarer and more enviable lot than to possess it.

She was a clear, warm brunette, with a gorgeous head of hair, that seemed to change, by the light and shadow upon it, from dark purple to raven black. And those who saw her only when the full interior life was kindled and aflame with glorious imaginations, or with resentment, or with the towering pride that repelled uninvited approach, were always heard to affirm that the flash of those black eyes would make the bravest soul cower before her.

On this day such an occurrence had happened, of which I alone was witness; but the words it had called forth from her to the offender had got to wind, and Mr. Garth, who was a secret worshiper of hers—

or who thought he was, though I had caught his secret weeks before—was talking it over with me, and saying something about the scorching black eyes, when little Phil, her youngest boy, who had strolled near us, and now stood unnoticed, leaning on a coil of rope, said, “My mother hasn’t dot black eyes, Mis’r Darf. They’re only black when somebody’s naughty to her—’ats all ’ey are.”

The speaker started, and laughing, tossed Phil up to a seat on the rail, encircling him there with his arms, where he fell into one of his mother’s dreams, gazing down into the deep, deep sea. There was the slenderest of all possible new moons—a mere line of pearly light—looking up at him from the still depths—it seemed in the calm to be miles below—and shimmering stars, a very few of the boldest, which had ventured out of their azure palaces before the sunset fires of the tropical sky had been quite extinguished, though the sea was heaving in long, lazy surges, right into them.

Mr. “Darf” and Phil were very fond of each other. The child was indeed irresistible, and Mr. Garth, who was generous and affectionate enough to have loved him heartily for himself, was still more drawn to him by his unavowed love for his mother. He never approached or addressed this lady, but in a most respectful and even reverential manner; but if I had eyes and could see at all, he devoured every word and movement with a heart-yearning that it pained me to behold. He rarely named her to a third person, and then in such scanty and guarded speech, that one less keen of observation than I flatter myself I am, would have thought that her being or not being were much the same to him. But, as I said, on this day there had happened an incident in our monotonous life.



## CHAPTER II.

We had been five days wearing out a calm—a calm there in the Pacific, where, I think, they seem more hopeless than in any other waters. We were impatient, wearied, restless—at times almost fiercely so. Every resource had been over and over again exhausted—chess, draughts, cards, backgammon; even dominoes with Phil and Harry; books, music, and conversation. But Mrs. Bromfield, who always stood much above our common vexations, and, whatever she suffered, suffered in a kind of queenly silence, had not come down to our level of complaint. She was absorbed in reading and making critical annotations upon that wonderful book of Lamartine's, the History of Les Girondins; and she pored over it from early morning till the hour for extinguishing the lights, excepting only the times of walking with the boys and amusing or caressing them. She was a fond mother, but an intellectual woman also; and her children, though loving her passionately, and fearing her not at all, generally understood when mamma had the reading or the thinking face on, and sought amusement and entertainment, for the time, elsewhere.

It had been very warm in the morning, and I was lying on the sofa, in my state-room, with a headache. I was fretful and impatient, and foolishly aggravated

my discomforts by keeping them in the balance, and making hourly computation of their amount and force. I was doing this for the hundredth time, when I heard a light, yet measured tread, and the soft rustle of a dress, and turning my aching eyes quickly, I saw Mrs. Bromfield's ample but unshowy draperies just disappearing past my door. I called her name.

"Are you ill?" she asked, kindly, turning back, and entering my room.

"Not ill, dear Mrs. Bromfield, but so horribly tired, and worried, and parched, in this lifeless air; and I have a severe headache here"—placing my hands across the top of my head.

I always liked her near me when I felt thus. The calmness, and order, and sweetness of her life seemed to overflow and soothe me. She was like breezes from the hills, laden with the perfume of flowers, and the odors of woodlands, and the glorious sunshine. And she really had an infinite fund of tenderness, which immediately closed up the distance between her and others when she saw them suffering.

"Shall I cure your headache?" she asked, with a smile, laying her cool, soft hand on my brow, and passing it gently over my temples.

"Oh, if you will, I shall be very thankful," I replied; "and impart to me some of your own equanimity and self-adjusting power, for I am miserably nervous."

She sat down on the stool beside me, and talked in those low, deep tones, peculiarly her own, which, while I was hearing them, I always wondered how anybody could resist, and, without apparently doing anything, except for mere idleness, as it were, letting her hands wander about my head. She had, in a few minutes,



banished my pain. The magnetic interchange had re-established me, in a measure, and I was ashamed, on opening my eyes and looking into her thoughtful face, to feel how much I was indebted to this superior life, and how easily it had penetrated and restored my own to harmony.

I had never spoken directly to her of these things, but now I said: "What would I not give for the power you possess of containing yourself and affecting others so happily!"

"I believe I have little more," she replied, "than all well-balanced and developed persons possess, if they would exercise it. But, Miss Warren, all good gifts wither if they are not used. I have no doubt that God gives us all equally precious treasure and talent, if we could but be born with good bodies and brains, through which they could prove themselves, and attain to free growth. You need to be taken away from yourself just now. Will you come with me into the cabin—there is no one there—and hear me read a poem of Mrs. Browning's? It will help you to forget your discomforts."

There could be no greater pleasure offered to me than this, for Mrs. Bromfield was perfect in the rare art of reading. Her voice charmed the ear, and so much of her own nature flowed out in the few grand things she ever condescended to read aloud, that one forgot at the moment she was reading the language of another, and felt the actual presence of a great soul uttering itself in words and tones of fire, or scorn, or tenderness, or grief, as these sentiments prevailed in the writer.

I followed upon her invitation, and we sat down alone on the transom in the stern-cabin. Phil and

Harry were at a game of romps on deck, with Mr. Garth and Colonel Anderson—such romps as can be played in tropical latitudes, consisting of little motion, much amusing speech, and a deal of idle laughter. But the children were entertained by them, and their mother, after listening for a moment to assure herself that they had companions, opened her book, and commenced reading “Lady Geraldine’s Courtship.” She sat near the door, with her back toward it, and, consequently, did not notice what I saw—that, shortly after she began, Colonel Anderson came down the steps, and remained standing through the whole reading, within a hand’s-breadth of her shoulders.

Bear in mind, in judging of the act which followed, that we had been three months shut up in the narrow compass of a ship, a small company of us, and that that length of time, there, would establish between persons of any congeniality an acquaintance and freedom equal to that of a year, or even years, in more general society.

How she swept through the interview of the excited poet with his mistress, and triumphed with him in the words :

“I am worthy of your loving, for I love you—  
I am worthy as a king”!

At that instant was it a flash of lightning that struck her! did a thunderbolt fall on her scathed forehead, and purple its broad surface, and swell those blue veins to such painful fullness? No, but something as deadly to her high and pure pride. A hand had been placed upon each cheek, and her head upturned so suddenly, that, before she could lift her own hands, a bearded face had swept her brow, and left a kiss imprinted

there—which she seemed indignantly to clutch away and trample under her as she rose to her feet. She turned, facing the door, and the strong light fell upon her countenance, which my weak nerves trembled to look upon. There stood the offender before her, and I suppose I shall never again behold such a scene as that encounter. I have endeavored to describe Colonel Anderson to you, but I fear you do not see him now as I saw him then. His naturally fair complexion had been bronzed by long exposure to torrid suns, but its even and finely-shaded color showed that all the currents of life yet had their full and equable play within. In one hand he held his broad Panama hat, and with the other he tossed back, from time to time, the masses of light, redundant hair, which the merest breath of wind served to displace. He had the health and nerve of a lion, and, therefore, I thought, was not likely to be daunted even by the swelling form and resentful eyes which now confronted him.

“Sir!” exclaimed Mrs. Bromfield, from the far-away, awful height whither she had withdrawn herself, “sir, have you any excuse for the outrage you have perpetrated on me?” and again she clutched nervously at the spot which seemed to burn upon her forehead.

“None, I fear,” was the reply, “that you will accept from me, though you have just considered it very good from the lips of another. Love!”

“You insult me still further, sir,” she said, dropping her eyes for the first time before the passionate tenderness that overflowed from his.

I began to feel *de trop*, yet had some hesitation about leaving my friend at that moment.

She stood, awaiting his reply, which came, slowly and painfully, through his misty eyes as well as from his quivering lips.



"If the purest and truest love of which a man's heart is capable is an insult——"

"Colonel Anderson," she interrupted, "your words are strangely unbecoming the time and place."

I rose, but Mrs. Bromfield staid and seated me by a gesture of her hand, without turning her eyes toward me. "You must not go, Miss Warren," she said. But you, sir"—and again her eyes drooped before the appealing tenderness of his—"have been guilty of a rudeness, not to call it by a harsher name, which, as a gentleman, I expect you to apologize fully for, in presence of Miss Warren; and henceforth we are strangers."

"Madam," he said, "I never did a wrong, to my knowledge, that I could not heartily apologize for, the moment I saw it to be such; and I certainly shall not now withhold from the one person who fills the universe to me, any expression she may demand, to heal the hurt I have given. I was betrayed by your voice and those noble lines beyond the constraint I have put on myself for the last four months; and if the rash act, by which I could not forbear expressing the one sentiment and hope for which I live, was offensive to you, I can only say, that, as deeply as you scorn, I regret it. I did not, at the moment, duly weigh the difference between a character drawn in fine words, on paper, and one clothed with warm, throbbing life. Have I said enough?"

"Enough!" and she waved her hand, as dismissing him.

I saw she was becoming pale, and feared, notwithstanding her great firmness, that she could scarcely bear up against the strength of his last words and tones. He drew back a step, and stood in the door-

way, his magnificent figure, like a Hercules in its glory, fully revealed, and his fine face overspread with the dew of an emotion, which, it was plain, worked its way irresistibly up from the depths of his great heart. Often before, when seeing these persons for a moment side by side, I had thought what a pair they would make. I thought so now again, when they stood there still, face to face—for she would not sit while he remained, and it seemed impossible for him to go. I wished that she would release me, and let him speak, and I moved to try her, but she stretched forth her hand again imperiously, and stood now, as if she were watching him.

He felt this, and said, with a bitter smile, "The madness of the moment is past. Pray, do not so regard me, as an enemy to be held at bay. I should despise myself, while I am speaking to you, but that I know the man who loves the noblest woman alive, cannot altogether merit my scorn."

What surprising audacity, I thought; she will be darting lightning again. And sure enough it came, swift as the flame of heaven, from those black eyes, right against his front.

"Sir," she said, "you are a stranger to me. Reserve such speech, I beseech you, for ears it may be more familiar to than mine, and when next we meet it will be as people who have never seen each other's faces. Good morning;" and turning, she swept away from him, pushing the heavy hair from her temples as she went, that the air might bathe them more freely, and give her back somewhat that she had lost in this interview. She entered her own room, which was the second from mine aft on the same side. When she turned away, Col. Anderson, without bestowing a

glance upon me, departed to the deck, where, the next moment, I heard the dear Philip's voice greet him, and saw the boy lifted to his bosom, in an embrace that evidently excited more surprise than pleasure in his little heart.

He looked wonderingly into his friend's face for a moment, lifted the light hat from his head, and twining his slender fingers among the curls that clustered all over it, at length said: "You ky, wat for, Turnel Annerson?"

A groan of anguish broke from the heaving bosom of the man.

"Put me down, do, please—I want to go to my mamma," said Phil.

"But you won't tell mamma of me, Philip," said his friend, setting him down at the foot of the steps.

"No, if you'se haven't been naughty to her," said the little fellow, with a suspicion, it would seem, or an instinct, or a revelation—what shall we call it?—that what so distressed the strong and good companion of his childish games, must also, in some way, affect mamma.



### CHAPTER III.

I had not felt it best to follow Mrs. Bromfield. Much as I liked her, and social, and even tender as she was at times, I did not feel at liberty to invade the privacy in which I knew she was making a desperate struggle to quench the roused and conflicting emotions of that hour. I heard the water flowing from the tank into her basin, and I knew that that first requisite of restoration would be put to thorough use, for Mrs. Bromfield worshiped water. If she had been born a heathen, she would not have deified the sun, or fire, or light; but water. Beside the scrupulous purity to which it was essential, it was scarcely less so to her, in a spiritual sense. Deprived of her baths, she confessed to human infirmities, which, with them, she seemed wholly superior to.

When Philip entered the room, his little foot-patter interrupted her for a moment, but I could feel and hear that she applied herself at the next more closely than before, to laving her face, thereby, I suppose, concealing it from the child, till she could in some measure mask it for his searching gaze. For Phil had an eye for mamma's face, that was not easily cheated; and if real, internal sunshine and peace were not there, he would not see the smiles or assumed expression by which she would have made him believe they were.

Then he would shy up to her knee, in a bold, yet timid way, that was altogether his own, rest his little elbow gravely upon it, and with his cheek or his chin upon his palm, would regard her in silence for a space, and if she did not speak, would at length ask, "Who's been naughty to mamma?"

I sat down near the door of her room. Shall I confess? It was then, with a desire to gather, if possible, from any word to the child, a clue to the feelings with which she had come out of the startling interview of that morning. She kept her face some minutes, it seemed to me, concealed from him, by a long bathing, but at length she stood up and moved a step, to where her towels hung. She did not wait for him to speak, but said herself, "Where's Harry, darling?"

"He's on foetassel, wiz Mr. Darf."

"Will my little King Philip go and call him, to get ready for luncheon?" she said, in a tone of forced pleasantry.

But little King Philip, though a very obedient child, had other views, which must first be carried out. He knew that mamma had had some disturbing experience, and it behooved him to know whence it came and what it was. For King Philip had inaugurated himself mamma's champion, and often and often recounted the sublime wonders of his future years—the fortunes, the splendors, the triumphs—in not one of which was mamma ever forgotten. So, instead of departing immediately, he went and pulled softly at her gown, to get a look from her, which she had carefully avoided giving him yet, and when he saw that her eyes were unmistakably black, he asked, with a great spirit rushing up through his little frame, "Mamma, has Turnel Annerson been naughty to you?"

"God bless the boy!" thought I. "He has his mother's own insight, which the child-experience has not clouded." I waited for the answer.

Mrs. Bromfield was like truth itself. I fancied she could scarcely speak to deceive, but what would she say to this blank question?

"Philip mustn't ask questions about big people; Philip can't understand it all," she replied, folding her arms around the fragile but stately little form, and burying the spirited, earnest face in her bosom.

"'Body's" (meaning somebody,) "been naughty to you," he insisted.

"Mamma has been naughty herself," she said, in what I felt to be a self-accusing tone; and thereat I clapped the hands of my spirit, and shouted, mentally: "Bravo! we are getting a little nearer the world's level, when we can say that."

If you wonder how I could honorably establish myself in this kind of friendly espionage upon a proud, self-inclusive woman, I answer, that I desired most earnestly—having involuntarily become possessed of this secret, which would have startled and scattered any other woman's faculties for days, if not months—to know what hold it had taken on her. I was pre-determined, too, whatever I might learn, not to disclose a syllable—not even to breathe to any mortal concerning it; and, indeed, had I not so determined, she would have compelled me to silence by her own magnificent reticence.

When Philip, the king, left her, to go to the "foe-tassel" for Harry, she smoothed the folds of her hair, and stepped forth into the cabin, looking certainly paler than was her wont, and showing something of languor in the lines of her mouth and in the relaxed



eyelids ; but otherwise she was Mrs. Bromfield, unfenced by Col. Anderson's declared passion. She sat down beside me, and calmly resumed a conversation we had begun the evening before, on the Girondists—sustaining herself in it with a nerve and self-suppression that impelled me almost to worship her. I did not wonder at the Colonel's madness—so magnificent, so proud, so womanly, so sensitive, she sat there. I could see, through the thin white drapery that covered her shoulders, flashes of color come and go when some footstep approached the cabin-door, and I thought, How is this stranger dreaded !

At length luncheon was laid. At table Col. Anderson was Mrs. Bromfield's *vis-a-vis*, with Harry next him, and Philip next her. This arrangement had been made, when we were all first able to take our places, at Col. Anderson's request, and it seemed to please him very much, for reasons which you understand, by this time, as well as I do. The Colonel did not present himself at luncheon, and when inquiry was made, Ching, the waiter, said, "Colonel ! he be gone to maintop, ma'am," addressing Mrs. Bromfield, though she had not spoken, as if he thought she were the person most directly interested in knowing his whereabouts. "I am much mistaken," said I to myself, watching her at the moment, "if that flushed cheek does not belie the name 'Stranger,' by which you have ordered yourself to call this man."

Col. Anderson was usually gay at meals ; and Mrs. Bromfield, often tacitly accepting his challenge, shone through all her dignity, with infinite wit, spirit, and courage, in the encounters thus provoked between them. It was the delight of the little company, when they two set upon each other in these charming encounters of the tongue.

But to-day we were dull. Poor Mr. Garth looked on from a distance, and made some futile attempts to engage us in conversation, but the calm without was stagnation within, and every endeavor only made the failure more apparent. Little King Philip munched his crackers and figs, and sipped his water, while he was unmistakably engaged in a profound mental study of the whole case, which he seemed in a fair way to make out, too, between mamma's solemnly resolute aspect and the Colonel's empty chair, and the remembered tears and groan of that great strong man; while Harry, who was less sensitive and transparent than Philip, though not less earnest, took his part very quietly, and only asked Ching, in an under-tone, with reference to the main-top, if there was land ahead. This made everybody laugh, except Phil, who first looked at his brother with a glance of mild rebuke, and afterwards at mamma, and her faint, proud smile, with grave, large-eyed wonder.

"It is really too bad," I thought, when luncheon was over, and I sauntered upon deck, "too bad to be defrauded of all the sweet woman-talk which this occurrence ought to furnish. I've a great mind not to bear it. And then, that both parties should so grandly ignore my presence when the storm has passed!"

But as I was approaching the state of indignation which my self-respect claimed as its due, from these momentous facts, I found little Mrs. Farley at my side, with her small, thin voice, and feeble face. I saw at a glance that she had something to say now, and instantly prepared myself to be questioned, for Mrs. Farley believed that I knew everything.

"I've been all the forenoon in my berth, Miss Warren," she said.

Her room was between Mrs. Bromfield's and mine, but it was our good fortune to have her a little deaf; for, though we never gossiped—gossip with Mrs. Bromfield!—and were really very unlike, and had never yet been confidential, I think we did sometimes both feel that Providence had befriended us in this particular. Mrs. Farley never heard our conversation unless it was intended for her, and, therefore, it was never necessary to explain any of the many things which otherwise she must have had fully opened to her.

But her dull ears had keen auxiliaries in her little gray eyes, which read, or tried to read, everything that passed before them; and so, after having announced to me what her morning had been, she asked:

“What ailed Mrs. Bromfield and the Colonel?”—putting their names together in a manner that made me involuntarily look around to see who might have heard her. I wouldn't have met that countenance then and there for all Mrs. Farley's wardrobe, of which she was always boasting, and mourning to have the bowels of the great ship restore safely to her.

“I do not know Mrs. Bromfield's affairs,” I said; “and I advise you not to join her name with any gentleman's, and let her hear you, unless you want the lightning of her eyes to strike you. She is not a woman to be much spoken of in that way.”

“Well, something is wrong between them, I know,” said Mrs. Farley, “for he's never been absent from the table before, and I saw it in her face when Ching told her he'd gone into the main-top;” and the little body laughed a poor little thin laugh, as if some funny idea had just chipped the shell of her little mind, and was making a little stir there.



"That Mr. Garth and Col. Anderson," she added, after the lip-mirth had subsided, "look and act as if they thought that woman was an angel, or something better, while she never notices them. I should think they'd get tired of watching her fine looks and her grand airs, and listening for her words, that she's as sparing of as if she was a queen or a president's wife. I've seen many a handsomer woman than she ever was, or will be, not half so much admired."

"Very likely," I replied; "because mere beauty of person is a chance gift, which, in some sort, the mean as well as the noble may possess; but she has much more than that. I do not wonder that men admire and adore her; if I were one, I should do it myself the very first thing."

I knew that this was the quickest way to rid myself of my interlocutor, which I wished to do, for the affair of my friends had taken such powerful hold on my feelings, that I wished to be alone, to think it over—to revel in the interest it had excited in my torpid mind, and to unfold my woman's nature in the perfumed air it had cast over me. To be so beloved by a man altogether worthy, as I thought, of any woman's love—to be shut up with him in the small compass of a ship—to sit daily over against him at table—to receive from his hand, with a stately "thank you," the numerous civilities which this position made necessary—to feel that from that throbbing heart there was welling the divinest passion and power of manhood, and pouring themselves upon the ground at her feet—"All this," I thought, "will prove that firmness, and try that hardness, and break them down, too, in the end, I believe. If only, now, the man will hold to his first audacity, and maintain the right he has so boldly asserted, all will

yet be well with them, I am persuaded." And I heartily wished it; though it would have been very possible, I think, for the Colonel to have interested me in his happiness more than would have been consistent with such a wish in behalf of another, had I been gifted to command him as she was. But I was never the most brilliant anywhere, even among less shining creatures than this one, and such alone could take and keep the loyalty of a soul like his.

I was glad that he had found her. I exulted in the thought that he had to bow down to her. I rejoiced that his great passion had so humbled him; for I had no doubt that he had hitherto gone through the world unscathed in heart, taking of its trials and struggles only so much as he could not shake off—and that, I concluded, must be very little—and of its enjoyments reaping harvests when and where he would. I was glad that it had come to this with him: that there was but one woman in the universe, as he had said, and that he had surrendered body and soul to her keeping. But I wished the surrender to be accepted. I did not like to think of those two faces meeting each other with alien looks. I did not wish to see those two spirits with mechanical courtesies, bending like the automata that counterfeit life—and scarcely caricature it—upon the boards of the showmen.

## CHAPTER IV.

I remained long on deck, sometimes walking, sometimes sitting, and sometimes leaning over the rail, and wondering, as I looked into the great world of waters, if there were, indeed, nothing in all the immense, varied life of that world, to answer to the sentiment which bows down and lifts up, rends and heals, withers and ennobles the human soul. I remained long, but saw nothing of my friends. Mrs. Bromfield was in her state-room, hearing Harry his afternoon lessons and teaching King Philip the true interpretation of various pictures, in a gorgeous edition of the venerable Mrs. Easy's works, which the Colonel had produced for him from his own room, after the discomforts of the first days were over.

With a wonderful reverence for his mother, and for everything she said, the child could not sometimes refrain from quoting the "Turnel's" different opinion. He had already a spark of man-erishness in his little, clear, budding soul, and could not readily accept a woman's authority against a man's, even though she was his perfect and adorable mother.

"But, mamma dear," I heard him say, as I was walking slowly up the cabin, "the Turnel do say 'at ole woman in 'e shoe have all dirls for her babies, an' 'at's why she whip 'em all when 'ey go to bed. Do mammas have to whip dirl-babies, mamma?"



I did not hear the reply, but I concluded—and it was like a woman, perhaps, so to conclude—that the question had hastened the adjournment of that session; for Phil very shortly followed me up the cabin, with his book in his hand, inquiring for the Colonel. In all probability he had determined upon a final settlement of the “dirl” question.

On deck he shouted for the “Turnel,” and then Harry shouted gleefully, for the coolness of the delicious tropical evening was drawing across the still sea, and told him that Philip, the king, wanted him.

Mrs. Bromfield left her room, and I could see that this call, which she dared not interdict, made her nervously uneasy. Doubtless she saw through it difficulties in the programme of the next few weeks, which she had not at first anticipated. The regal frost—“when next we meet, it will be as people who have never seen each other’s faces”—with which she had parted from this man, would melt away in the sunlight of those children’s hearts. He had them. He was indispensable to their daily eating, drinking, talking, and playing. She could not separate them from him without publishing to the common sailors, and even to almond-eyed Ching, that something had happened.

The Colonel soon made his appearance from somewhere, in answer to his titular dignity, whether from the main-top or not I cannot testify; but very shortly Phil’s hammock was suspended, and he swinging in it, with an expression of such entire rest and contentment as quite moved me to behold, knowing, as I did, what a desperately agonized heart was beating beside him. For when I went on deck again (I was restless myself, and could not be still,) and when I looked into Colonel

Anderson's face, and saw there the marble rigidity into which he had calmed or compelled his features, I began, first, to call in question Mrs. Bromfield's right so to condemn and punish a man for any mere audacity. "True," I said, "it was a bold offense, but one must see that it was an act of irresistible worship; it was involuntary in him, and that should extenuate, if not excuse it. She ought not to be so merciless."

Mr. Garth came along with Harry, and I thought he cast a peculiarly searching glance at, or rather into, Colonel Anderson's face. They walked back and forth several times—the boy and he—talking, and once again I saw the same questioning, almost angry look, which, however, fell unnoticed on the other. I stepped to the companion-way, and called Harry to me.

"Go down and bring your mother up, to take her walk before dinner, Harry," said I, wishing at the same time that he would stop and ask me about her, that so I might learn whether he or Mr. Garth had any notion of what had taken place.

"Is mamma ill?" he inquired.

"No, Harry; but I think she would be glad to have you invite her on deck."

He lingered yet, and at length I said: "What is it, Harry?"

"I want to know if Colonel Anderson said anything to mamma, this morning, that he oughtn't to, because——"

"Well, because what, Harry?"

"Because Mr. Garth and I, when we were on the forecastle, heard one of the sailors telling another, that, when he was at the wheel this morning, the dark-eyed lady—and Mr. Garth says that means mamma—told the Colonel something that was mighty unpleasant for

him to hear, and that's the reason, the man says, that he's been in the main-top all the afternoon."

"So—so," thought I, "there was a man at the wheel, of course, with nothing in the world to do, in this still sea, but have eyes and ears open to everything."

I had been hoping that the strange interview was unknown to any but myself, and was not pleased to hear of this publication of it; but I set the child's mind at rest, charging him to say nothing of it to his mother, or any one, which he readily promised. And as the boys were remarkable, even at that early age, for clear perceptions, a high sense of honor, and thorough conscientiousness, I knew I could fully trust him.

His mother did not accept his invitation, however, and I already began to foresee many discomforts and miseries, for myself and those I was most interested in, from the disturbed relation of these our "first persons."

Colonel Anderson shortly lifted Phil from his hammock, and thereafter disappeared from the deck.

"Has he gone below?" I asked, mentally; but though I wished much to witness the first meeting, feeling assured of a most dainty, frosty, and at the same time, unmanifest piece of ceremony, to be then and there enjoyed, I did not go down, being resolved to wait the call of Ching's gong—a pleasanter instrument to me the farther I was removed from it.

At length it came, and after the last horrible vibration had died away, I descended with Mr. Garth, who had been unburthening his mind to me of this affair, and little Phil, who had protested against the black eyes imputed to his mother. No one was yet at table



—no one in the cabin but Ching, looking careful and important; the Captain, and Mrs. Farley. Mr. Pedes soon entered, then came Mr. Wilkes, and next, my queen of tragedy, with bright glancing eyes, and serious, calmly determined face.

“She will betray herself,” I said, inwardly vexed at that great look, and feeling more keenly than before how much was at stake.

“What! the Colonel absent yet?” asked Captain Landon. “Is he gone ashore, Ching?”

“No, serr, me no tink.”

“Ah! here he is.” And how intently I watched. “Now,” thought I, “I shall judge of her good sense, more than of her heart, by the next three minutes.”

He walked up the cabin, and, strong man as he was, I saw his face whiten in the progress; but she looked unconstrained, and when he came opposite and took his seat, she raised her eyes—those eyes which commanded his—and said, very naturally:

“The boys had a hunt for you this evening, Colonel Anderson. I hope they did not disturb or interrupt you.”

There, again, I clapped the hands of my spirit, and mentally reiterated, “Bravo! She sees the impossibility of adhering outwardly to her first purpose. She will treat him in public as an acquaintance, and will probably reserve those little pungencies of polite intercourse, with which she will avenge this necessity, for the more private passages which cannot always be avoided while we are confined to the space of a ship.”

But I soon saw that she had finer weapons than I knew of—words that served the exigency of her spirit rarely, as flexible and tortuous as those of the most

skillful diplomat; and subtle tones which would cement these needles of the tongue into a glittering barrier between them. I was infinitely vexed by this keen bearing of all that she said to him during our meal, and her conversation was little shorn of its usual freedom and charm. Yet I felt, rather than saw, how it agonized him; the ice-wall, I knew, went up and up, the sharp crystals pricking and chafing as they took their place in the glittering fabric. But I was proud and delighted, in the inmost depths of my heart, to see, that, while there was no mock gayety in his defense, there was also no unmanly acknowledgment, in his voice or eye, that he felt the wounds.

"They are well matched for the battle," said I, mentally; but while it was going on, I thought, with a feeling of relief, "Every meal will not be such an ordeal. When she has fenced him off and shown him the limits of his traversable territory, she will sit quietly within her own, and throw him a nectarine or a peach now and then for those arrows she is now piercing him with."

Mrs. Bromfield had certain old-fashioned ways, in which she was very fixed. Her children were never allowed to engross the conversation at table, as one so often sees the young people in our country do. Occasionally a word or a question, quietly put, but never reiterated, and above all, never a loud or noisy tone, exacting attention. At this dinner, however, the royal Philip ventured, in a moment's pause of his elders, to remark to the "Turnel," looking gravely at him across the table, that "Mamma did not think all 'at ole woman's chil'ens in 'e shoe were dirl-babies."

There was a laugh all round at this, and Colonel Anderson said: "Doesn't she, Phil? I am sorry to

differ with such high authority as mamma is with you, my boy ; but we'll argue the case after dinner—shall we ?”

“ Yes, sir,” answered Phil, after a good long draught from his little goblet, “ on deck, when mamma is takin’ ’er walk wis Harry and me. You’ll come, too, Turnel, won’t you ?”

“ He had got through the whole speech, unusually long for him at table, before Mrs. Bromfield could arrest his tongue. Her face flushed, and she turned her eyes rebukingly on the child, and said, thereby cutting the matter off from another word : “ Philip must not talk at dinner. Mamma is not pleased with it.” And addressing herself to the Captain in the next breath, she inquired if there were any signs of the calm breaking up soon.

“ I think there are, ma’am,” he replied. “ There’s a little scud on our larboard quarter that I hope means something for us beside lying here. The Tempest will certainly lose her reputation if we are to fare so much longer.”

“ Have we changed our position at all in the last five days ?”

“ Oh ! yes ; but unfortunately, in the wrong direction, ma’am ; we have gone westward, when we would better have gone eastward. But let us have a breeze once more, and we’ll soon set that all right,” he said, rising and going forward.

We shortly followed him, leaving Mr. Pedes in warm and dogmatic argument with Mr. Wilkes on some question touching the univalves and bivalves of the Pacific islands, in which the latter gentleman, to our astonishment, stood sturdily to his first assertion in so self-reliant and clear a tone, that Mrs. Bromfield



declared, unhesitatingly, he must be in the right, even though the man of science was against him.

Colonel Anderson still sat, sipping with moody, abstracted look, a glass of wine, while Mr. Garth, uninterested in either the men or the argument, retired to the deck, Harry and Phil following him, with a promise from mamma and me to come very soon. The children, so excellent, clear, sunny, and trustful—never doubting their cordial welcome to any heart or hand of those they loved—were an inexpressible treasure to us all. When older souls were clouded, theirs were clear; when other tongues were silent, theirs ran in merriment or music; when Time was growing heavy and slow, they plumed his wings, and quickened them by their bright, affectionate fancies of the future. Happy children! blessed in being born of a mother whose mental and physical life had so richly endowed them; who rejoiced not in feebleness and fragility, but in strength and health, that were above price to them.

We soon joined them on deck for the accustomed evening walk and lounge before their bed-time came. Up and down, up and down, without ever a word on the one subject that I knew she was woman enough to be engrossed in, though her pride buried it from every eye but her own—and mine, which saw as deep as hers that evening. Colonel Anderson was wont to join us at times in this stroll, crossing and recrossing; stopping for a few words, or walking two or three turns with us, and then falling off with some one else. But to-night he did not appear.

"Surely," I said, "he will not give up so. He ought to have the pride and self-command of a man—and more, too, to match hers." I had almost a mind

to go below and urge him up into her presence, but I questioned if I had the nerve for so brave a word as would be needful for that, and so staid, until she called Harry from Mr. Garth's side, where he stood, watching the moon and listening to a talk between him and Mr. Pedes, to go down to bed. King Philip was already drowsy, and she took him up ; but just as she was setting her foot upon the first step of the companion-way, Col. Anderson's form rose up out of the dimness below, and the child flung himself forward into his extended arms.

Mrs. Bromfield rarely reprov'd, and *never scolded* her children ; but I think, judging from the quick, backward turn of the head—for it was too dark to see her face—that that act put her in a mood to have done one or other right heartily at that moment. I was just behind them, for I thought of offering to undress one of the boys, as I often did ; and I enjoyed seeing Phil borne up the saloon, his arms folded around Col. Anderson's neck, and his delicate cheek resting upon the sturdy shoulder—his mamma following, with fiery look and chafing step.

At the door of her room the child and man parted with a clinging kiss—there was great love between them—and as the Colonel placed him on the carpet, he said : “ I so dlad, Turnel, I ain't a dirl, so to be whipped 'fore I go to bed.”

In spite of his pain, the man smiled, and said : “ We must talk about that in the morning, Phil. Good night.” And with a grave, courteous bow to the figure that stood beside the child, he retired to his own room.

No chance for a meeting on deck, then, that night. “ Will the man part with all his courage ? ” I asked

myself again. "Even for her, grand and complete as she is, I wouldn't do it, if I were he." And yet I, a woman, sat and watched her motions, and drank in her tones, with a sort of worship—at least, if you object to that—a fullness of satisfaction which no other being had ever given me.

The prayers were over, and the last kisses exchanged, and the last broken, sleepy words had been uttered by Phil's lips, just as the curtains of his eyes fell irresistibly down—for Phil was a child of ideas, and they would press out of him, even when sleep was crowding hard to drive them back—and when all this was done, Mrs. Bromfield, stately and alone, came forth from her room, and said :

"Will you walk a little, my friend. I hope so much for a breeze to-night. I feel suffocated"—throwing the hair back in careless disorder from her temples. I knew, by their distended veins and by her dimmed eyes, that they were throbbing with the pent-up fire, which, I thought, if you are such a woman as I have accepted you for, you cannot much longer stifle there within. Tears or words must give it way soon.



## CHAPTER V.

Mrs. Bromfield was at least an inch taller than myself, and I was reckoned of full womanly stature before I drooped from my last illness; but so exquisitely was she proportioned that one would not willingly have lost an eighth of an inch from her height. Her figure had that unmistakable elegance and bearing on which a common eye would dwell with delight. But it was in her motions and tones, in the language of her radiant, clear, calm eye, and the living light of her face, that the spiritual beauty which commanded people expressed itself.

I acknowledged it whenever she approached me, and I could feel the thrill with which others drank it in, in their intercourse with her; I could see it in their countenances, and in the glad alacrity with which the servants and seamen, when they were near, sought to please or serve her. She had the rare and happy gift of making her service a joy and privilege to those about her. Yet how blind she was to their pleasure in it! How seldom she indulged herself or others in receiving at their hands what they would so gladly have rendered. How quiet and self-helpful she was. As she rested her hand upon my shoulder in our walk, I felt how hopeless it was for Col. Anderson, or any other man, to struggle against a genuine love for this

woman. To endure it might be possible—to overcome it, never.

We walked, then sat and walked again, long, long; but neither *his* name or the excitement of the day was alluded to by either. Mr. Garth joined us, and afterward Mr. Pedes, and both expressed some wonder that the Colonel was not out; but their remarks elicited from her only quiet and dignified replies, such as she would have made had the Captain or Mr. Wilkes been their subject, instead of this mad, crushed lover—this newly caged lion, the key of whose prison had been given to her.

It was late when we went below, and already the sky was overcast in the south-west. At intervals there came to us airs from that dim, dreamy region, such as had not fanned our heated brows for many a day—welcome airs, freighted with hope—whispering courage to our hearts—imparting pleasure and life to our languid bodies, and by their mysterious touch moving the secret springs within to old, forgotten harmonies. O glorious summer wind! pulse of the great moving heart of the universe! how all created things languish when thou withdrawest thyself—how the spirit of man, and the brute brotherhood, everywhere mourn and faint in thy absence! how they rejoice when again thou leavest the secret chambers of the heavens, and treadest unseen the fields of ether, sending bounties and blessing over the earth! How gratefully we wanderers on the deep hailed thy careless, fitful promise, when thou didst momentarily touch our slackened sails, coyly retreating, and again returning with firmer pressure on the canvas, that seemed to woo thy stay! Thrice welcome to our impatient souls—thrice freighted with blessing to us, of healthful

pleasure for the present, of hope for the future, and of sweet, suggestive fancies, of the vast unknown whither thou wert journeying.

I had been two hours or more asleep, when I awoke with the lively rush of waters at the ship's side—a sound more welcome than any other could have been to us. I was delighted, and could not again compose myself to sleep for a long time. I heard four bells of the morning watch; then six, then eight, and the shout from away forward, “Eight bells. Starboard watch, turn out!”

The wind had increased from my first waking, and I was seaman enough to know, by the orders on deck, that it was “hauling fairer” every hour. “Square the yards” were the words from time to time, and the *Tempest* seemed really taking kindly to her old vocation of rocking into the seas again. It was refreshing and delightful to feel the living motion once more beneath us.

I lay, gladly hearing our wings stretch and fill with the careering wind, till presently I found myself dreaming that it was a gale, and that we were lashed to the masts and capstans to enable us to hold by the ship in the great seas that rolled over her. I awoke. It was full daylight, though not sunshine, as it had been the last days, and the *Tempest* was pitching as I had not felt her since we left the frozen seas of Cape Horn. Her cordage creaked, and the wind roared through her shrouds and sails like the voice of doom. We were on the weather side, and already I heard little fussy Mrs. Farley pitching occasionally against the partition of our rooms; and the gleeful voice of Phil in the saloon, challenging mamma and the “Turnel” and “Mis’r Darf” to go up with him on deck and “see the wind.”



He stumbled along to Colonel Anderson's door, and knocked, but there was no answer; and Phil was just about to raise an unkingly cry, when the cabin-door was opened, and the leonine voice and form rushed in together, as on the wings of the air.

"Holloa, Philip, my king!"

"Oh! Turnel, do, p'ease, take me on deck; I want to see 'e wind so much!"

"Yes, come with me;" and away they went, filled with new life, both of them.

And I thought: "We shall not see so tame a Colonel to-day, in a gale, as we had yesterday in the calm. There will be hands wanted to-day, where they were needless yesterday, and strong, masculine arms for emergencies on deck and elsewhere. We shall see now how it will be all through another sort of day;" and I rose in haste, and made my toilet, to be ready.

A sudden sea, following a calm, always brings to me, in the first hours, a little dismay—not fear, nor dread, but my mercury falls for awhile, like that of the barometer, when the silent breath of the advancing tempest lightens the air.

I was glad, therefore, at breakfast, to hear the Captain and Colonel Anderson and Mr. Pedes congratulating each other on the breeze, and prophesying what we should make that day; and, with the sanguineness of men to whom hope comes swiftly, foretelling all sorts of good luck and speed for the remainder of our voyage.

"Are you not still farther west than you would like to be, Captain Landon, asked Mrs. Bromfield.

"A very little, ma'am," said the old seaman, slightly nettled at her question. I think he would have preferred his lady passengers should not know

whether they were in the Atlantic or Pacific or Indian Ocean. "We are a very little farther west than I would be if I had Aladdin's square of carpet ; but a few hours of this wind will put us where we want to be."

Phil asked for and got a bit of broiled chicken this morning, on the ground, as he said, of the wind, and the hard work he should have to-day. It was astonishing how the motion raised our spirits, as the day wore on, and lifted us out of the little stagnant world which had contained us yesterday. Even the events that had so absorbed me till I went to sleep, became comparatively insignificant in view of a speedy arrival and the change and action that would be consequent thereon. Nevertheless I watched my two friends, as they met and passed here and there through the day—through that day and the next the wind still keeping up, and at times increasing uncomfortably for an hour or two.

On the third morning the Captain announced that we had passed a group of coral islands in the night, which he was glad to be leaving behind him, and all seemed to promise as fair as our most ardent wishes could demand.

Just before luncheon that day, Col. Anderson came to me, on deck, and said : " Miss Warren, I am about to ask a favor of you, which I hope you have the courage and candor to refuse if you feel the slightest reluctance to granting it ;" and with the words, he drew from his breast-pocket a letter, and handed it to me. It was unsealed, and addressed to Mrs. Eleanore Bromfield. I was struck with the name, for it was the first time I had known what it was, and how should he have learned it ?

"Your presence in the cabin on Tuesday morning," he said, "brings me to you as a messenger to that lady. Have you any unwillingness to oblige me in this matter?"

"None, Colonel Anderson," I answered, after a moment's reflection; "but I should be loth to encourage you with a hope of reply."

"I have left the letter unsealed," he said, in deference to her feelings. She would not suffer you to leave her at that mad meeting, and I have written nothing here which she might not, after what you have witnessed, leave to your perusal, if she choose. For God's sake," he added, already pale with his strong emotion, "go to her with it, and bring me some word or expression that will make me a man again!"

I hurried away, and following the sound of Phil's joyous voice, found her, with both the boys, in her room. The note was in my pocket, for I meant to be guarded in delivering it, and so waited till the boys were dismissed; Harry walking proudly away, entrusted with the safe delivery of King Philip on deck, to which end he summoned Ching at the cabin-door; but in another moment I saw the little form lifted with passionate fondness to another bosom than yellow Ching's, and so borne off.

"Mrs. Bromfield," I said—I did not dare to let her begin, in her leading way, on indifferent topics, for then I could never have broken in with the one that had brought me to her—"Mrs. Bromfield, I have been requested to bring you this note;" and I drew it from my pocket and laid it on her knee.

She did not know Colonel Anderson's writing, and as she slowly proceeded to draw the sheet from its envelope, she asked if we were getting up a compli-



mentary card to the Captain—"or what is it?" she said, quickly, as her startled eye fell on the name at the bottom.

She laid it down a moment, and took breath and counsel of herself. Then she glanced at me, and turned her eyes straight before her. I did not speak, which was, perhaps, better than if I had; for, after a long pause, she took up the note and began reading it. These were the words he had written her:

"To MRS. BROMFIELD:

"If my offense is indeed too great for expiation or forgiveness, let me bear the consequences—your indignant scorn and my own self-contempt.

"But you are too just to condemn me unheard. Had I so much as touched your garment with rude or irreverent hand, it were right that you should dismiss me with ignominy from your presence and acquaintance; but until you hear me, you cannot know, surely, that I am thus guilty, and you so injured.

"Therefore I pray you to hearken patiently to a few words. They shall be very few, and let the soul to which they are addressed not flame in consuming scorn upon him who utters them.

"You will better feel the earnestness of this prayer when you understand, that, for the last four months, I have lived but for one object—absolutely and entirely for one. And you will also feel how absorbing that must have become, to swallow up the whole of a life that has hitherto compassed—I may say it without vanity—many and various ones. Four months ago I went on board the *Tempest*, to see the quarters which a friend of mine was proposing to take for this voyage. While we sat in the room to which he had shown me,

your boys came on board, and walked up the cabin, in my sight. I love children—God bless them!—and never was a pair seen that could so captivate a man's heart. I looked earnestly for their mother, for it is my belief, when I behold such children as Harry and Philip, that their mother will always be a woman worth looking at. And when you came slowly after them, glancing neither to the right nor left, and entered the room you now occupy, I only asked, 'Who is she, that woman and mother, who passed by?' I was told your name and condition, and that you had taken passage on this ship. An irrepressible desire to become known to you instantly possessed me; and as the choice of my destination was unfettered by any existing arrangements, my decision was promptly taken. That night I engaged the room my friend had given up, and the rest you know. I have never for a moment repented my precipitate voyage, nor do I now, though God knows my heart could not hold another agony at this hour.

"I was mad on Tuesday morning. I have enjoyed your reading but three times before; and at each have been, as I then was, an uninvited auditor. The sentiment of that poem, so noble and so wholly adopted as your own, by the voice and the swelling emotion that came forth with the words, made me forgetful of everything but that love like mine might also ask and claim its recognition. I kissed your forehead, as in my higher moments I bow down before my God—because it was the one and only act that could bear forth the life and passion of my soul. And I swear to you that I am not sorry for it; I was born into a new life by it. But if I have therein mortally offended you, may God help me, for no human being then can! I shall live all my

appointed time, such life as is left to me ; but you will stand between me and Hope—between me and all manly work—between me and the salvation it brings. I have no hope of worthiness hereafter but in your sweet pardon. The precious treasure I have sought I will not again seek, by word or look, till we know each other better ; but let me believe that I may come near to you, as I formerly have, without feeling you chill to stone at my approach.

J. LEONARD ANDERSON."

I had glanced at the face which hung over this note more than once during its perusal. She generally read with great rapidity and quickness of apprehension, but this meaning seemed to lie deep, or her faculties were not on edge to sift and take it in. I was immeasurably encouraged by her lingering over it, and secretly delighted to see her deliberately turn back in my presence and read it a second time. Then she handed it to me with a trembling hand and a face white as marble. When I returned it she said, "Tell Col. Anderson that I fully pardon his offense. God knows if we were merciless in rejecting such gifts, even though they come unsought and are abruptly thrust upon us, the world's garden would show bare rocks for many a bed of bloom that now glorifies it."

The tears sprang and overflowed as she spoke, but she turned her eyes to the door with an unmistakable glance of dismissal, which I heeded promptly, feeling how keenly her subdued pride would demand leave to hide its defeat.

I found Col. Anderson slowly moving up and down a narrow space on the main deck in front of the cabin doors, and I did but appear there when he came



forward, evidently encouraged and uplifted by my long tarry, perhaps also by the glad sympathy of my face; for as he reached the spot where I stood awaiting him, he seized my hand, and said, in a low tone, that seemed to vibrate his whole being, "She forgives me, Miss Warren?"

"She does," I answered.

"Thank God!" he said devoutly, while his earnest eyes filled with tears.

I wished, oh how I wished that delicacy worthy the high character of my friend would have permitted me to add another word for the man's comfort; but it would not. I simply said, therefore, "You will see her now again on the old terms."

"Miss Warren, I thank you most gratefully," he said, clasping my hand again. "You have done me a service that it becomes me not now to speak of as I value it, but you shall find it is not forgotten if we remain long within each other's knowledge. Pardon me now, I have need of being alone; and if you will permit me to advise you, I should say, do not stand here; the wind and sea are increasing momentarily, as you may see by the spray that drenches the decks."

He was just turning to enter the cabin, when we heard the clear, bird-like voice of Master Phil calling to him, "Turnel Annerson, will you p'ease take me to my mamma? I feel so sick." And the pale, delicate face, looked down upon us from the promenade deck.

"Yes, Phil, come into my arms. Poor fellow," he said, as the child's head dropped upon his shoulder. "Miss Warren, would you be kind enough to go before us?" he asked; and I did. We waited at the door a full minute before it was opened to us, and then, though she stood there erect, the beautiful religious

light that shone from her features convinced me that her last attitude had been the humblest and meekest we ever assume. I had never seen her face more radiant and tender and glowing, as by a light and life within. We entered a charmed circle in placing ourselves near her.

"Col. Anderson has brought King Philip home sick," Mrs. Bromfield," said I.

"He is very good indeed," was her reply, and to him, "I owe you many thanks, sir, for your kindness at all times."

"You could not possibly owe me anything, dear madam," said he, at the same time laying Phil down on the sofa. "If, during the rough weather, I can in any way serve yourself or the boys, by means I do not see, I hope you will not hesitate to suggest them to me."

He took his leave with these words, and very shortly poor little Harry came reeling down, with Mr. Garth's help, also pale as a ghost, and begging room to lie down immediately. They were soon asleep, and then Mrs. Bromfield, putting on a light close bonnet that she had made for the voyage, and a linen sacque, went upon deck. I remained below, having been out enough for that day. She took much to the decks in rough weather, to keep off sickness and to accustom herself to meet and overcome difficulties. I never saw a woman so little apt to shrink, and take the easy side of a burden, and I have a right to know, as you will see by-and-by.

The wind continued to increase, but it gave us no alarm, for we had a stanch ship and plenty of sea-room, and we had been boarded too often by the great waves off Cape Horn, and the coast of Buenos Ayres,

to tremble now when occasional seas broke over the forward deck, and showered the whole length of the vessel.

Why doesn't Mrs. Bromfield come down? I thought. She staid surprisingly, considering how rough it was getting. Poor Mrs. Farley was in her berth, notifying us, by an occasional groan, of her discomfort—further we scarcely heard or thought of her; though I found, upon going in to see her before dinner, that Mrs. Bromfield had been twice or thrice there in the course of the day, and had mixed the little lady's favorite doses with the docility of a child, though, for all belief in their efficacy, she, a disciple of Hahnemann, would sooner have offered her a crust of bread.



## CHAPTER VI.

It was near dinner-time, very duskish and very rough, and I had heard for a long time no feminine footfall above. I wondered, and my wonder drew me out to find Mrs. Bromfield, standing patiently there by Mr. Garth—the only persons on deck save the two men at the wheel—listening to what I understood immediately, though I could not hear a word or tone of either voice. The sight of me seemed to remind her to move, and she came toward the companion-way, saying: “Really, Mr. Garth, I have lingered very long, speaking and listening; pardon me, now, for I must go below, to prepare for dinner.”

He handed her down the steps, and they both followed me into the cabin.

“Are the boys still asleep, dear Miss Warren?” she asked.

“Yes. Philip, though, looks very pale,” I said, taking the lamp from its bracket, and holding it near him.

“Dear little king, so he does!” she exclaimed, almost with alarm, as she bent over without touching him.

“Would you not better make ready for dinner?” I said, “and let us get Ching to call the Captain, so that that dreadful gong won’t have to be sounded. It will wake them both, I am afraid.”

"It will, to a certainty," she replied. "Do, dear, go to Ching at once. I dread to hear a peal at any moment, it is so late."

"I will tell him you wish it omitted," said I, "and that will settle it." She smiled on me in a saddened sort of acknowledgment of her power, to which I knew she had just been receiving fresh testimony, and I sought the potent Ching, who said, with great urbanity, when I mentioned Mrs. Bromfield's name:

"Surtin, me him call, coptane—no ring."

So we assembled with ominous silence to dinner—our last dinner on board the *Tempest*.

While we sat eating and talking—for, though the gale was straining hard at our sails, and the great seas were rushing past and sometimes over us with devouring haste, no one was at all alarmed—King Philip called out, "Mamma dear, I want to have some supper."

"Shall I bring him to you, Mrs. Bromfield?" asked Col. Anderson, rising.

"Thank you, no. He is hardly able, I think, to sit up. "I will give him some toast and a little crust tea, Ching, if you please, in my room."

But Phil said he was well, and wanted the "Turnel" to take him to table. So, without further ado, Mrs. Bromfield sat down and received her flower again from his arms.

"Dear, dood Turnel," said the boy, passing his hands fondly over the bearded face. "I love you, I do." What a dewy light sprang in the melting eye of the elder, at those words, and spread all over his fine features.

The child will unite them, I said, if there were no other bond. And he looked, as he sat by his worship-

ing mother, sufficient for any such holy mission. His delicate face, a little paler save for the deep rose-leaf on each cheek—his profuse wavy hair, moistened and tumbled by his sleep—his sweet, flexible mouth, playing with a tender, dreamy sort of smile, as if the skirts of some beautiful vision of shadow-land yet fell about him—his great brown eyes, shaded by their long, heavy lashes, made a picture of childish loveliness which I believe none of us ever forgot, even amid the horrors of the awful night that followed.

Harry did not wake. His suffering was always more obstinate, his mother said, than Philip's, and so Ching brought a plate of toast and a bit of salt dried fish, which was always his first meal, and placed them for use whenever he should wake.

Col. Anderson had a bottle of Burgundy, and he sent Ching with it, and his compliments to me—after having filled a glass for Mrs. Bromfield—then back to poor Mrs. Farley, who always came near being forgotten in these little matters, and then to all the gentlemen. "To the Tempest," he said, raising his glass, "a speedy voyage, and a happy termination of it to all on board."

Mrs. Bromfield, Mrs. Farley, and myself, very soon left the table, for Harry had called out ominously for Ching, and his mother also hastened to him.

I never saw a child whose peculiarities impressed me as Harry's did; and I speak of them here, because of the strange manifestation of one of the most striking of them, which we witnessed that night. In his common moods he appeared to be simply an earnest, quiet, thoughtful boy, very much like other good and sensible children; but there were times when he seemed another being—when he impressed those who saw him



as looking out of his dreamy eyes into a distant world. He would sit by himself upon some coil of rope in an out of the way corner of the deck, and look into the water or the clouds, with a long, unbroken gaze, which betokened both inquiry and rest in his mind; and when approached, he would seem to come back as from a trance. His mother more than once told me of startling and wonderful speech he had held with her on these occasions, of what he sometimes saw—"the angels' gardens," he said, "filled with more beautiful flowers than we ever had; and men and women, and little children, so handsome and good and loving, that if mamma could only dream his dreams about them, it would make her very happy."

"Do the angels have gardens, mamma?" he asked after one of these dreams, in which he said he had seen a great bank of purple heliotropes—his favorite flower—blooming beside a little lake so clear—"so clear, mamma, that if there had been the tiniest little fish in it I could have seen it away down to the bottom."

Yet with this wonderfully spiritual life the boy combined a healthy, active nature: was full of playfulness, and physical as well as mental activity; had a keen love of practical jokes; and when he could get some innocent little trick upon one of the passengers or crew, whereby they were or appeared to be surprised, his spontaneous, clear, silvery laugh, would gush out of his young heart so joyously that every face around him smiled in pure sympathy.

I was impressed, perhaps wrongly, that Mrs. Bromfield *loved* Phil best, but that she held Harry in a keen, almost painful sense of his being a rare and exalted treasure, which she might wake some morning to find flown away forever. Her tenderness toward

both was intense and untiring, but in their daily life, Phil, with his rogueries and graces, was besieging and taking captive her heart, while Harry was roaming far away in the celestial gardens, and defining in his dreamy fancy lovely islands in the blue and purple airs that bent over him.

"He will be a poet or seer," I think, said his mother one day, when we stood looking from a distance on his fixed eyes and rapt countenance. "God bless the dear child. It almost seems, at times, as if he belonged to some higher life than mine, and he makes me tremble lest I should have to let him too soon go from me."

When I went to them now his mother stood holding his beautiful head in her hand, and stroking the hair back from his pale brow. "My dear Harry," she expostulated, "do not make yourself so unhappy. Nothing has happened or is likely to. You have been dreaming, darling."

"But, mamma," persisted the child, "how the wind blows. Do you feel very sure that we are a great way off the land?"

"So far, dear, as to be quite safe, I have no doubt." Harry was already sailor enough, though he was but seven years old, to understand the value of sea-room in a gale.

"Mamma," he said, after a moment, "come close to me, will you? I want to whisper to you. Excuse me, Miss Warren, I want to ask mamma a question." And when she had bent over him a minute she stood up with a puzzled, troubled expression, and said, "Yes, my darling, if you wish it so very much; but can you not wait till morning?"

"No, please do ask him now, mamma, I feel so badly."

She stepped into the cabin, and I heard her say, in those clear, frank tones, which I knew rung sweetly in the heart of the listener, "Col. Anderson, Harry has waked in an unaccountable fright, which all my assurance fails to dispel, and he begs to see you. Will you do us the favor? It is quite ridiculous, but the child's fears seem so real that I cannot chide him."

"Pray do not, on any account," he said. "He thinks I am a famous sailor, and he will believe me when I tell him that we are perfectly safe. Will you not, Harry?" he asked, taking his hand. "We are all as right as possible, my boy—going on grandly. In a few days more, with such a wind, we shall see San Francisco, and then huy for shore. How glad you and King Philip will be then, won't you?"

But poor Harry could not be lifted out of his strange depression by the cheery words or voice of his friend. "His hands are very cold," he said, taking them in his warm, sympathetic clasp. "He must have had an alarming dream, which does not leave him. Have you not, Harry?" he asked, tenderly touching his lips to the child's pale, smooth cheek.

In answer to this question Harry again drew his mother's head to his pillow, and we heard the word "father," and some whispered question following it, to which she answered by a silent shaking of her head, and when she again stood up, her troubled face, as she regarded him, alarmed me.

Col. Anderson said, "Shall I take you up, Harry, and carry you out a few minutes? You can then see how the old ship is plowing the sea, just as she used to at Cape Horn, when you were not a bit frightened, although it was very cold there."

"Oh, please do!" answered the child, his chin



quivering with nervous excitement and fear. "Mamma," lend me your warm shawl, will you?" But Mrs. Bromfield seemed to be paralyzed by Harry's last communication, and stood still, while the Colonel and I wrapped him up, and he was borne away to the great dark world outside the cabin doors.

"I fear he is going to be ill," she said to me, after they were gone. "I have never seen him so affected before. He must not remain out, for a sudden change of temperature might now be very dangerous." But there was no need to concern ourselves about his remaining, for he had been unable, Col. Anderson said, coming in with him, to bear the darkness and the wild rush of winds and waters a moment. It quite overcame him. He objected, too, to being undressed, and begged his mother to let him sleep in his clothes that night, an unheard of request, which was finally granted, with the greatest reluctance.

Col. Anderson now left him with us, and walked out, saying he would return after a little, and look in again. But as he was going little Phil roused himself from the sofa, and called out, "Dood night, Turnel, I aint afraid, 'ike Harry, I aint. I'm doin' to bed in night-down'."

His mother smiled. It was rare to hear either of the children boast, and as the little braggart came toward her, with his good-night kiss from the Colonel fresh on his lips, she caught him up, and holding him to her heart, said, "Little boaster, to say you are not afraid; why, what would you do if mamma were gone? You'd be afraid then, I think."

"No, I should *not*. I should doe wiz Turnel." There we had it again; and the Colonel, happy man, stood looking his satisfaction at the avowal.

Poor Harry grew physically quieter with his mother's potent hand upon his forehead, and an occasional kiss and word of encouragement murmured in his ear; but I was surprised, after an hour's absence in the cabin, to find him still awake.

Mrs. Bromfield sat by him, looking distressed and alarmed. The boy did not complain, or make any childish moan, but he seemed so powerfully impressed that nothing could restore or wholly calm his spirit. I sat by him while his mother made her preparations for lying down beside him, which she did with a dressing-gown on, remarking that she might have to rise in the night. She seemed, I remember, particularly grateful for my little attentions, and honored me with an unreserved kiss when we bade each other good night.

King Philip was sound asleep, and rosy and tempting as a beautiful bud one sees sometimes, and irresistibly plucks, though knowing well that it ought to remain and mature where the good Father placed it.

Blest above all women, thought I—with perhaps a little, a very little dash of bitterness, as I withdrew to my lonely room—with two such children—diamonds set in the crown of her womanhood—and so devoted and noble a lover to make smooth the earth before her feet, would she but permit him. And she will, I went on saying to myself; she will love him and return him measure for measure yet.

I laid down with pleasant thoughts, or rather waking dreams of these people, in a beautiful home where I saw them enjoying the heaven of each other's life—refinement a pervading presence everywhere in it—her clear spirituality and idealism brought to anchor sometimes by his earnest and more practical hold upon

the world ; and his nobleness chiseled and polished by her artist hand—love making light the task—till it stood a fit presence for the first and highest anywhere. I heard his step overhead, quicker and lighter than it had been in the last few days, yet firm and decided, as of a man who says in his soul, “I see the Good and the Great, and all earth shall not turn me from the pursuit of them.”

The wind seemed to increase and madden the sea more and more, yet the ship had a steadier motion than in the hours of light, and I knew we must be going a great many knots every hour. This was about my last waking thought.



## CHAPTER VII.

When next I became conscious, it was in such a scene and moment as I pray God I may never again have to participate. A great crash and shock, which made the ship reel and shiver like a strong man suddenly struck down—an unearthly, awful cry of human voices—an instantaneous rush of men's feet—and over all distinctly rose the terrible words from the officer of the deck, "Lay aft here and man the wheel, quick!"

"Ay ay, sir!" and as the men hurried to obey the order, the *Tempest* fetched a great lurch toward the larboard quarter, that threw me on my knees. The lamps and other light articles had been thrown from brackets and racks, and rolling about the floors or dashing into fragments around us, added to the sense of helplessness I felt for a single moment.

Mrs. Farley was shrieking and calling on God and man for help, but I heard no sound from that room beyond, which contained so much.

I had but recovered my feet and laid my hand on my dressing-gown, when Col. Anderson's voice reached me in these fearful words:

"The ship has been run into. Be on your feet as soon as possible, every one. I will be here again in a moment."

How calmly he spoke. Mrs. Farley heard, and then redoubled her shrieks and cries, but there was yet

no sound from Mrs. Bromfield. I took my dressing-gown, and putting it on as I went, (the saloon was dark as well as my room,) found her, just lighting a wax taper. I spoke her name and opened the door in the same breath.

"Oh Miss Warren," she said, "how are my darlings to be saved? The horror is worse than the worst result of it can be. Look there," she added, speaking low, and with the slightest motion indicating Harry, who lay broad awake, with a face that, but for the light and intelligence of the eyes, would have been the fac-simile of death.

Not an instant was lost during the utterance of these few whispered words. I was paralyzed myself, but she had put on additional clothing, and taken a dark merino dress, in which she now stood, from one of her trunks, ready to address herself to the care of her children. Harry, you will remember, was dressed, and so, as she bent over him to take Philip up, she only kissed his eyelids, which closed a moment under her blanched lips, and said, "Trust mamma, dear Harry."

"But I saw father again just now, mamma dear," said the boy.

A cold dew broke over his mother's face at these words, but she stopped not a moment. "My flower, my jewel, my king," she said, lifting Philip from his sound sleep and bringing him forward to the sofa, where his garments lay, ready to be put on. "Would God you, my darlings, were past the terrors that are before us."

Philip rubbed his eyes and tossed his hair back, and, looking at me, and the strange light, and hearkening a moment to the noise without, asked, "Are we doein' ashore, mamma?"

"Yes, love, in a small boat. Does Philip hear the men letting it down into the water?" as the lusty "Yo, heave ho!" and the creaking of the blocks sounded in our ears.

This brought me out of my stupor; for, though I had been conscious of everything she had done and said, I did not, till these warnings came, remember that I had anything to do but wait and go down with the ship to her deep and silent home. There had scarcely yet been to me a perceptible period of time since the first awful moment; but now I started to my room with a full sense of what I ought to try to do. Mrs. Farley had got a light and was packing a trunk.

"Oh Miss Warren," she groaned, "to think of all my trunks and clothes away down in the hold!"

"You had better think now of your soul and body," I replied, with some asperity, and passed on. I dressed myself; put a small box, containing some jewels and treasured mementoes, and that lock of Herbert's hair, which had been sent me in place of him, on what was to have been our wedding-day, into my bosom; and over all I threw a light gray wrapper, which had hung on my wall since our last cold day, and then I was ready. My watch! should I take it? What matter whether it went down with the ship or me—for I had no hope. I had acted mechanically in all I had done. The things I had taken were related to my heart-life: as long as I could think, I should feel happier and stronger for having them near it.

I now returned to Mrs. Bromfield's room, stopping a moment by the way, to silence, if possible, Mrs. Farley's weak and irritating lamentations, and set her at work in some reasonable way; for she was sailing about in an elaborately wrought night-dress, packing



her finery as carefully as if the Tempest lay beside the wharves of San Francisco. My words, however, had the contrary effect to silencing her.

Oh dear!" she exclaimed, "oh Lord! and all my new dresses and shawls to be lost! Two thousand dollars' worth, Miss Warren, and every one as good as new. Oh my God, my poor soul! Have mercy on me!"

It was idle staying there. I could neither comfort nor help that spirit, so I passed on. When I entered Mrs. Bromfield's room Phil sat on his mother's knee, folded close to her bosom, his head resting quietly there, while with the other arm over Harry's form she was gently stroking his cold forehead. They were all silent—a group such as Life seldom exhibits and the sublimest Art could never reproduce. Waiting thus, as it were, the trump of doom, we stood and sat. I was now entirely collected for any event. Perhaps my fears were somewhat excited, for I imagined the ship was settling astern, though we did not then know where she had been struck.

The "Yo, heave ho!" was yet sounding upon deck, and, at times, I thought I still heard another awful human call coming from farther off; and then I remembered the order of Mr. Watkins, the first officer, for fresh hands to man the wheel. I now began to understand that the helmsmen (there were four when I had been on deck the last time in the evening) must have been disabled by the collision in some way, or—oh, inexpressible horror!—carried clear away in that wild sea. And theirs, then, were the terrible cries we had heard, and which I was sure the wind still bore to us at intervals.

I could not speak to Mrs. Bromfield, on account of the children; for I saw that Phil was very quietly

awaiting a comfortable landing, and that now the worst had come, she was getting the better of Harry's nervous excitement. The child was less rigid and deathly as she bent over and breathed upon him, and indeed I know not who could have resisted the inflow of that calm will, and clear, purposeful life, in such a moment.

There were steps hurrying down the companion-way, and by a glance of her eye she implored me to go out and meet the intelligence. It was Colonel Anderson.

"Is she ready?" were his first words.

"Quite ready," I replied, "for anything."

"God be praised. Captain Landon is of opinion that it will not be necessary to leave the ship till daylight. I do not know. The boats are all lowered, and we are getting water and provisions into them, but as we have no means of judging of the extent of the injury, except by the pumps, and the rush of water may increase instantly should a heavy sea make the breach larger, we must be ready to go at a moment's warning." And then he explained that the ship lost her course, or went about, or something of that sort, before fresh hands could be got to the wheels when the others were carried away.

"Oh, God's mercy!" I said; "then they were the cries of those poor creatures that I have heard."

"Yes, they were all carried away but one, who caught by the stern boat, and came in—from a quick grave, perhaps, to a slow one," he added. "God only knows."

"Can I see *her*?" he asked, after a moment, "and can that unfortunate little woman" (meaning Mrs. Farley) "be quieted in any way?"

"I will let you know," I replied to his first question, and I soon returned from Mrs. Bromfield's room, telling him that she was very anxious to see him.

I stopped a moment at Mrs. Farley's door, and, heaven forgive me, I did deceive her a little—a very little; for it was true that I felt much relieved by what I had heard, and the horror was greatly mitigated, certainly, if we should not have to take to the boats in the darkness of night on that wild sea. When I told her this, in a half dozen almost impatient words, the little soul dropped down upon her largest trunk, with revived hopes, I am sure, of being able to save all its precious contents yet.

"Oh, if it is daylight, she said, that will be different."

"Quite," I replied, hurrying off, in my impatience, as well to be rid of her as to be in the presence of others.

When I entered the room whose occupant it seemed no longer necessary that Col. Anderson or I should designate by her name, her cold, pallid hand, was holding his convulsively, and her eyes, distended beyond even their ordinary size, were fixed upon his face.

"Tell me, dear sir, what we have to expect. Where are we, and what has really happened to us? Is there any hope for—" and her eyes fell upon her treasures without a further word.

"We have reason to suppose ourselves not very far from Rescue Island," he replied. "We were in its latitude to-day, and perhaps it is fortunate that we made westing enough, in that idle calm, to carry us near its longitude, though we have since run a good way to the eastward."

"And our injury?"



“We have been struck, apparently by a vessel of near our own size, and it is impossible to ascertain the extent of damage. You hear the pumps, and the water is gaining fearfully, as you perceive by the ship’s settling astern, as she does. Still, Captain Landon thinks we can stay by her till daylight at least—perhaps longer.”

“But if not?”

“Then, the boats being lowered and stowed, we shall have to take our chances, my dear friend; and all that strong arms and willing hearts can do, the helpless may rely on. We have noble officers, a brave crew, I believe, generally, and I think you know the passengers well enough to need no assurance from me, that they will behave at least with the *courage* of men, if not always with their *prudence*.”

“God bless you, Col. Anderson. I need not say how much my life at this moment lies without my own proper self. But among the painful thoughts of this hour, not the least is that a life not belonging to me is exposed to this awful hazard through—my—”

“Through that divine power clothing you, which makes this a happy moment to me. To have a life to offer you—to have health and strength, which I never valued so highly as at this instant—to have endurance, which I have never yet found wanting, when the motive was only the preservation of my own life, or of some other scarcely as worthy—ought I not, with all this, to be a calm, if not a happy man, now? God forgive me if my state of mind borders almost too much on the latter condition; but I feel so strong, so capable to take all you precious ones, as it were, in the car of my will, and bear you to some safe spot of rest in these seas, that I cannot but be thankful to Him

that I am here with you. Miss Warren, you are to be one of us," he said, turning to me. "Antonio has already been to me, to engage for the special care of Harry; and as he is a brave fellow, and could outswim a whale, I believe, I have promised, with your approval, Mrs. Bromfield, to ask Captain Landon to attach him to our boat's crew."

"Would you like that, dearest?" said the mother, turning to her boy, who had heard all without uttering a word.

"Yes, mamma, but I am not to go from you, and Philip, and the Colonel, and Miss Warren, am I?"

"No, my precious, you shall sit with my arm around you, as now, only—only if—if anything should happen again to us, good Antonio would help you better than I can. You see, dear, do you?"

"Yes, mamma. Can I get up and go out with you, Colonel Anderson?"

"Yes, my boy, for a minute," he replied. "Have no fear," he said, looking at the mother's startled face, "I will not leave him."

"What a blessing that Phil has fallen asleep," I said, when they were gone.

"Yes, the darling, he knows nothing of the terror, and went to sleep, waiting for the boats to get ready to take us ashore."

Mrs. Farley met Col. Anderson and Harry at the door. She came in, and Mrs. Bromfield, laying Phil out of her arms, rose, and asking her to sit, said, "You will excuse me a moment, I hope. I am benumbed with my constrained position, and the chilling fear I have endured. I must go out for a little, as well for the motion as to see with my own eyes what I hope I may never have to look upon again."

I followed her. Without, lights were burning on all the decks, from stem to stern, of the noble ship, which drooped back in the water, as an eagle with suddenly fractured pinion would falter and sink from his empyrean flight. All was bustle and movement around us. Water-casks were being lowered away into the boats, with sacks of bread, hams, and cheese, and cases of stores; all the pumps were manned, and being worked with such a purpose as men show when struggling for life. Mr. Garth, without coat or hat, was at the one nearest us, with Mr. Pedes beside him; and poor pale Mr. Wilkes stood by one of the tackles, to make fast to the articles that were to be sent down to the boats.

Col. Anderson and Harry had just returned from the stern of the vessel, as Mrs. Bromfield and I were reëntering the cabin.

“Now,” said the Colonel, “the boy is a hero; he knows all, and will not tremble any more. Take him in, madam, for I must go to my post yonder.”

In a few minutes Captain Landon entered, looking very pale, his gray hair disheveled and drenched with spray of the salt sea, and the perspiration which exhaled copiously from his face, and stood in beads upon his forehead. He took Mrs. Bromfield’s hand, and bowed to me and Mrs. Farley.

“I should have come to you sooner, ladies,” he said, “but I knew Col. Anderson would say all that I could. We might be much worse off than we are, though God knows it is bad enough. You are all ready, I see, and that is right; for, though I hope for some hours yet, we cannot tell how it may be; but while we wait, the wind is abating and the sea falling, which is much to be grateful for.”



"Have you a hope of ultimate escape?" asked Mrs. Bromfield.

"A hope I certainly have, ma'am. Sailors are the last men to abandon that; and our case is not so desperate as it might be. We have good boats, and enough of them, with our small complement of passengers, not to have to crowd any; and if no rough weather comes across us for some days, which is less likely since this long blow, we shall make land safely, I think—though what will await us there, Heaven only knows. There have been terrible imprisonments on some of the uninhabited islands hereaway. But we will hope and work for the best. You, ma'am, had better prepare a trunk of clothing for yourself and the children, and you two ladies can, I think, take one between you."

"And am I to lose all my clothes, Captain?" asked Mrs. Farley, piteously.

"Better them than yourself, I think, madam," was his reply. "And make yourselves ready to go at a moment's warning, for I perceive she is taking in water very fast these last few minutes."

He was gone, and Mrs. Bromfield, who had Harry's hand in hers, seated him on the sofa, and, opening her trunks, began to fill one with selected garments from the others, while Mrs. Farley and I went about the same task for ourselves. And oh the lamentations of the little woman! and the difficulty of choosing, and the sorrow of leaving!

The twilight was well advanced when I closed the joint-stock trunk, and put the key in my pocket. Just as I was taking the last look about my room, with a heart saddened by many inexpressible thoughts and

regrets for things I must leave to the hungry waters, I heard little Phil's voice in the saloon.

"Oh, mamma, how 'is ship do stand all 'e time up hill. What makes it?" and then, receiving no answer, "Mamma, I want to doe to Turnel Annerson."

"No, not now, Philip," said I, meeting him; "Col. Anderson is getting ready to take us all ashore, and so we must wait." He was very docile in the expectation of this welcome event, and sat down in the saloon with me. Ching came and made preparations to lay some breakfast, which we assembled to at the last sound of the gong, for it was hardly over, Captain Landon and Col. Anderson being absent, when the word went fore and aft, "To the boats! to the boats!" At the same moment the Colonel entered the cabin.

"Are you weddy, Turnel," asked Phil, "to doe ashore?"

"Yes, Philip, come with me now," he said, taking his cue from the child's words; and away he went, as gleeful as an escaped bird to the woodlands.

"Don't undeceive him, as you hope for heaven," said his mother; "Harry's silent suffering is all I can bear."

"I will not, dear madam; and I strongly hope that our experience will not either. The weather is becoming better every hour."

One by one, slowly, as it seemed to those who were waiting, we went over the ship's side. There were three large boats, and a small one. In ours, which was the largest, there were, beside ourselves, no other passengers but Col. Anderson, the Captain and fourth mate, Antonio, Ching, and eight of the ablest seamen. Mr. Watkins, the mate, had charge of another, in which was Mr. Garth; and Messrs. Pedes and Wilkes

went with Mr. Hepburn, the third mate. Each boat was furnished with its own supplies and implements, and all were directed to hold by each other as long as possible ; and in any case to head west-south-west, and search, if they were separated from the others, for Rescue Island, whose latitude and longitude were given them.

Poor little Phil was sadly puzzled and vexed not to see the land ; but we were too much weighed down by the fearful lot before us, and the exhausting emotions of the last four or five hours, to heed his many questions, as he was accustomed to have us.

The ship was deep in the water when we left her—so deep that I foolishly shuddered, going over her side, lest she should suddenly, in a moment, drop from under my feet. For I had but little idea of the awful spectacle of a great ship going into its grave of waters, as we saw it, after leaving her, while we yet lay upon the waves that were ready to rush over and bury her.

Oh, it was a fearful sight ! The tall masts rocking so low in the surging seas, the black bulwarks alternately sinking into and vainly heaving up against them, the steady march of the deadly waters, up, and up, and up, every receding wave rioting in its fullest triumph over the conquered king—and then the fierce tongues, that, as it sinks, lap eagerly over the noble decks, where you have walked, chatted, read, rested, enjoyed and suffered—perhaps filled the circle of experiences—the agonized shiver of the masts, as their mad foes rush fiercely in, to seize and uproot them—and finally, the great swirl and audible groan with which the battle is given over, and the surrender made, are sickening to behold. I shudder now at the remembrance of what I describe so feebly.



## CHAPTER VIII.

Out upon the broad, awful ocean, whose good nature—the very smile of God—is our only trust—nothing visible but our little fleet, and a world of rolling waters and blue sky, thickly dotted with fleecy clouds, whose friendly shadows fall gratefully upon our course. Some sails and spars had been provided, and the first two days were busily spent in rigging these; but the sea being quiet, and the winds very light, our progress was chiefly made by rowing. Nevertheless, we parted from the small boat on the third night, and at the dawn of the fifth day we saw but one, a long way astern of us. This gave us some uneasiness, but we were reassured, as well for ourselves as for those whom the missing boats contained, that, as long as the weather continued smooth, we were as well without as with them; that each had its own supplies, and only in case of accident would one be needed or able to serve another, and in that case, we were as likely to be hopelessly separated in a short time as we now were.

All this the Captain and Colonel Anderson told us more than once, yet to the last hour of that eventful voyage, I felt misgivings and heart-sinkings, after we were alone, that I should not have experienced had our weary eyes been blessed with the sight of any living things beside ourselves.

We bore the confinement and the tediousness won-

derfully well. The first night, I think, no one slept a moment but the dear, quiet children, whose mother watched and tended them without a word or sigh expressive of weariness. Phil was now and then, during the day, passed along from our quarters, in the stern, to the Colonel, amidships ; and Harry was sometimes permitted to go forward to the oarsmen, and sit or stand with those who were resting ; but his mother let go of him always with lingering reluctance, and received him again with silent ecstasy—both, in their peculiar degree, the result of his extraordinary mental condition on the night of our disaster. Occasionally they had a game of dominoes, for their thoughtful mother had not forgotten in her terror the importance of sustaining their cheerfulness and courage. A large basket which she had under our seat contained some of their choicest resources, and along with other things, an illustrated “Robinson Crusoe” of Harry’s, and Phil’s copy of “Mrs. Easy’s Rhymes and Stories.” When these were for the time exhausted, Mrs. Bromfield sat by the hour improvising stories to them—stories of sea and land—of fairies and men—of beasts, birds, and fishes ; to many of which, older ears than theirs listened with eager pleasure, so exquisite were the imaginations, so rich and varied the childlike thought, often laden with another and higher and sadder significance than the young souls apprehended. I received many beautiful lessons in these effusions ; it was a lesson—perhaps the greatest of all—to see the mother thus self-forgetful ; putting aside fear, intense weariness, disgust—all the annoyances and shocks which her keen delicacy and deep refinement had to endure day by day—and living wholly in the one sublime devotion that dethroned them all.

Mrs. Farley never recovered the sight of the sinking ship with all her trunks on board, and sat and drooped through the days and nights, seeming, much of the time, indifferent to everything but her foods and drinks. Her poor little external being had withered up like a shallow stream when its fountain-head is cut off, as one sees so many hundreds of such women do in ordinary life, when misfortune deprives them of their dresses and shawls and embroideries.

Col. Anderson, who was as indefatigable as the wind or the sea, and as quiet and unobtrusive as they both were now, had fitted up, with ropes and some light bits of wood made fast to the sides of the boat, just forward of the part assigned to us, a curtain of sail-cloth, so that, dropping that, we were to all practical purposes in an apartment of our own, though its dimensions were some thousands of miles in extent. His consideration and delicacy in all things were above praise, and then he was so entirely undemonstrative, doing every possible act of kindness, and refusing our fervent gratitude to himself by acknowledging it for the whole company.

No demonstration did he make, in these days, of his great love ; scarcely by a stolen glance of compassionate tenderness at her weary face could I now and then detect that it still existed. And as for the object of it, she seemed to have risen to sublimer heights of life than ever. Neither complaining nor indifferent—thankful when served, and never omitting a service which her confinement and cares permitted her to offer to any—with a cheering or helpful word for all whenever she spoke—she sat before us, day after day, the grandest instance of self-abnegation I have ever seen. When she could no longer sustain the loss of sleep, she would commit the children, if awake, to Col. Anderson



and myself, or Antonio, and showing me her watch, would bid me wake her at a certain hour, if she did not wake herself; and when it came, she seemed to be quite ready for her arduous cares till its next return. No persuasion ever prevailed on her to rest in the hours of darkness. She watched then. How I wondered at her silent endurance, and admired even more than I wondered! But Mrs. Bromfield was a healthy woman—healthy in all senses. Not only had she a well-developed, substantial body, but her organism was sound throughout, and kept so by faithful study of and adherence to the laws of health. Without thrusting her opinions or practices upon others, she was a full believer in the perfection to which God has ordained humanity, and she neglected no means by which it could be secured to herself and her children. Sickness had never pampered and nurtured selfishness in her. She met life at all points with sound normal sensibilities. Thus, in the powers that flow from health and perfect equilibrium, her sufficiency seemed, with all her refinement and delicacy, equal to that of the firmest man among us.

Yet I sometimes saw those strong arms, imperceptibly to any but myself, linger near her in some little office of common kindness, as if they would so gladly and tenderly infold her to a rest commensurate with her exertions—a triumphant testimony to her withal utter womanhood. Strong in mental and physical life—individual, fearless, and aspiring to nothing less than the highest ideal that Life, History, Poetry or Art could offer her, she was, withal, fully and truly and sweetly a Woman. I forgave all her superiority for her feminineness, all her grace and elegance for her nobleness, all her power for her tenderness.

At noon, on the eighth day, Captain Landon com-

municated to us the joyful news that we had made the latitude of the island, and that if it were correctly laid down on the charts, we had but about seventy or eighty miles of departure to run. At these tidings, a shout of joy and thankfulness went up from the men, which was echoed by us all. And we had deep cause to be thankful. Eight days in an open boat on the broad ocean—the precious jewel of life contained so in an egg-shell—tossed by no rough sea—assailed by no rude wind—pelted by no merciless storm—only the fierce torrid sunshine in the cloudless days smiting us too steadily, and making necessary the shade of our frail shifting awnings—truly what more in our condition could mercy and love have done for us?

## CHAPTER IX.

In the afternoon of that day I had persuaded Mrs. Bromfield to let the boys go forward for a time, and rest herself by reclining, on a pillow, in my lap.

"I am thinking," she said, after a long silence in this position, "of what may yet be before us, Miss Warren. We have watched and prayed for a sight and touch of this land, but what then? I remember reading, only last year, a narrative of a party of men cast away on a small group of uninhabited islands, somewhere in these seas, who did not escape till the twelfth year was more than half gone. They had implements and some portions of their wreck, and with these they built themselves habitations. They planted some kernels of corn and wheat which they saved from the vessel, and subsisted upon the little they could raise thus, and the eggs of sea-fowls. How long could we bear such a life, dear friend?"

"With shelter and means of subsistence," I replied, "a good while, I think; but whether or not one could be grateful for such an existence, prolonged beyond hope of escape, I am doubtful."

"I could be grateful for any existence, Miss Warren," said my friend, "that should not force me out of sustaining and harmonious relations to somewhat in both the natural and moral world, that might suf-



fice, in a measure, my spiritual needs. I have often dreamed of an Arcadia in some

‘Summer isle of Eden,’

where, with one soul to love and give me love in return, and a few others—half a dozen, say—kings and queens to reign in the outside circle of my heart—precious growing friends—with few cares and no slavish employments, we could set up our own standards of life, and feel no sneer making weight against our faithfulness to them. True, I have parted with those pleasing dreams years since, and yet, were it not for my children, I believe I could even now find in myself the courage to declare this an adventure, and treat it accordingly. The many-sidedness of life has wearied me in these late years, and I seem to find a rest in the idea of escaping, for a season, the eternal revolutions by which its night and day, its clouds and sunshine, its glory and gloom, pass before the soul.”

“And yet, from them,” I replied, “the soul has its growth.”

“They are, rather, the rain on the seed,” she said. “It is well that it fall at times; but it is well, also, that it be withheld. Periods of seclusion and rest are as necessary to growth, I believe, as those of active culture; and, unmolested by the presence of discordant spirits or the pressure of physical necessities, I could pass a year or two here, if such should be our fate, with no very bitter repining. I can teach my boys, if the Good Father will spare them to me; and I am so grateful for you, dear Miss Warren—so very grateful that such a woman is the companion of my lot, that I can afford a great deal of lenity to Mrs. Farley—though she does seem fearfully diminished since those gowns and shawls were lost.”

Mrs. Farley lay upon the opposite seat, fast asleep. She slept, happily, fourteen or sixteen hours every day. The other eight or ten were divided between a moping silence and weak, querulous complaining against what we all accepted with thanks that no utterance could express—the weather, our progress, our unimpaired health, and our comfortable accommodation in all respects wherein we might reasonably have feared and even expected continual suffering.

“When our house is built here,” continued Mrs. Bromfield, “you shall have the corner opposite mine. I suppose our couches will be of sand, or, at least, of grass or dried sea-weed; our tables—pray Heaven there may be something to lay on them—will be the lids of trunks, and our divans and chairs great stones and fragments of rock from the beach. We shall have to be each other’s mirrors——”

“I think I know of another pair of eyes that would brighten to serve you in that capacity,” I interrupted.

“Truce to your jesting on that subject, Miss Warren. The thought of it, while it appeals to my selfish sense of security, perplexes me deeply at times. Because, you must see,” she added, speaking even lower than we had been, “that nothing but a delicacy that is almost fabulous in any man can spare me many and some distressing embarrassments in the life before us.”

“Have you not,” I asked, “every indication you could desire of the presence of that delicacy? I have never myself seen that rare and beautiful trait so wholly and purely manifested as it is here; and I am weak enough,” I added, “or good enough—which is it? you, perhaps, would say the first—to be capable of worshipping a man who was so noble as to treat me thus.”

Her pale face flushed beneath my earnest gaze, but I would go on, now that I had spoken thus much. "There is not," I said, "a soul here, pent up as we are within these few feet of space, who has seen the slightest indication that could wound your pride. He does not approach you but as he would our poor little friend over there, if she had children that he could aid her in caring for; he never looks at you with a glance of love; he surrounds you with an invisible care that never fails or tires; and when thanked, acknowledges the expression as much for Ching, or Antonio, or Tom, as for himself. And if you do not love——"

Here her finger was placed upon my lips to stop their further utterance.

"My dear friend," she whispered, "no service could purchase my *love*. My gratitude, my warmest friendship, my utmost capacity to confer happiness by reciprocal deeds, it would secure; but once for all, a man, without an act of kindness, without a word of admiration for me, must have, in his own being, the qualities that would irresistibly take that before he could have it. I cannot *give* my love. It must be *taken* by a mandate of God, issued in the life and nature of him who asks it, and when that comes, I shall not resist it."

I sighed, and tears of pure compassion, of real heartfelt pain for one whose fearful wretchedness and waste of life I saw possibly foreshadowed in those words, filled my eyes.

"They are for him, not you," I said, as she looked up when one dropped upon her hand. "You are hard and almost hateful to me in uttering such language. I think it is wicked—such an exercise of power, which must have been given for good, not for pain—for lifting up, and not destroying."



"I would not pain or destroy," she said, raising herself to an erect position on the seat beside me, "the poorest and scantiest soul among that swarthy company before us. God forbid you should think me capable, for a moment, of anything but intense pain myself, in any such thought. But, Miss Warren, I know, or, rather, I believe, that life must, somewhere or somehow, furnish for every true demand of our nature a true object. And I cannot consent to compromise for any but that in a matter so sacred. But let us speak no more of it. It was weak in me to permit the subject to go so far; but do not think ill of me, dear, for what I have said. I have but expressed my convictions and feelings; I am no worse than I was when they were unexpressed—and not at all hard-hearted, as I see you are more than half inclined to think me."

I was sad, nevertheless, with a feeling I could not shake off, and which I pondered deeply in the wakeful hours of that night—she sitting there, with her boys sleeping on each side of her, and occasionally taking the two or three steps which the space between our trunks and seats permitted. At dark the rowers rested, the breeze being fresh enough to carry us forward, and at ten o'clock Captain Landon said, that, if all went as well as it had with us, we should reach the island by three or four the next afternoon. And then Col. Anderson surprised us with the extraordinary and interesting fact that he had had an acquaintance and many conversations with a man who had been cast away on it, about four years before. He was a Scotchman—a ship-carpenter—and their vessel had struck in the night on a coral reef, that surrounds the island. He had told him of its resources in water, fruit, and

game; the latter very scanty on land, but the fishing good. The vegetable productions, cocoanut, palm and banana trees were plentiful in some parts; also the bread-fruit and various esculents.

This account of our destination and future home absorbed us far into the evening. "Why," I asked, "had we not heard it before?"

"Because, ladies," replied Col. Anderson, "I saw you were getting on so well with our troubles, that I reserved it from day to day, fearing a dark one might come, when it would help your failing courage to hear it."

"How long had these persons to stay, Col. Anderson?" asked Mrs. Bromfield.

"They were fortunate enough to signal a ship in about four weeks," he replied; "and now that the commerce is so greatly increased upon these waters, I feel very little apprehension of our having a protracted imprisonment before us."

"No, said Capt. Landon; "if there is a light where we can keep a look-out and a signal, I think we shall not fail to secure relief in a few weeks. I also have a hope that some of our boats may fall in with a vessel, and as they were all bound hither, it is possible that we may escape in a few days. At any rate," he added, after a moment, "we have, thank God, all that is necessary to enable us to support life without destitution or pain. We must be very careful of health, and preserve as much cheerfulness as possible, and I hope we shall all yet live to see the faces of old friends and homes again."

I saw Mrs. Bromfield move tenderly over Harry at the mention of health and cheerfulness. It was plain to me that she had not shaken off the alarm she had

felt about her before leaving the ship, although he had been well since—only a little graver and more thoughtful than was his wont, as he would naturally be in our circumstances.

As for Phil, he had many times protested against “doein’ ashore so long,” and almost scolded the Captain for not bringing us in the ship—which his mother had prevented his seeing the loss of—and repeatedly asked the “Turnel” what he did “doe and bring mamma and Miss Warren, and me and Harry, in ’iss bad little boat, such a long way, for?” Phil never understood but it was the legitimate going ashore, but he disliked the inconvenience greatly, and declared, as the time went on and he grew more weary of the confinement, that, when he was a man, and had a big ship, and *genelmans* and ladies in it, he’d bring it right up to the land, he would.” But whenever he showed signs of taking seriously to fretting, his mother led off his imagination and thoughts to the moon, or the bottom of the sea, or to fairy-land, or up among the stars, where she created such beautiful worlds to his mind, that he was effectually cheated, for the time, out of all complaints against this one.



## CHAPTER X.

"Is that land, Anderson?" asked the Captain, about two o'clock next day, after he had been sweeping the western horizon carefully with his glass. Tell me how it looks to you. It is very low, if it is."

"I should say it was land, beyond a doubt," replied the Colonel, after a diligent survey. "It cannot be vapor, I think, hanging so low and remaining so fixed."

We were now all excitement; every eye was strained—Phil's among the rest, held high up in the "Turnel's" arms—an effort which he rewarded with a kiss, and a grave assent to the previously expressed opinion of his elder friend: "Yes, 'at's land."

In an hour or two there was plainly visible to the naked eye the long, low, blue outline, very little broken to the southward by slight elevations, and looking so pure, peaceful, and ethereal, hanging between the sky and ocean, that to us it seemed as if it might be the Arcadia we had talked of.

Mrs. Farley roused herself, and faithful to the ruling passion, began at once to adjust, pick, arrange, and smooth her apparel, and as she saw the pleasant-looking earth, she groaned in recollection of all she had lost, that would so have glorified her there. She moved across to my side, and said:

"Isn't it a pity, now, Miss Warren, we have got here so easily, that we didn't bring more with us?"

We could just as well as not have had a trunk for each of us."

"It would not have been safe to load the boat more deeply," I replied; "and if we had met rough weather, we should each have been obliged, perhaps, to throw over a part of what we had. Let us be thankful, Mrs. Farley, to have escaped so terrible an accident so well, instead of mourning that it was not better."

"But I shall never get so many clothes again," she said, piteously; "and my niece and sister will be so sorry, for we could all wear the same dresses."

"If your niece and sister," I said, "are not glad to see you safe, after such danger, without pining for so paltry a loss, your pains and perils will indeed be poorly repaid."

I never could command my patience with the poor soul. Often and often I had commenced speaking to her with the firmest and kindest intention not to be provoked to asperity, or indulge any disposition to reprove her follies; but she would hunt me to the end of my forbearance, and then came the ungracious or rebuking word that drove her back into her little shell again; and so we went on.

Twilight fell softly down in gray repose upon the darkening waters; and right over in front of us there hung the silver rounding moon. It made our hearts glad, for the surf was heard throbbing on the shore of the island, and very soon we should be near enough to be in danger from the reef.

Antonio now took rank among us. He was a Madeira Islander, and for aught I know, might have been born and nursed in the water. At all events, he was as nearly amphibious as anything human could be,

and he explored the reef, as we approached it, in the most ludicrous manner—dropping overboard every few minutes with the nonchalance of an experienced Newfoundland dog, and presently coming in, in some inconceivable way, over the bow, and sitting perched there, dripping, till he saw occasion for another plunge.

Col. Anderson's informant had told him that there was a broad gate through the coral wall, on the north-east point, and this we were searching for till the moon had set. The greatest caution was used to preserve the boat from injury, for we all felt how invaluable it might be to us, even after we got safely to shore. At last Antonio sent us a glad shout from the midst of the darkness ahead. His ordinary speech was a mixture of French, Spanish, Portuguese, and English; and now we heard him roaring forth: "Ici! ici! Madre de Dios! Gracias! Tank God!"

He came on board with these exclamations, and very shortly after we were sensible of approaching the surf rapidly. As we drew near, over went our pilot again, and in a few moments the astonished air was rent with a thunder-peal of gladness, as our prow shot swiftly and smoothly up on a fair sand-beach.

What a bustle! almost as great as if we had really, as Phil thought, reached the right land. But his keen observation could no longer be cheated. In all the hurry and excitement, I heard him say to his mother, (who held the children both firmly to her till the word came for us to go ashore): "Mamma, is 'iss 'e other land? I don't see any *cannles*, mamma."

And then, mamma remaining attentive to other things, he appealed to Harry, who replied, in a tone of grave condescension: "No, this isn't the other land; this is an island."



Antonio reported that it was high tide, though I was unable to discover how he could tell that, in the darkness, till next day, when I saw the long wet beach at low water, and the waves coming up to the dry sand when the tide was in. The boat was run up so that we could almost step ashore from her bows, whence the children and Mrs. Farley were carried by the men, while Col. Anderson and the Captain assisted Mrs. Bromfield and myself to alight, by a great leap, in about three inches of water.

Oh, what inexpressible joy to have the land beneath our feet again! When we had felt it so, and heard the children, and stood up together, Mrs. Bromfield threw her arms about my neck and wept. "Dear Miss Warren, how good is our Lord God, to spare us all and furnish this resting-place in the midst of the shifting, treacherous sea! Is it not the peace of heaven, after the uncertainty of these dreadful days?—to have the dear children secure here, where the awful waters cannot devour them—to know that we are all gathered safely out of that frail shell!"

I felt, from the intensity of her expression, that she must have suffered far more than I had supposed, and I had a little quiet satisfaction in making as near an approach to encouragement as I suppose the most courageous would have dared to offer her.

I returned her embrace cordially, as I was wholly moved to, and said: "Yes, dear friend, it is joyful to clasp each other in hope again, instead of fear and terror; but we will not now think either upon the past or present, except, if possible, to find a place of rest for ourselves—especially for you and the boys. I fear we shall have you on our hands soon, unless you take to sleeping more than you have since we left the ship."

I took her matters in some measure into my own charge, and she suffered me, without remonstrance. Col. Anderson, who, as he said, had nothing to look after, unless we kindly suffered him to adopt us, had our trunks and other chattels on the beach when I stepped down; and as no choice could be made of position that night, he proposed to spread a sail upon the smoothest bit of sand he could feel out, and let us get to rest at once. "For you know, Miss Warren," he said, "that she cannot go on so without utterly breaking down soon."

Ching and Antonio presented themselves, by the Captain's order, to await our commands. A light had been struck by means of a flint, but was immediately extinguished again, so that we only caught a flash of it; but our preparations went forward in the dark, and very shortly our five weary bodies were stretched upon the dear old earth, for a rest we had not known in ten long days. Phil and Harry seemed scarcely able to enjoy enough the intense luxury of spreading their young limbs. "Oh, mamma," said Phil, "I do 'ike to sleep here—it's so better—it's so nice—isn't it?"

The noise subsided about us, or we soon became insensible to it, for it seemed to me, when I woke in the early twilight of the morning, to have been but a few minutes since I went to sleep.

That day was spent in preparations for our temporary home, which was at first an open tent, or, rather, awning, to shelter us from the sun, but which grew before night into an inclosed space, where, for the first time since leaving the Tempest, we enjoyed the luxury of a dressing apartment. We renovated thoroughly, to our great satisfaction and comfort; and, as Mrs. Bromfield, having first carried Harry and Philip

through a course of sea-water and towels, was stepping outside, Antonio and Ching presented themselves, and made known, in their respective styles, their desire to serve us in the capacity of laundresses.

"Me washy," said Ching, "ver' good—ver' much."

"Yo lava," said Antonio, "what you call vash, Madame, Signorita."

We were more than thankful for the service thus offered, and Mrs. Bromfield did not spare expressions of our gratitude; for nothing, beside sufficient food and drink, could so much conduce to our comfort here as plentiful supplies of fresh clothing.



## CHAPTER XI.

Our meals were taken in the tent—Capt. Landon and Col. Anderson joining us—at a rude table made from some bits of loose board and the seats of our boat. We had but two plates, but the great avaloni and mother-of-pearl shells were more beautiful and nearly as convenient. There were no trees near, and only an inconsiderable elevation, a little to the north-east of us, where, early on the first morning, a staff of the tallest spars, spliced together, had been raised, and a signal hoisted. On a little green spot beyond this a well had been commenced on the same day, but though diligently dug and carried down several feet, there was no sign of water on the third. This gave us our first real anxiety. Water would be our first want if we continued to be alone; and then, if the other boats' crews should arrive without any—as must happen if they were out many days longer than we had been—no imagination could exaggerate the suffering before us. Already we were sparing, and expeditions were daily made to other parts of the island for water and fruits. Bananas were brought us in plenty, but though very agreeable and refreshing, and well used to take the place of food, they seemed rather to increase than allay thirst, especially with the children.

On the morning of the fifth day Ching came with the pail and the Captain's compliments, "And he no

could more givee—one pint, one lady—two pint, two boy !”

How poor Mrs. Bromfield’s heart sunk at these words! “Oh, my poor children!” she exclaimed, “what is to become of you, if we find no water?”

And the sky looked as if it would never rain again. Col. Anderson had been out all the day before in search, and was going again this morning; but he presently approached the tent, and addressing my friend, said: “I am just setting out for the other side of the island, Mrs. Bromfield, and as we have been prudently put on allowance of water to-day, and I know my little friends will be most inconvenienced by this arrangement, I came to say that four of the men desired me, this morning, to tell you that they would divide their rations with them. If you will send Ching down to the tent, he will be able to get it any time.”

Tears of gratitude, and deep, deep emotion, were falling from her eyes before he had done speaking. “I cannot now,” she replied, “express to you, Col. Anderson, or to these excellent and noble men, the gratitude I feel for all your constant and thoughtful kindness. I should be grateful for any act that would mitigate my own sufferings, were I alone; but all that is done to take away the horror and wretchedness my children might have to endure, entitles the doers to a reverential affection from me.”

She had taken his hand in speaking, and she pressed it convulsively between her own before letting it go.

“We are but doing,” he said, “what a common sentiment of human tenderness prompts all good persons to do. I pray you not to cherish a sense of peculiar obligation to any of us. There is not a man in a

hundred, I suppose, of all who fill the world, but would, in like circumstances, do the same. I hope to be more successful to-day than we have been," he continued. "The man who told me of this island, said they had sunk a well which supplied them, scantily indeed, but so reliably that they did not suffer; and they were more in number than we are at present. So that I do not at all despair of success, but it may be some days yet before we discover this treasure."

"Meantime," she said, "you are daily fatiguing yourself—perhaps exposing your health and life—by walking under this burning sun all the day. I fear you are risking what we can ill afford to lose, my dear sir."

"I am, fortunately, much used to torrid climes," he replied; "my Indian service is but three years over, and I was in Algeria a little more than a year ago. There is no danger of me, ma'am. If my friends had the same security against suffering that I have, in iron health and a toughened constitution, I should feel much less anxious than I do. But I must bid you good morning," he said, clasping her offered hand; "I hope to bring you good news to-day."

Mrs. Bromfield sighed as he walked away, and, without a word, turned back to where her children were awaiting the completion of a story which his coming had interrupted.

"Mamma," said Harry, when it was over, "can I go up to the signal with Antonio? He is going to look out by-and-by, and it's cool up there, he says."

"I am afraid, my darling, that the sun will be too hot for you."

"No, mamma; Antonio will carry your umbrella, if you will let him—will you?"



"Certainly, dear Harry, if you go ; but I must ask Captain Landon what he thinks of it, first."

She seemed to have partly recovered from her anxiety about Harry, and when the sun was low in the morning or evening, often let him run freely about the beach and the ground where the stores were laid, wishing him to have as natural a freedom as his safety would allow, the more surely to throw off the serious gravity that had settled upon him since the night of the wreck. She took him now by the hand and went down to the tent where Captain Landon was standing, and when they came back, Harry was fitted out with the umbrella and a cambric handkerchief folded in the crown of his Panama hat, to keep out the sun's rays. Antonio was to stay two hours, and all the injunctions were carefully laid on both ; yet his mother's face was very sad and anxious as she let him go from her arms. She stood looking after him and returning his little salutations from beneath the umbrella so long, that I said :

"You must be much less than your usual self, my dear friend, to feel such an anxiety for Harry, when he seems to be so well and cheerful."

"I am never happy or at ease when he is out of my sight, Miss Warren," she replied. "I cannot be, since that night ; and I have impressions, at times, of some fate impending over him, which startle and pain me inexpressibly. But I wish not to have him feel this, as a cloud over his spirits, and therefore I have given him some liberties, which I might, perhaps, have more wisely withheld. You do not think there is any risk in this little walk, do you ?"

"Not in the least, I should say. Antonio is so fond of him, and so faithful and trusty, that I should think

you might set yourself at rest about him ; and if you would lie down with little Phil"—who had quietly turned over on the sail-cloth and gone to sleep—"you would, I think, be acting wisely. You know, dear, we were to be mirrors for each other, and now I must reflect your face to you, thinner and paler by many shades than I ever saw it before. You will wear out insensibly under these anxieties and dreads, and though you may rely on your strength and endurance with good reason, yet you know not how much more they may be needed by-and-by."

While I read this homily, she came and sat down on the trunk beside me.

"Do not talk of resting now," she said ; at least not of sleeping. I can rest better here with you, dear."

And we went straight forward into a world of clear, sweet talk, sitting there by ourselves on that quiet morning—for Mrs. Farley had gone to her sail-cloth, otherwise her couch, and was also fast asleep.

At length Mrs. Bromfield said : "I have always had a feeling that I could not lose one of my children, and live. They are so closely related to my life, and it is so shorn of other sweets beside them, that, since my alarm about Harry, and our peril, I really do not know an hour's peace. I am conscious of losing, as you say, flesh, and strength of all kinds. That, indeed, would be natural to our position ; but I confess I feel sorely burdened with a shadowy fear, apart from the possible or probable sufferings of our lot here. Oh ! a woman's heart has its strength in love, and when the love is taken away, alas for her who is deprived of it ! All that life, at its worst, can do, may be borne with it ; without it, great God, what deserts

filled with horrors stretch around—endless everywhere but in that distant, narrow point, where the gateway of the future life opens.”

“But there,” I said, “springs the bow of Hope, that never fades to the eye of Faith.”

“Yes, there it is,” she replied; “but the most favored and exalted of us do not see it at all times, and the hours of its obscurity are heavy and dark with life’s blackest shadows. Then, too, we *know* only the affections of this life. We *know* only the sweet love that blesses us here. It is reasoning, trusting, and hoping for that which shall come to us there. Even I, dear friend, with a light that you do not yet accept, have sometimes but dim outlooks into that great future, where our all lies after a few glancing years shall have swept by. Did you ever meet these lines of an old poet? I know not who he was that wrote them, but listen to their wondrous beauty and crystal clearness:

“‘Dear, beauteous Death—thou jewel of the just,  
Shining nowhere but in the dark!  
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,  
Could we outlook that mark.’”

How the slow-spoken words thrilled me, and the spiritual glow of her dark eye, as she uttered them—seeming to outlook all marks and penetrate the depths of the Infinite Beyond!

“Surely,” I said, “your vision is seldom darkened in that direction. You have little to complain of, I think.”

“I oftener lose my beacon than you imagine, dear friend,” she replied. “A mist seems to heave up before me, and bury the known and the true in its blinding shrouds. Granted that we have more light than



any age has ever before enjoyed, we have also a larger need wherein to absorb it. Granted that Science and Religion have both unfolded to us truths and hopes which were never before the property of the soul—its appetites and powers have grown with the receiving, and we can never again rest where we have. The ages before us have given birth to creeds and systems to which Truth was subordinated; it seems to me the grand privilege of ours to lift the divine light above dogmatism, and inaugurate it in the heart of man.”

“You believe, then, that, amid all the contention and strife of this age, there is a greater influx of truth than ever before?” I asked.

“Not relatively greater, perhaps, than ever before. There have been periods in the world’s history as remarkable as this; but they were so by comparison with what preceded them. Transition periods are always so marked, but no previous one has led *from* so high a plane *to* so high a one as those which are beneath and above us to-day.”

“Truly there is war enough,” I replied; “but it seems to me that we are following *ignes fatui*, rather than true light, in the way some of us are going.”

“Never believe it for a moment, my dear friend,” she replied. “The new parties in the religious world comprise many, very many of the most developed men and women, whose inmost lives are hungering for some high, clear religious truth. The soul has outgrown its creeds, and more than half who remain within the churches, even, already doubt their sufficiency for our further development. Look, Miss Warren, at the daring and constant challenge under which the theological dogmas lie, not from infidels alone, or persons who can be denounced as such, but from religious,

earnest, thoughtful, striving, loving men and women, who desire God, and cultivate his likeness in their souls; who do not feel themselves irreligious because the Church denies them its countenance; but, on the contrary, feel and know that there is a broad and deep religious current in their natures, which is none the less pure for not flowing in prescribed channels."

"But all this seems vague and indefinite to me," I said; "too much so to afford any substantial rest to the spirit in its days of trial. One craves something clearer and more positive."

"No, no," she answered, in quick expostulation; "do not say that you desire to be told how to be religious. Do not tell me you would rather repose upon a creed than upon the infinite God and his eternal laws. I cannot doubt that his truth and love are sufficient for the soul in its darkest hours. They are only clouded to me when thinking, as we were just now, of the loss of the love which is ours here. What effulgence of glory, what greatness, what power, what duration of existence, or wealth in any sort that it could bring us, would compensate this loss?"

I had no word of reply to these thoughts, and when next she spoke, she said: "Do you know, dear Miss Warren, that Harry's condition on that dreadful night was like the instances of second-sight we used to hear of, and which are now talked of as spiritual impressions? He has had a similar experience one night since, with less noticeable results; but I cannot free my mind of a deep and painful anxiety for him."

"His condition, in my opinion, Mrs. Bromfield," said I, in my weightiest tone, "arose from some derangement of his system. The child has a sensitive and delicate organization, and he had, perhaps, eaten

something that his disturbed stomach refused to assimilate."

"That would do for you to say and believe, Miss Warren, but not for me. You see only the outward facts in the case, while to me his inmost spiritual condition is revealed, in some manner that I cannot describe, but which I feel perfectly, and which you could better appreciate were any life so related to your own. Pardon me, dear, kind friend," she said, drawing me toward her, and kissing my cheek; "I spoke more abruptly than I ought; for, under all your outward tranquillity, I found, long ago, a woman's quick heart beating."

She did not speak again till I raised my head from her shoulder, and said, "Tell me, now, the rest."

"I was saying," she resumed, "that I could *feel* in Harry a different cause for these experiences, from any mere bodily one. He has, normally, but a very imperfect recollection of his father"—she seemed to speak with great difficulty and effort, but went on, slowly—"and yet he has twice, since we have been on this island, described him to me, as accurately as if he had seen him yesterday—more vividly, indeed, than children of his years ever describe those they live with daily. It is not this alone, however, that impresses me, wonderful as it seems; but I have, in my own being, a clear perception—not intellectual—that it is a reality to the child. When he speaks, I see not what he sees, but him seeing it. I do not make myself clear to you, Miss Warren, I suppose; but I have pondered these things much, and it was an imperative necessity to speak of them."

There was a long silence, which she broke by saying, tenderly: "Did I open a wound in your heart,



dear friend, by referring to the richness of my own relations in life? Believe me, you have the truest pity I can feel. If the angels ever weep tears of blood over our mortal sphere, they must fall, I think, for the woman to whom maternity is denied. If I hurt you, dear heart, forgive me. I was too selfishly absorbed at the moment of speaking those words, to consider, as I ought to have done, that yours is the irreparable lot. I could better afford to lose all now, if so terrible a fate could be sent me, than never to have known the light and sweetness of the last seven years. Brighter heavens and fairer earth since that day of motherhood dawned ; larger God and nobler humanity."

She stopped speaking, and held my head upon her shoulder, pressing her pale, softened cheek upon my eyes, to keep back the tears.

## CHAPTER XII.

I know not how long we had remained thus silent, when the words, "Boat ahoy!" startled us. We rose, and stepped quickly without; and there, just coming in sight, as if rounding our signal point, lay two of our missing boats. Of course there was joy and bustle, for we had all experienced more or less anxiety for their crews. Mr. Garth was in one of them, and I was struck with the difference between Mrs. Bromfield's reception of him and her treatment of Col. Anderson. She hastened frankly forward with extended hand, her features speaking the cordial welcome she gave him. No constraint or formality, as in the other case, but a kindly and genuine concern for his wasted, changed looks. He had evidently suffered much, though he said they had had good weather, plenty of food, and were only put on allowance of water three days before. They "had naturally been anxious for the others," he said; and his hopeless eyes, as he spoke, turned to hers.

Like a sister, or old friend, whose right none would question, she sat down near him, talked over our voyage, and asked about his; told him of the children, showed him Phil, fast asleep, and assured him the child would be delighted to see him: "For he has not forgotten you," she said, "nor suffered any of us to."

It was time that Harry should return now, for they

had already been something more than two hours away; and but for this exciting arrival, we should, doubtless, have begun to be anxious about him.

Mrs. Bromfield walked to the end of the tent, looking toward the point more than once after we spoke of him; and at length she said: "Miss Warren, I think I must walk out and meet them. Will you remain with Phil till we return?"

"Yes," I replied, "if you will go; " but the sun is getting very warm."

"So much the more need," she said, "of my care,"—tying on her light bonnet.

"Can I be of any service?" asked Mr. Garth.

"Thank you, I need no service, I hope; but if you will walk, I shall be glad of your company."

As I looked after them, I thought—this and her words puzzle me beyond anything. She would not treat Col. Anderson so for her right hand; yet I know she has wholly forgiven his offense. What, then, is the reason? Does she love the man? Has she found in him the divine power to take, which she declared she would not resist, and is she holding both him and herself in a show of antagonism, because of our circumstances?

Thus I questioned, with a growing hope for them both, till the figures before me had nearly passed from my sight around the rise of ground, when Phil awoke, and called for mamma. "She is gone to fetch Harry, darling," I said, lifting him and brushing his moistened hair from his forehead.

"Div' me some water, p'ease, Miss Warren."

I held it to his lips, and he drank a long, long draught, with such eagerness, that I thought, with a shudder, of the time, possibly near at hand, when the



prayer would have to be denied. I placed him on the ground, with a kiss—Phil's contact with the world, thus far, was chiefly through kisses and caresses—and he walked to the door. Next moment I heard him say: "Wat you run for, Ching?"

"Wattee! wattee!" was the answer, in the gladdest tones of poor Ching. "He findee—Colonel; see!" and he held forward a tin vessel, containing pure-looking water, which I tasted.

"Good!" said Ching; "no muchee—one pail."

There was considerable bustle at the lower tent, and I made out, over all the heads, Col. Anderson's broad hat, like a small umbrella, drooping on his shoulders; and a moment after he separated himself from the crowd and walked briskly toward us.

"You have found water, Colonel," I said, very gladly, as I offered him my hand in congratulation.

"Yes, thank God—enough to save us from actual suffering, and perhaps to show us the way to more. It is an eventful day, Miss Warren."

"Yes, happily eventful. We rejoiced to see our shipmates arrive safely."

"Where is Garth?" he asked.

"He is gone with Mrs. Bromfield to Signal Point, after Harry."

He changed color, and moved involuntarily, as when a heavy shock falls upon some sensitive part.

"Mr. Garth looks very miserably," I added, wishing in some way to convey my idea to him, and scarcely knowing how to do it without committing or risking a blunder. "He has evidently suffered deeply on the voyage."

"And he carries an advertisement of it in his face, I suppose," he said, bitterly, "to enlist pity."

"I did pity him, certainly," I said, with some firmness, "and I know Mrs. Bromfield did; for pity is always born into her heart when she sees pain." His face grew harder and sterner every moment. "She would pity Captain Landon, or Mr. Watkins, or Mr. Pedes, or any of the men, if they were suffering as much, in the same way," I added.

"God forbid I should ever be honored with that sentiment from her!" he exclaimed. "I could enjoy her hate or her scorn, but her pity—bah! I would as lief feel a tepid bath rushing over me under this sunshine, Miss Warren!" and he shook himself, as if he felt the loathsome sensation already.

I smiled, and said: "I think you need be at no pains to prevent the exercise of that sentiment toward yourself. I should say it was the remotest of all probabilities, in your case."

"Or her gratitude," he added, almost savagely. "I wish she would never say thanks to me again."

You are a pair! I thought: she will accept only the one soul that is omnipotent over hers, and he is chafing and fretting, lest, in the exercise of the common kindness which our misfortunes call for, he should expose himself to her too fervent gratitude.

He sat upon my trunk, facing Signal Point, with his eyes stretched, after their last savage flashing, away beyond all near objects. Little Phil was beside him, with his small hand resting in his palm—an affecting picture of trust and wonder. He had not heard the mention of his mother's name, and in the languid silence that followed his long slumber he had heeded only the last word and looks of his beloved friend.

"Good God!" exclaimed Col. Anderson, suddenly starting forward; "what can that mean?" And fol-

lowing his movements with my eyes, I saw Mrs. Bromfield and Mr. Garth approaching in the distance; she, with some great burden in her arms, which drooped low under its weight, rather flying than walking, and he near, but a little behind, as if unable to keep her great speed. I was sorely frightened by the sight, but the idea of Harry did not at the first instant enter my mind. I was bewildered for a moment; but then, with a great stunning pang, that shot from my head to my feet, came the thought—he is drowned! No, that is impossible, said my common sense, at the next breath; with Antonio, it could not happen. What then?—sudden illness, that struck him down helpless? That seemed hardly possible in a child so healthy.

As they drew nearer, Mr. Garth made frequent demonstrations of taking him from her, but she pressed forward without even a gesture of remonstrance. Col. Anderson met them more than half way, and I saw that he lifted the child from her arms, without resistance, and apparently bidding Mr. Garth aid her, they came forward. I had presence of mind to call to Ching and tell Phil he might go down to the shore with him, but he must keep out of the sun; and as they went, I said: "Send Captain Landon here, quick."

"Yes, me send," replied Ching, in wonder.

No one had seen the party that was approaching, and when Captain Landon, who came at once, entered the tent, I pointed to them. They were now within a few yards.

"What can it be?" I asked, feeling breathless and cold.

"It is a sun-stroke, Miss Warren," he replied, in a tone which at once cut off all hope.



### CHAPTER XIII.

They entered, and the drooping body, even now to all appearance dead, was laid gently on the sail-cloth. The mother—with a face that, notwithstanding the burden, and the dreadful heat, and the haste, was as cold and fixed as marble—knelt down in silence and opened the light vesture which covered it. Then there was discoverable a slight fluttering in the little chest, which she passed her hands softly over, as, with a suppressed, shuddering moan, she turned to us who stood by. Never shall I forget the uplifted agony of those eyes at that moment.

Captain Landon, who had been gone a moment, was now here again, with his medicine-chest; but, with a presence of mind and clearness of purpose that astonished me, she put his hand back. “No, no,” were her first words; and then she turned to me, and said, huskily: “The little case of vials in my trunk, dear.”

I went instantly and brought it; and when she had selected the one she wanted, she dropped, with a steadier hand than my own was at the moment, two or three drops in the small glass cup which I had filled with water; and, drawing the bright spoon from its little sheath at the side of the case, she poured a spoonful between the faintly purple lips. It was all the work and thought of a very few moments.

No contraction of the muscles of the throat followed;

and as I, kneeling also beside that low couch, looked more closely at the upper features, and saw the slight corrugation of the brow, and the fading crimson give place to a purple flush there, I knew that hope was not to us. I trembled with fear as well as anguish, and presently lifted my hands, and, without resistance, removed the bonnet from the head, about which our inaudible prayers of feeling and act began now to center.

I stepped aside, and Captain Landon came to me : "Take care of her," he said, in a low voice ; "the child is beyond care in this world. I don't know what to look for," he continued ; "she ought to be flushed to scarlet with her exertion and the heat, but, you see, she is like a statue. Where the blood is keeping itself I cannot see, nor how to start it in its course."

"How long——?" I asked, pausing, in dread to frame the remainder of my question.

"Not more than a few hours," he replied. "The setting sun will probably see him at rest."

"How can—how will it be borne?" and I shuddered again and again, as the question passed through my mind, and I looked at those two figures.

She had dipped her handkerchief in water, and laid it over the darkening brow ; and there she sat, rigid and white and intent—recognizing our presence only to sign us for anything she wanted for him—and we stood watching for the issue, and studying, each of us, how it would be possible to save her.

"Where is the king?" said Col. Anderson, in a whisper, to me.

He spoke the word with an emphasis that conveyed his meaning at once ; and when I told him, he stepped carefully away ; but he might have gone with the rush

of an avalanche, for all her heeding him. I feared he was going to bring the child immediately in ; but not so. He returned presently, and taking Mr. Garth aside, he asked him to go down, and keep Philip carefully from the sun, and from his mother also, if possible, "till," he said, "till the time comes when nothing else will keep her to life ; and that will not be long, I fear."

Then he sat down, not far from her, and pronounced her name. She looked at him, in answer, but did not speak.

"I have seen such cases," he said, before our dear Harry's, in India and Egypt."

I had wondered at first what he could say, feeling that I should not have dared attempt so great a task as addressing her. But he was right and wise in saying this, for the mystery and terror were holding her speechless, as well as the agony.

"What is it ?" she said, laying her hand upon his.

"Will you rouse yourself to bear it, if I tell you ?"

She did not speak in reply, but from her eyes there went to his such a dumb, beseeching glance, that I felt the pain of it go through and through me.

He took her hand between his own, and chafing it gently, said : "There is such great power in the soul, dear Mrs. Bromfield, "if we can but see clearly when and how it may be summoned to our help ! And those who live nearest to God, and to the divine in other souls, are most richly furnished for such bitter conflicts as life sometimes forces on us. If you now, with that heart's idol before you, were, as you might be, with equal love, darkened and imprisoned within the poor limits of ignorance and doubt——"

"Tell me what it is," she whispered, interrupting him.



"Will you promise me," he asked, "to bear it, as I know you can?"

Every word he uttered, I thought, was wisely preparing her for the final close.

"It is a *coup de soleil*," he said, still holding her hand, while tears ran from his eyelids upon his cheeks.

"Then—" she whispered, and paused.

"Yes," he replied to the unspoken question, "then there is only left to your darling a few hours more between this world and that he is so well fitted for."

"Will he not know me again?"

"No; he will leave you without suffering, and will never realize this life any more."

He spoke as authority, which on that subject he was; for, as he told her, he had seen all this many times. After his last dreadful words, which, in fact, announced that, to her, death had already taken place, she turned her eyes helplessly to the little patient, and raised her right arm, as if with the purpose of folding him in it; but it relaxed, and fell at her side; she reeled to and fro a moment, and the next fell back, as if dead, into Col. Anderson's arms—who, seeing what was coming, had placed himself to receive her.

"Some water, Miss Warren," he said, looking scarcely less deathly than herself. "Pray God my words have not killed her! I meant to spare her and soften the awful blow; but this is fearful. Drench her head with what you have, and wake that woman to assist us. You must open her dress and chafe her chest. It is not a mere swoon; it is suspension of animation, from the terrible shock."

Till this moment there had scarcely been a loud

word spoken in the tent since Harry had been brought in; now I went over to Mrs. Farley, after giving him the water, and shook and roused her, simply telling her she was wanted. Her own senses must take in the rest. I opened the loosely-worn garments that covered my friend's form, and Col. Anderson dispatched Mrs. Farley for more water and Captain Landon's presence. He came immediately, and we chafed and bathed her temples, neck, and hands, with spirit and ammonia, while poor Mrs. Farley, dumb and overwhelmed with what she saw, but could not understand, stood over Harry with a wailing that it was piteous to hear.

Beads of anguish rolled down Col. Anderson's brow, during this time, which seemed interminable.

"*Can we* restore her?" he asked of Captain Landon, as the latter withdrew his hand from her heart.

"God grant it," he replied, "but I can feel no motion there yet."

"I fear she will never return to us," I whispered, "any more than the dear child."

"She must—she will," said Col. Anderson; "I will bring her back, or die with her!" And, raising her in his arms, he carried her forth into the shade of the tent; and when we had spread a bit of sail-cloth, he laid her upon it, with her head raised; and, kneeling beside her, placed his lips to her heart, and breathed forcibly and long, breath after breath, upon her—we, in the meantime, busy with the palms and temples.

It was a great while—so long, that I despaired of ever again hearing that voice or seeing the light of those eyes, when he exclaimed: "It is coming—the motion! I can feel the flutter here, as of a dying bird;

please God, it shall be the flutter of life, returning to abide. Captain Landon, will you bring Philip, and give him into Miss Warren's hand?"

He turned and left us, and the restorer's lips were next moment pressed in unutterable tenderness upon the still insensible forehead.

"It will not wake her eyes to anger, now," he said; "it will not offend, nor pain, nor chill the heart. O sweet heart! O noble soul! O glorious life, come back to the worshiped citadel thou hast fled! Miss Warren, place your hand here, and feel if I am deluding myself," he said, when still there came no other perceptible sign of returning life.

I did so, and found yet only the faintest flicker, as a rose-leaf would vibrate in the evening wind. "I feel it," I said.

"Oh, then, God be praised, we shall have her back once more! And there is power in love, they say, to work miracles; if so, mine ought to hold her life securely when we win it again. If I could know," he said, "whether, before her sorrow, my presence had been hateful to her, as I sometimes thought, or if it were her pride, I——"

"It was her pride," I said, venturing the assertion in fear that he would withdraw his support when she should be conscious of his presence. "It was her pride, I am sure—do not leave us." And even as I spoke, there was a tremulous motion of the eyelids, the pale lips parted, and the next moment her eyes opened faintly, but closed again, without, I think, taking in any object.

"Bring the child, quickly," said Col. Anderson; and folding the loosened garments over her bosom, I went for him.



Captain Landon had him in his arms, walking outside, and telling him that mamma was ill, and he was to go to her when Miss Warren came for him. He had not seen Harry. He was to be kept calm for his mother.

I led him around outside the tent, within which Mrs. Farley still kept her place by the dying boy, and before I reached the spot where his mother lay, I said: "Don't cry, now, Philip, to frighten your mamma. She feels very badly, and she wants Philip to come and kiss her, and be very good."

"I will," he whispered, awed by her pale, motionless features; "but, Miss Warren, where's Harry? Why don't Harry come to mamma? Mamma loves Harry, too."

I smothered the last words by clasping him close to me; and, alarmed by the danger they hinted at, I said: "Harry isn't here, darling, and it will tire mamma if Philip talks about him now."

"Well, I won't, then," he said, his small, delicate countenance straining into an expression of sore pain as he looked upon that prostrate figure and deathly face.

With this little lesson, I led him up to her. Col. Anderson's face indicated courage and trust, otherwise I should scarcely have known, but by touch, whether she was alive or not. He silently took Philip in his arms, and sat, whispering, to soothe and sustain his little swelling heart, till the happy moment should come. He still held one of her cold, passive hands: now he clasped the child's upon it, that the touch might familiarize his mind with her condition, before his self-control should be farther tried.

Thus we waited long, long, for the positive or more

manifest evidences of returned consciousness. The bathing with spirits and chafing were continued, and again remitted, at short intervals; but I more than once despaired of her ever speaking to us more, so fearfully prolonged was our suspense.

"Col. Anderson," I said, as we were passing out of the tent—whither we had stepped for a moment to look at Harry, leaving Phil with his little cheek laid to his mother's forehead—"is there not still a doubt of her recovery? it is so very long since she fell into this state! Do you know it is near an hour?"

"Yes—I am more anxious than I can tell you," he replied. "She is now, I think, though very slowly, reviving; but the danger is, that, the first action of her memory may be to restore that fearful picture, and so banish life again, when our poor skill and means might fail to recall it."

He resumed his seat by her, and took the child—to whose caresses and suppressed wailing she was still insensible—again in his arms. It was wonderful—his self-imposed calmness—and showed us the mother in miniature.

"What do you wash mamma in that for?" he asked, as I resumed the bathing of her temples and throat.

"Because she is very tired, love, and feels so ill, and this will make her better."

"Will it make her well enough to speak to me?"

"Yes, by-and-by."

A slow contraction of the right hand—the least perceptible movement of it—and our hearts bounded at the sight.

"Mamma," pleaded Phil, scarcely able to articu-

late, and reaching out to touch the living member—"do you want me, mamma dear?"

The sweet, clear, tender accents, seemed to penetrate the dull ear; for we saw a visible effort to part the eyelids, and the lips moved; but no sound came forth. Col. Anderson rose hastily and stepped away, but returned in a moment, with a bottle of Burgundy Port in his hand.

"The spoon she used, Miss Warren," he said. "A little wine cannot fail to help this struggle of nature." And he poured some out, and put it to her lips.

It evidently passed, though we could detect no distinct effort to swallow; presently another was taken, and shortly after our trembling hearts were made glad by seeing her eyes open, and the returning intelligence look feebly out upon us.

Thereupon Philip softly laid his lips to hers, and repeated the assurance of his presence. He was rewarded by the most shadowy smile that ever flitted over a wan, sunken face; but her hand closed feebly upon his, and so we knew that the silver cord was not finally parted.

I now left the three, to go to that other couch and that form whence the thread of life was slowly unwinding in a silence that would never be broken this side the gates of Heaven. Perfectly motionless he lay, his beautiful face darkening with the purple tide that had been so suddenly arrested, but with no other visible change, except a slight gathering of froth on the lips, which his mournful attendant wiped gently away, from time to time. There were sad faces looking in silently every moment, and Mr. Garth, utterly broken down, sat by the little feet he had so often guided, his face



buried in his hands, and wept. Captain Landon went and came, and Ching, and the seamen ; but I remembered, at length, that, among all the solemn ones, I had not seen Antonio.

When I asked for him, Mr. Watkins told me he had not been seen since Mr. Garth and Mrs. Bromfield met him with Harry in his arms. "I suppose," he added, "the fellow feels badly enough, for it is very likely that he went into the surf, after playing awhile, and forgot himself there, leaving the child in the sun alone. Mr. Garth says he looked little better than Harry, and gave him up to his mother without speaking."

"Will you not send some one to persuade him back?" I inquired. "Poor fellow! he may be afraid to come."

"We will see to-morrow," he replied, "if he does not come of himself to-night."

## CHAPTER XIV.

Mrs. Bromfield recovered her consciousness slowly, but steadily. After the first few words, we felt no fear of its immediate loss again, for she had her own balance, in a degree, and spoke to relieve the anxiety she read in our faces. Col. Anderson leant over, to hear.

"I shall not lose myself a second time," she said. "I know all that has happened—do not fear for me any more."

But she lay still and held Phil's hand, and occasionally whispered a word in his ear. "How is it—in there?" she presently asked, of Col. Anderson.

"Just the same, my dear friend," was his reply.

"Will you help me to go to him?"

"I would help you, God knows, and bear you to the ends of the earth, if it would serve you ; but let me pray you, first, to get firmer hold on the life we have seen so nearly lost to us."

"The danger is past," she said. "I shall not be shocked now, and I cannot lie here."

She spoke with great difficulty, but with such firmness of purpose, that we felt resistance to be fruitless ; and so she was passively taken again in Col. Anderson's arms, and laid beside her perishing child. As she was going, she motioned me for Philip ; and now the tent was cleared for the sufferers—only Col. Anderson and Mrs. Farley remaining, beside myself.

with an agonizing fondness which I feared to see her so indulge, without a tear or groan. At length I stole away to the door, and signed to Captain Landon, who stood near in the shade.

“Is it over?” he asked.

“Yes, and I wish Col. Anderson would bring Philip in.”

Ching was dispatched immediately to the beach, and presently the two were there, both pale, but the child, with the blessed elasticity of his years, very much cheered and comforted by the absence and by what he had seen and heard. He had a beautiful and rare shell in his hand, which he offered to his mother, who took it mechanically in hers, and in answer to my inquiry, if she would now rest outside the tent, assented. With my own and Captain Landon’s help she rose to her feet, but her limbs refused their office. In spite of her strong will, they bent to the ground, and she was again raised, and borne away, scarcely more alive than the form she left there.

It was now almost sunset, and what a night of suffering followed that day’s close! None who witnessed, will ever, I am sure, forget it. Preparation for the burial, next day, was made on one side of the tent, and unbroken vigil kept with the dead and almost dying on the other. Mr. Garth took Phil, after he had been undressed and bathed, down to the store, and in time brought him back, sound asleep; which, in the midst of all our pain and anxiety, was a mercy I could scarcely be enough thankful for. Col. Anderson and I sat by her till the moon was extinguished in the full light of the succeeding morning. Silent she lay, with never a moan or sigh of pain; only when one held her cold hand, or touched her arm or shoulder, a shudder



could sometimes be felt, or a convulsive movement passing over the weary nerves ; but when we looked into her face with alarm, after these signs of her suffering, she would appeal to us with such mingled entreaty not to be so disturbed, and such feeble assurance that she was in no danger, and would rather be left alone, that I should have yielded to her but for the Colonel and Captain Landon, who both forbade the thought.

"You must not trust her alone," said the former. "In five minutes she might be beyond help."

So we sat, and when daylight came, it would have been difficult for a stranger to tell which was to be buried that day—mother or child—but for the little coffin that stood inside the opposite door of the tent. It had been made of rough boards, with few and imperfect tools ; but its finish, nevertheless, testified to the patience and skill with which love furnishes the heart and hand. To my surprise, too, it was lined with a clear, transparent muslin, laid in folds about the head.

"Where did they get that?" I asked, of Mrs. Farley.

"I tore up the sleeves of my basque," she replied ; "I couldn't bear to think of the little dear's face next to those ugly boards."

I kissed her cordially, on the instant, fully appreciating the sacrifice, and said : "I am very thankful, Mrs. Farley ; it will look so much better when she sees it !"

And now we went to uncover the body and lay it in its last bed. Mrs. Farley preceded me, and as she removed the cloth from his face, she said : "See, Miss Warren, how handsome he is !"

And, indeed, I was startled by the clear, saintly

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beauty that lay before me. All the flesh had faded to a marble whiteness ; all the corrugation was smoothed away ; all the shadow of pain that had been reflected there the evening before was withdrawn, and the serenity of heaven had settled upon the countenance, which seemed to my eyes radiant with its lofty but severe beauty. My heart was gladdened and thankful, for I felt that this would speak to the mother's soul a language of consolation. Mr. Watkins raised the body with a tenderness and reverence one rarely sees but in seamen, and placed him in the coffin.

"It seems," he whispered, "as if he were an angel, and I ought not to touch him with my rude hands."

Two of the sailors came with some green vines and small blue flowers of the most delicate and perishable beauty, which I laid in a basin of water till the latest moment should come. Col. Anderson had been busy, outside, having an awning erected over her, there where she yet lay, silent and motionless as ever. But she had spoken in answer to his inquiry, and chosen the burial-place—a miniature vale, scarcely more than twice the size of the small grave, hollowed out on the hither slope of Signal Point—the one verdant spot in our sight—and there, when I looked, I saw a group of the sailors, with Mr. Watkins among them, scooping out the tiny tomb.

Philip was sitting by his mother, who held his hand fast and still in hers, as if she felt it was the only anchor that could be trusted to detain her to earth. How deathly was her aspect ! yet, when I went and bent closely over, asking if I could bring her some food or drink, she looked gratefully up from her once proud eyes, and, with something that was almost a smile, said : "No, dear friend, I can take nothing now ; but

I am entirely sensible of all your attention and tenderness. I am not so feeble as you suppose, but the shock has so unstrung me, that I cannot yet command myself; only be patient with me a little longer, and I shall overcome it. I am too much paralyzed," she added, after a pause, "to suffer, except in the moments when I remember all, as one must when sensibility comes back; so do not concern yourselves for me. I only desire to be still and alone."

"But I have one question to ask, dear friend," said I. "May I venture it now?"

She nodded assent.

"You will see him, will you not?"

"I cannot go," she replied.

"No, but he shall come to you once again."

I wished her to see the tranquil and assuring beauty of that beloved face. I knew it would be so much more grateful to the agonized memories, of the days that were coming, than the last aspect which she had to recall. And I was right, though both Captain Landon and Col. Anderson—even the latter, with all his fine instincts and intense tenderness—opposed my opinion strenuously. It would rekindle, he said, the destructive emotions which Nature had kindly struck into a temporary torpor, and, he feared, endanger her life.

"It will not," I replied, Col. Anderson; I believe, on the contrary, it may unseal the frozen fountain of her tears, and that will be the surest and quickest means of bringing her to a natural condition."

I had my way, and when we were ready to go out to the burial, Mr. Watkins and Mr. Garth bore the little coffin, covered with a white cloth, to her side, and laid it upon the ground. The sailors stood at a little

distance, and Captain Landon, with the prayer-book in his hand, was near them. Col. Anderson, with Phil in his arms, had already moved off toward the grave, to spare the child, and himself, too, I thought, the pain of witnessing that leave-taking. There was not a tearless eye that looked on it—not one among us but hers. As I raised her up and supported her head upon my shoulder, I should have trembled, but for the spectacle she was to look upon.

I had brushed Harry's dark curls back from his forehead and temples, and the vine-leaves, with the flowers wreathed among them, lay in dewy freshness just on the line where the marble whiteness swept purely out from the brown shadows above it. His blue-veined eyelids were lightly closed, as if in the sweetest sleep, and his mouth had its tenderest and most childish expression—such as he sometimes wore in life, when gayly mocking his mother's fears or playfully rebuking Phil for some obstinate transgression. It was as if the most loving, yet acute spirit of the child, witnessed and would dissipate our grief for him. He wore one of his own linen night-gowns, made, for coolness, with a wide neck, so that his full throat, and fair, rounded shoulders, were all uncovered, as we were used to see them in his sleep, and his right hand held a little nosegay of leaves and flowers. Nothing could have been more beautiful or peaceful; and Mrs. Bromfield, after a long, earnest gaze, leant forward, and kissed his brow and lips and throat, and then, covering her eyes with one hand, motioned us decisively away with the other. They moved off.

"Shall I stay with you?" I asked, seeing Mrs. Farley stand awaiting me.

"No, no," she whispered.



I hesitated ; for if we went, there was no soul near her. "I wish you to go," she said, firmly. "I am in no more danger than you are, my dear friend, and I would rather be alone now."

When we reached the grave, Col. Anderson said he would return to the tent, for it was madness to leave her thus.

"Then let Ching go," I said, "for I am certain she would rather not have one of us with her at this time."

So he was sent, and told to watch her carefully, but not to speak unless she first called him.

Captain Landon read the service, which had never seemed so grand to me as at that burial on that lone island of the ocean, where, perhaps, no other human dust would ever mingle with that of our beloved one—where the solemn pulses of the sea beat eternal requiem—where the sun and the moon and the majestic stars would shine on, unhailed, perchance, by any eye, for ages after we were gone. As the coffin was lowered into the grave, and that chilling sound struck my ear to which every soul has succumbed when the first earth has fallen upon its vanishing idol, I became conscious of the approach of some one ; and looking up, I saw Antonio, drawing fearfully and timidly near, with an enormous coral branch on his shoulder. He was evidently relieved when he discovered that Mrs. Bromfield was not present, and coming up to where we stood, with Col. Anderson and Phil, he said, with difficulty : Ma'amselle, I bring him for Harry—so," setting the beautiful marine tree up for a tombstone. "May I put him ?"

"I will see, by-and-by, Antonio ;" and I looked at the Colonel, who said I should say yes, but it would be better to consult his mother ; and he motioned

the wretched, heart-broken looking boy, to lay it aside now.

Poor Antonio! I thought; there is but one who could have suffered as he must, to have changed so miserably. His countenance was cadaverous and sunken, and his naturally cheerful, bright eyes, had a wild, restless, questioning glance for every face and sound, like those of a criminal, who dreads an enemy in each rustling leaf and breath of wind.

When the sad task was over, and we were turning homeward, I looked around for him, determined to take him with me to the mother; but he was already gone, and a tender-hearted Scotch sailor, whom we knew as Mac, assured me that he could not be prevailed upon to go yet.

## CHAPTER XV.

We found Mrs. Bromfield lying still as when we left her—one hand clasped upon her eyes ; and I was startled on approaching her, for I remembered that this was the position in which she had dismissed us. Had she died without moving ? I stepped hastily forward and touched her, with a paralyzing dread that I should find her insensible. But no ; the hand, somewhat warmed by the returning life-currents, answered the pressure of mine ; and then I saw that the tireless Ching was squatted upon the sand at the corner of the tent, where, by stretching his head forward, he could see her face from above, and remain unseen himself. And there he sat, like a faithful dog intent upon his service, with a more sorrowful expression in his long Asiatic eye than it was wont to wear, and a light of tender sympathy overspreading his blunt, stolid features.

“Thank you, Ching,” I said, dismissing him, “you are very good.”

“No thankee me,” he replied ; “I likee.” And he drew a little nearer, and said, in a low tone : “No he diee, Miss, like Harree ?”

“No, we hope not now, Ching. She will be better by-and-by.”

“Oh, me hopee !” he exclaimed, apparently taking intense comfort from my assurance ; “me so hopee !”



When Col. Anderson came with Philip, the latter went straight to his mother, and twining his arms about her neck, said: "Mamma dear, are you better now?" No answer. "Turnel Annerson say, mamma, 'at Harry's gone away to the angels, and now you must wake up and love me. Will you, mamma? Will you speak to me?"

What sweet, penetrating entreaty, was in his tones, and in those simple words! and it prevailed, for she let his little fingers remove the hand from her eyes, and looked upon him, and spoke tenderly to him many words which we did not hear, that were evidently words of comfort to the child's heart, and which she also grew stronger in uttering.

After a few moments Col. Anderson drew near, and dropping on one knee, bent over her, and said: "Is there any service I can do you now, Mrs. Bromfield?"

"I thank you, my friend—my dear, excellent friend! I believe I only require quietness and rest for a short time, to be among you again. You can do me no greater service—you and dear Miss Warren—than getting some rest yourselves. It seems to me a very long time since you can have had any."

"But it is scarcely twenty-four hours. I pray you will not concern yourself for us. I would not trouble you by my unneeded presence, nor would I leave you, if my remaining can in any way comfort or serve you."

"Thank you, I do not know that it can. It is to myself, and One who is above us all, that I must look for the strength and help I most need at this time. I am deeply sensible of your care and tenderness; but only God and my own soul can help me to bear this. Go, now, and let me see you again by-and-by."

"Yes," replied the man, moved to tears by the steadfast power and fearful suffering that were contending in that beloved bosom; "yes, I will see you again, when the sun is getting low, and take Philip a walk on the beach."

And so he left us to ourselves. Mrs. Farley, who had exerted herself surprisingly, and was very much exhausted, had lain down in the tent; and I drew near my friend and her child, and, after telling her of Antonio's appearance and request, and receiving her full pardon to convey to him, I also, overcome by emotion, fatigue, and heat, fell asleep. When I awoke, the sun was low in the west; Mrs. Bromfield had left my side, but Phil lay there yet, in deep slumber; and I heard subdued voices within the tent; I rose immediately, and stepping thither, found Captain Landon and Mr. Garth in conversation with her. She had walked, with Captain L.'s assistance, she told me, and had no doubt, that, by to-morrow, she should be quite able to help herself.

"And we hope, Miss Warren," said the Captain, "to have the pleasure of reporting a ship to you in half an hour or so. Watkins has gone up with the glass, to see what it is, and he will very soon be here with the news."

"Have you any means beside the signal," I asked, gladdened, under all our weight of sorrow, "of calling her to our help?"

"None of much avail, I am sorry to say. If we had our cannon and the powder that has gone to the fishes, we could signal, in this air, with a still sea, fifty miles, I think; and if they should be holding toward us, we shall be very likely, by the means in our power, to attract attention."

Oh, how my hope was kindled by this announcement, and how rapidly the idea of rescue grew in my mind to be the sole one worthy of entertainment! Captain Landon left us very soon, unable to remain quiet, yet, as he confessed, unable to use his own eyes reliably, since our long voyage in the open boat.

"If this sudden and vague hope should be realized," said Mrs. Bromfield, "which I can hardly trust myself to think possible, we should, doubtless, leave the island to-morrow morning, should we not?"

"I suppose it would, at least, be early in the day," replied Mr. Garth.

"In that case, might I rely on your kindness to bring Antonio here this evening? Or, bring him, first, to Miss Warren," she added, "and perhaps she will more easily persuade him to come to me."

He promised, and we were sitting silent a moment, when a shout came up from the beach, of "Ship ahoy!" Mr. Garth started, and I saw Mr. Watkins there, glass in hand, talking earnestly to Captain Landon, but not hopefully, as it seemed to me. I went down, hurrying impatiently for the news. Alas! I need not have hastened to learn our disappointment.

"She just brushed our horizon, madam," said Mr. Watkins, "standing northerly. Her hull was not in sight at any time."

"I could have wept, but he said, cheerfully: "She was like the wing of hope to us, Miss Warren. The next one will come a little nearer; and if only a little, it will serve us, if they are human that are aboard of her. We are going to splice our signal-mast with about fifteen feet additional hight, and every one doubles our chances."

I was struck with the fact that there was the same



excitement and stir produced by this event that would have grown out of the substantial expectation of immediate release. People went about gathering up loose articles, and making mental inventories of the things to be taken, and those to be left—as if the vessel, instead of being already out of sight, were then dropping her anchor or heaving to in the offing. So there was no immediate need, I thought, of looking up poor Antonio.

When Col. Anderson returned, he sat down near us, with a sadder and more depressed face than I had ever before seen on him. Silent as well as sad, for what could he say to her, or to another, in her presence? Too earnest to utter consolations that could not be received; too keenly loving to feel anything but her sorrow; too tender, with all that stalwart manliness, to witness her suffering, without suffering with her; and forbidden all approach to the aching heart, whose pain he yearned to still in the strength of his pure love, he seemed to me, as I looked upon them both, the one most to be compassionated. There were few words spoken between them—earnest words, bearing relation to her health and returning strength—when he rose, and asked Phil if he would come to the beach. “And you, too, Miss Warren,” he added; to which Mrs. Bromfield quickly joined her entreaty, and a promise to be well enough to accompany us the next evening herself.

On the beach Phil had his shoes and stockings off, and ran gleefully up and down, his little feet looking like water-lilies on the dark sand, where the lazy low-water surf rolled gently in, and sometimes caught them in its rambling, subtile motion. Then he would scamper, laughing, to me and the “Turnel,” where we sat,

and recount his wonderful escapes, expressing his belief that he did not care if the water did catch him—it couldn't carry *him* off.

After sitting awhile, we rose, and sauntered along the beach, talking of the sad events of the last twenty-four hours, with only the briefest allusions to those of the time longer gone. But now Col. Anderson drew my hand within his arm, and said: "I see before me a period of sore trial, Miss Warren—a period of rack-ing suspense, to be passed in total inaction—hard to the dullest nature, but to me consuming and keen beyond expression. There is no active toil, or danger, or hardship, to be found anywhere, that I would not gladly exchange it for, were not my life, my heart, my soul, so bound in these bonds, which I must not acknowledge, and cannot break. Good God—what a man can suffer, and live! You will think me weak, I know, because you will compare me with her; but I care little—pardon my apparent rudeness in saying it—for anybody's verdict, since there is one which I cannot get—which fate and heaven forbid me even to ask. Phil!" he shouted, sternly, to the boy, who was venturing too far out, "come in here, sir; I must keep you by my hand, if you go to the water."

"I won't any more, Turnel; p'ease let me stay here"—coming above the surf-line—"will you?"

"Yes, if you are certain you won't go farther."

"Not when I say I won't," he replied, stoutly; "my mamma always lets me, then."

"Your mamma, I believe, might trust anybody who should promise her. I doubt if Satan himself could break a pledge to her."

This was for my ear, and I replied: "She would no less think of breaking her own."

“True,” said my companion ; “or of changing her mind, either, I fear. You must know her very well by this time, I think, Miss Warren ; and, by the nearness of your lives, of late, there should be a perception—an intuition—a revelation—something which would give you a glimpse, at least, into that deep heart of hers. Be candid, now, and tell me if there is anything there to give me hope. I ask you, because I cannot ask her, and because, even at the risk of being thought unmanly, I cannot always stifle this longing of my soul. I could be steadfast as any old heroic martyr—nay, I believe I could die cheerfully, if need were—could I but know that she loved me.”

Thus appealed to, what could I say ? Not for the world would I have compromised the delicacy and dignity of my friend, and yet I longed, with a real compassion for the person at my side, to say some words of cheer to him. I more than half believed, too, that he had the best grounds for hope ; but whether or not I was right in this, there could now be no opportunity of proving, till all our circumstances should very much change. Her grief clothed both heart and person with additional sacredness from all approach, and it was, I suppose, the wretchedness of this constraint to him that brought forth speech to me.

I paused so long, in reflecting how I should reply in a manner to satisfy my regard for both, that Col. Anderson, shaking my arm, said : “Can you not speak to me of her, Miss Warren ? Can you not, at least, give me your own opinion ?”

“I have no other to give,” I replied ; “and if I cared less for you both, I should, perhaps, trouble myself less to consider what it were best to say. But I



will speak the thoughts of my heart, only begging you to remember that they *are* mine, and that I have come by them as one woman, seeing much of another whom she loves and reveres, might, honestly and fairly, in the exercise of her own observation and judgment. Do not forget that I have no other data. Candidly, then, Col. Anderson, I believe there is hope for you. I may not be able to define the grounds of my belief, so that they will appear to your earthy, unspiritual faculties; I doubt if I ought even to try; but as you have asked me earnestly, I will answer in the like spirit. It is not, I think, in the nature of woman, so readily to give expression to her love as man does. Or, perhaps, because she has fewer experiences, she delights more in magnifying and coloring this in her own bosom, before she commits it to the keeping of another. And my friend whom you love is more largely womanly in this sense, as she has a deeper and richer interior life, than any one I ever before knew. If she loves you, and her judgment or her taste decrees the concealment of it, the attendant angels whom she believes in will not know her feelings, much less I, till the hour for their revelation comes. Perhaps I ought not to say so much; I think I should not to any other man; but I count on your silence. You may make of the suggestion whatever it seems to justify, for your solace. To me it is significant. But of one thing be assured—of two, indeed. She is keenly just, and withal tender, and I believe that when she shall recover herself, and find her external relations such, that the dignity and sacredness of her feelings shall not be exposed to common observation, from which she would shrink as from fire, she will not inflict on you the pain of a needless day's suspense. Are you satisfied?"

"Satisfied!" he replied; "would anything on earth, or above it, satisfy me, but hearing from that voice the little words—how easily spoken—which would fill my soul with diviner strength for the coming years? Would anything give my heart rest but such fire as would flow into it from those brown eyes, should they ever open upon mine to second such utterance? Oh, Miss Warren, I become a child in thinking of her!"

"An ungrateful one, I fear," said I, resolved to attack his intense emotion, at any risk to my own vanity.

"No, not ungrateful, Miss Warren. On the contrary, I thank you sincerely for the kind and reasonable words of hope you have spoken to me. And I must ask leave to say for myself that I know I could bear the long suspense which must be borne before I shall dare to intrude upon her grief, if I had any chance for action—if there were anything to work and struggle for; but this waiting—waiting for time to pass, and for fortune to be borne to us on the shifting waves and fickle winds—is like a canker to my life. I cannot be much with you henceforth, Miss Warren. I despise myself when I leave her presence for my want of courage, and I condemn myself, in it, for the almost irresistible impulse I feel to demonstration, that would ruin the superfine peace there is now between us."

"Col. Anderson," I said, "I have been involuntarily taken into your confidence in this matter; and, as I have passed the years in which such experiences may come to myself, and am curious to learn what I may of the strange, inexplicable human heart, pray answer me one question, will you?"

"That will depend," he replied, his sturdy, honest

English reserve coming up at the word, "entirely on its nature. I will not refuse in unkindness, you may rest assured."

"Tell me, then, if you will, as candidly as you would speak to a trusted elder sister, have you ever before loved any woman as you do my friend?"

"Never!" he replied, with an earnest frankness which won my instant belief. "I have had passing fancies—attachments, even—and I remember the objects of some of them with most kindly emotions to this time. Once, indeed, I thought I was in love, and I was on the verge of declaring myself; but my good genius, I think, must have prompted me to note my own emotions more critically before taking that momentous step. It was at Calcutta, and I got leave of absence, and joined a shooting party going far up into the mountains of northern India. But I hunted myself there more diligently than any of the fierce brutes we encountered; and in three months I went back, an unshaven savage; rough and torn externally, but as heart-whole as a forest lion who has never heard the sound of a rifle. The first visit I paid was to that lady, and, Miss Warren," he said, fervently, "I call God to witness, that, to this hour, I feel at times the thrill of gratitude which ran through every nerve and vein, while I sat talking with her, for the escape I had made: perhaps I should say *we*, for if I had married her, she could only have been a little less miserable than myself. I shudder when I think of it. For I believe very earnestly and substantially in love, Miss Warren; and if I am so unfortunate as to love a woman who does not love me—I will not say who cannot, for I fear I should despise her, if, from gratitude or any other motive, she could try—I would go, self-exiled, to



some distant country or some deep seclusion, where I could idealize her; she should thus become the central, ever-recurring dream of my life."

"And would such an aimless career satisfy you, Col. Anderson?" I asked.

"Satisfy? Pardon me, Miss Warren, you ask a child's question. The world is not a toy-shop to me—life is not a show. I desire one experience—one happiness—one career. If they are denied me, do not ask if another will satisfy. Life has nothing that I would exchange this possession for, were it mine—the universe contains nothing that I can dream of, which would purchase it from me."

"But if it should be denied you," I said, trembling in sympathy with the intense and sublime heart of the man, "do not think to lose your pain in idle dreams;

" 'Still hope, still act, be sure that life—  
The source and strength of every good—  
Wastes down in being's empty strife,  
And dies in dreaming's sickly mood.'

Never will your soul find rest in dreams, my friend," I added, after a moment's silence; "if your heart's prayer is denied, look to action. The world is broad, and life is rich with promises to those who will enter, as you might, its fields of labor."

"Perhaps you are right," he replied; "but say, rather, its forlorn hopes. I should not care how fierce the struggle, if it were soon ended."

"But I believe it will be better with you than that," said I. "There is prophecy of a noble future for you, in the devotion of your own heart and the grandeur of her to whom you have given it. I shall see the day when you will walk the earth a proud and happy man,

beloved as you ask to be. Pray God you may be altogether worthy the blessing, when it comes to you."

"Amen to both the prophecy and the prayer, my good friend—with all my soul, amen to both. And if that glorious burst of moonshine, drifting hither over the water, could be accepted by us as an augury, I would say, prophesy as great blessing for yourself, and may it come to you here and hereafter!"

We rose, for Phil had been long asleep, and walked toward the tent. Before we reached it, he said: "You must take care of her, Miss Warren. You can be all tenderness and help, while I am forbidden to approach her, but as a stranger, to whose humanity her suffering appeals. And yet, she belongs to me doubly now, for I believe I recalled her to life the other day, by the old Indian trick of breathing upon her heart, with a strong will that it would beat again."

## CHAPTER XVI.

Three days passed before Mrs. Bromfield was able to walk out of the tent. We were anxious about her; about our missing boats (poor Mr. Wilkes—never more to see the wife and daughter in their “own house” at Milleville!) about our rescue, and our provisions—which were beginning now to be very carefully husbanded.

In our tent we had fresh fish every morning for breakfast; fish, beef, and fruits, with a biscuit each, for dinner; and generally there was no third meal, except for little Phil, who went on bravely through all, only now and then indulging some tearful reminiscences of Harry, and hovering about mamma with questions or caresses, according to the moment's mood. Captain Landon, it was very plain, began to feel deeply concerned. He watched the waters, and when his own eyes failed to assure him that there was nothing—no vision of mercy unfolded where he thought he had seen a white speck on the horizon—he would summon Mr. Watkins, or Col. Anderson, and give them the glass, watching their faces eagerly meanwhile for the first sign of rejoicing.

He accompanied us in our first evening walk on the beach, supporting Mrs. Bromfield, while Phil led me, and Mrs. Farley sauntered and sat alternately, seeming more in danger of utterly extinguishing herself than



ever. Col. Anderson was nowhere to be seen after we left the tent, and when our patient was fatigued and wanted to sit, the Captain left us alone, saying he would return by-and-by, to walk up with us.

She was still very weak, and as she leant her head upon my shoulder, I felt the blessed tears drop, one by one, large and fast, upon my neck. "Thank God," I whispered, "for those tears! Through them your soul will rise again to light and hope."

"I could not weep before, my dear friend," she said. "Nothing has touched my heart but to stun and chill it; but Captain Landon has been speaking so kindly and encouragingly to me, and so pitifully of poor Antonio—who, he says, still stays away, and looks like a wild man, in his hungry, haggard despair—that I see how selfishly I have submitted to my own pain, forgetting that there were others suffering as much, whom I could relieve. You must bring him to me early to-morrow morning, dear. Captain Landon says he will have Mac persuade him to come to the tent; and he thinks he can, by telling him that I am better, and wish to see him about a tombstone for Harry. It seems the poor creature has wandered all over the island in his wretchedness, and tells of green grass and trees and rocks at the south-western extremity; whither, Captain L. says, if the worst comes, he will, by-and-by, remove our tents, and only keep one here, for a lookout northward."

"It will be very dreadful if we have to remain here much longer," said I. "I heard Mr. Watkins telling Ching, this morning, that the men could have but a biscuit a day, from this time, and there must be no more coffee made, except when the Captain ordered it. That looks as if we were threatened with what we have not yet known—does it not?"

"Yes, my dear Miss Warren ; but we shall not starve here, you know, because we can get fish and fruits when our own provisions are consumed. Let us not anticipate evil. If worse is coming than we have yet experienced, we shall be best able to bear it by encouraging each other to hope and cheerfulness. Perhaps the vessel that will rescue us is but two days', or even a few hours' sail hence. It may come any day, you know, on that great highway, which is so wide and long, that, like the regions of space, myriads of travelers may pass and repass upon its face, each unconscious that he is not alone there. I will try, my dear friend, to forget the sorrow you have been so noble in—you and others—and help you in your turn. Is Col. Anderson more anxious ? I have scarcely seen him since—since that day."

"He is very miserable with this waiting," I replied, "as any active man of large life and sturdy purpose like him would be ; but I do not know that he yet suffers any increased anxiety for our final fate."

"I must see him to-morrow. He has been so generous and forgetful of all that was unpleasant in our former relations, ever since our troubles began, that—that I must express to him my sense of his nobleness."

"If you had said your gratitude, dear Mrs. Bromfield, I should have told you that you could scarcely wound him more deeply than by expressing that sentiment toward him. He has, indeed, been very noble and delicate throughout, considering—well, yes, to speak frankly—considering how he is suffering ; but he would loathe your gratitude. Do not summon him, therefore, to pain him thus, nor acknowledge his generosity in any way, unless you have somewhat to say that might truly and earnestly come from the heart of a woman to a lover, to comfort him.

At these words she remained silent, but I felt the fresh, warm tears bathing my neck. I kissed her forehead, and said : " I should not have spoken to you so frankly, dear Eleanore, but I know you are true and noble enough yourself to wish to spare another pain, and you cannot now understand Col. Anderson's feelings as well as I do."

" Has he spoken to you ?"

" He has, but three nights ago."

" Then," she said, sitting erect, and drawing back, as if fearful of some further word from me, " then, I must not hear one of his thoughts from you. Do not speak again of him, dear friend."

" I shall not betray his confidence," I said, " to any one, least of all to an unwilling soul. I should not have spoken so far, but that you knew already how he loves you, and that, by speaking, I might spare him the savage wrath which your acknowledgments could not fail to kindle. One who truly loves is only pained by all expression which shows him how far he is removed from the life in which he seeks to merge his own."

" I thank you for the words. I would not speak to vex or pain him, surely ; I must be selfish, indeed, to do that, and just now I would rather be spared the analysis of his or my own feelings."

There was a long silence. Phil was asleep, lying across both our laps, and Mrs. Farley, just visible like a shadow on the sand beyond me, sat as if she also were in that blessed condition. " Can we not, in some way, Miss Warren, pick up and cherish that little, withering heart ?" asked Mrs. Bromfield. " I never before saw a rational person so helpless and hopeless."

" She is, indeed, so," I replied ; " and I fear that



nothing we can do will relieve her. There are kind impulses in the little soul, but it has been trained, like a wall tree, in a sunny exposure, till all its native vigor is wasted. Such a tree will produce well while the artificial conditions are observed; but take them away, and nothing can save it from premature withering and decay. Her wall and fastenings went to the bottom in the good ship *Tempest*, and we can neither replace them, I fear, nor offer any substitute for them. Nothing in us reaches her, except the momentary kindnesses of every day, and I fully believe she is thankful when we leave her to herself."

"Poor soul! I pity her, truly, in her loneliness," said Mrs. Bromfield; "and I would willingly share our scanty support with a fourth woman, if only she could be to her what you are to me. It is the great wealth of our mortal life—this of companionship—yet how few possess it, in husband or wife, in parent or child, in brother or sister or friend. We all sustain these relations, but who of those that fill them is the companion of our soul? How many can measure its rejoicings and mournings—share its enthusiasms—its unuttered hopes—its secret life? One who is my companion must know me by the language of the eye—the cheek—the tone, which is not framed into words—by the clasp of my hand—by the raised or drooping head—by the swift or slow step—by the whole dynamic utterance. When I have thrown down the walls of my being to such a person—man or woman—the interior kingdom is as much theirs as mine. One who will lovingly and clearly read me, is a part of myself; and such a soul, when I have found it, is never more lost to me, though the material globe be between us in the outward form. So you, dear Anna, will be help

and strength to me in all the coming years, however widely our mortal paths may diverge."

"Yet I cannot read you, dear Eleanore, as you have said such an one must. I am in doubt, at this moment, whether or not you can rise to an experience which is offered you. I feel, in certain hours, that no woman I ever knew could meet it so equally, and, again, I find myself questioning if you can. I have not yet reached the depths of the nature which I can doubt thus."

She had drawn my hand tenderly between hers while I was speaking; and, holding it so, she said: "I have hidden from myself, Anna, that whereof you speak. Do not refer to it now, my friend. My heart is too sad and weary with suffering. Know you not that the aching eye may shrink from the light of the most brilliant diamond?"

"Pardon me, dear friend," I said; "I meant not to press you, and for the moment, I was forgetful of our sorrow. There is some one coming to us," I added, as we both listened to the sound of approaching feet.

It was Col. Anderson, who, stepping down the little hillock of sand which separated the beach from the tents, said: "Ladies, Captain Landon has commissioned me to come to you in his stead. He is not feeling altogether well this evening, and trusts you will excuse him. What can I do for you?"

"Here is Phil," I said, "to be carried up; will you ask Ching or Mac to come and take him? and then we can assist Mrs. Bromfield."

"Oh, thank you," she said, "Col. Anderson's arm will be sufficient for me. I am no longer helpless. If you will be kind enough, Miss Warren, to get that poor

little woman under your wing, it will be better than any service you can do me."

And so when Mac came and lifted Phil in his brawny arms—kissing him as he did so, and muttering some blessing over him—I went to Mrs. Farley and found her in a condition between sleep and stupor that quite alarmed me, till, by shaking her gently, and repeating her name, I at last succeeded in rousing her. She was sitting with her hands clasped over her knees and her head drooped forward upon them, the very image of forlorn, despairing helplessness. I put my arm about her, and we followed slowly after the Colonel and Mrs. Bromfield; and I rejoiced almost as I should have once, if so noble a lover had stood at my side, when I saw his proud head bent low to catch some murmured word which the wind was bearing away from him.

He kissed her hand in saying good-night, when we reached the tent, and I was happy to see that no rebuking fire flashed from her eyes at the act. While we were preparing for rest, Mrs. Farley moaned and complained so much, that, after many kind words and proffers of service—which the little woman refused, saying she was not ill, only very much exhausted—Eleanore went over and sat down beside her. "I fear," she said, "you do not let us understand your condition. It must be more than weariness that brings forth these involuntary groans. Pray tell me what you feel."

"Nothing, indeed," was the reply, "but extreme and general weakness. I began to feel it just before we went out. It is nothing, I am sure. I shall sleep it all away before morning." And almost with the words she fell into slumber.

Eleanore looked at me questioningly. "I do not



understand it," said I; "but whatever it is, I know of nothing we can do that will be so good as to let her rest."

"I do not like her appearance," said Mrs. Bromfield, holding between her own one of Mrs. Farley's passive hands, which she said was cold and deathlike to the touch. "Do you think it would be foolish to ask Captain Landon to come and see her?"

"You remember," I replied, "that he sent Col. Anderson to us, because he was not quite well himself. He has no doubt retired before this time."

"Poor little creature!" said my friend, compassionately, stroking her glossy hair; "what a frail, shriveled life it is! There is nothing near which it can appropriate to its support. I would gladly give it strength and nourishment, if I could."

"But you cannot," I said, "and you need care and rest yourself. Pray go to bed now, and in the morning I hope we shall find Mrs. Farley as well as ever."

I was soon asleep myself—it was one of the blessed powers of my nature, that, when rest was necessary, I could take it where and when the opportunity came—and I did not wake till Mrs. Bromfield touched my arm at daylight, and asked me to come and see how very ill Mrs. Farley looked. "She has slept all night," said Eleanore, "but so uneasily that I have been up three times, and lighted a taper, but its light was too dim to show me how badly she looked."

She was very pale, and her countenance had a sunken, clouded expression, that frightened me.

She is very bad, I am afraid," said Mrs. Bromfield. "Shall we wake her?"

"I should think it better to let her sleep," I answered, "till we can get Capt. Landon to come to her."

But word was presently brought that Captain Landon himself was very ill. This startled us very much. We had before been free from anxiety of this sort. By noon two of the men were reported on the sick list, and Mrs. Farley so extremely ill, that we had given up all hope of her. We were incessantly engaged with her and Captain L., who was brought up to our tent and laid under the awning, where his indefatigable nurse herself had lain, so near to death, but four days before. Mr. Watkins and Col. Anderson officiated as physicians, without, and Mrs. Bromfield, by Mrs. Farley's choice, administered to her. It was that terror of the world—Cholera! Before sunset our poor companion expired, and one of the seamen. But the Captain still lived, and we had hope of him till about three in the morning, when his symptoms rapidly changed, and at half-past five the good old gentleman, who had become endeared to us all by his unpretending and unfailing kindness, breathed his last.

## CHAPTER XVII.

The fruits of the island had been forbidden the previous day, as soon as the disease declared itself, and we had now nothing to taste but salt boiled beef, sea-biscuit, and coffee. This was hard fare for poor Phil, who complained a little ; but seeing how his mother tended the sick and watched the well, cautioning and encouraging them, he, too, put on his heroic mood, and declared, that, if " Turnel " and mamma wanted him to eat beef and hard bread, he would do it.

The dead were buried next day near Harry's little grave, and standing beside it, in the cool of the evening, after the solemn reading was over, while the graves were being filled, Eleanore gave her hand to poor Antonio, now utterly broken down, who wept upon it with the mingled joy and terror of a child.

" You must come to the tents, Antonio," she said. " I want you to help me take care of Phil and nurse the sick, if there should be any more ; and you must come to be taken care of yourself, my poor boy." Still he kneeled, holding her hand. " It was dreadful to lose my dear Harry so, but I know you would have died to save him if you could ; and I am not angry with you at all."

" Not one leetle bit ?" asked the broken-hearted fellow, in a trembling, hollow voice.

" No, not so much as that," she said, showing him,



after his own fashion, the smallest visible point of her little finger.

"Then I go," he said, joyfully, rising. "I take the little king, Signorita?"

"Yes, if he likes to go with you."

But the little king did not. He clung to the "Turnel" with earnest protestations, and so was carried home in his arms.

When we were alone within the tent, Eleanore threw her arms about me, and, with a flood of grateful tears, exclaimed: "God grant, my dear sister, we may be spared to each other! Think, if one of us were now gone, instead of that poor, innocent, helpless little body, what a dreadful lot would the other's be! And my darling boy!" she added.

"We are both mothers to him," I said.

"Yes, I know, dear. I understand and trust you entirely. It is a great security and rest to me. But we must keep ourselves as calm and cheerful as possible. We will not let fear or depression touch our hearts with the tip of an idle finger. There are so many in the world to whom we are necessary; there is so much for us to do, by-and-by, when we go hence; and, with all the pain of this experience, there will be so many beautiful, loving memories of this little world clinging to our souls, that I was never less inclined to surrender my courage. I wish Col. Anderson or Mr. Garth would come, before we retire, and tell us that Tom is better, and no one else threatened. They think, if he goes on as he is now till nine o'clock, he will be out of danger."

"And may be," I said—feeling a heaviness of heart, that belied my hopeful words, as I looked at Mrs. Farley's vacant resting-place—"may be there will no more

cases appear, since the fruit is prohibited, and none have occurred for more than twenty-four hours."

Phil had been undressed while we were talking, and almost instantly fell asleep in his mother's arms.

"Thank heaven," she said, fervently, "he is not yet in danger! He sleeps so sweetly, and is so beautiful!" kissing him long and repeatedly before she laid him on his couch.

We were about to prepare for our rest, when the voice of Col. Anderson greeted us from without our closed door. I unpinned the canvass, and invited him in.

"I come to tell you only good news," he said. "There is no other case with us, and Tom continues to improve. I have been telling the men some of the pleasantest stories of my hunter-life that I could remember, and now Watkins is spinning sailors' yarns to them; so that we hope to get them cheered up and send them to bed with their blood holding its due course. My chief concern now is for this household, and most for you, under all this fatigue and excitement"—turning, as he spoke, to Mrs. Bromfield.

"I feel quite well, Col. Anderson—tired, certainly, but very calm and strong, above my physical weariness. And Phil, you see," she said, holding her little taper over him, "is altogether sound and comfortable."

"Yes, the dear little king is quite right, I see. I hope in the morning to hear his accustomed shout for 'Turnel,' early; and while it is cool, I will take him a stroll on the beach, if we have no more sick."

He moved toward the door as he was speaking, but Mrs. Bromfield checked him by a motion of her hand, and said: "Col. Anderson, I have among my medicines the antidotes for this terrible disease. Those,

I mean, which are most relied on by scientific men of my faith in Europe and America. We have each of us taken them twice to-day, and though you may be disposed to think lightly of their efficacy, I most earnestly recommend them to yourself and the men. Will you let me prepare some?"

"I certainly shall not refuse for the others; and if I have sometimes smiled at the sight of that pretty little box, it has been less in irreverent skepticism as to the virtue of its contents than in admiration of the earnest faith of its owner. Pray let me be numbered among those you care for in this wise," he said, smiling into her deep, clear eyes, where a momentary flicker of answering humor played and was gone instantly.

She handed him the glass cup and spoon, with directions, and kind, cheering messages for those it was sent to; and, bidding him not fail to notify us if any were attacked in the night, she gave him her hand with a fervent "God bless you," and the words, spoken with thrilling earnestness and depth: "Do not forget how much we all depend on you, my friend."

"Not more than on you, I am sure," he replied, with eyes whose tender shining added volumes to the audible meaning.



## CHAPTER XVIII.

When I woke next morning, Mrs. Bromfield was already on her feet, and Phil's shout of "Turnel! Turnel!" was ringing cheerfully from without. What an immediate and strong uplifting I felt in those two pleasant facts! The next care was to hear if his call were responded to as usual, and it was. I was looking intently in Eleanore's face, and when we heard the first cheery tones—"Here, Phil; are you ready for the beach, my boy?"—I saw the gladness of peace steal all over it, from the smooth hair to the throat, whose curve had unconsciously become rigid in the waiting.

No other voice would so quickly daguerreotype peace upon her face, I said to myself; and from this moment, let her silence be never so obstinate, I know she loves him. I was glad of the knowledge—so glad that I could scarcely forbear saying to her how happy it made me; but I did, for I had a prevision of the same countenance changed by my words to quite another expression than that tender and beautiful one.

When Ching came in to lay our table, he brought and delivered, in some wonderful, inexplicable manner, Col. Anderson, Mr. Garth and Mr. Watkins' compliments, and they would, if agreeable, breakfast with us. Of course we were very glad not to sit down alone to our beef, biscuit, and coffee; and we returned a very cordial acceptance of their proposal—using all our arts

of cheering and entertaining each other, that the haunting shadows might be banished from our scanty board.

Mr. Watkins was a hale, mirthful man, with a good flow of spirits, abundant courage and kindness, but little culture. In Mr. Garth these traits were reversed. He was both traveled and cultivated, but had a shyness—which, on such an occasion as this, was increased to painful embarrassment—in presence of Mrs. Bromfield. How he had ever found the nerve to declare his sentiment to her, as I knew he had, on board the ship, I could never make out. She had always since treated him with the frankest kindness, but the most entire respect, and he had fallen into a habit of remaining almost silent in her presence, except when addressed. Mr. Garth was unmistakably a gentleman, and yet, paradoxical as it may seem, he lacked somewhat that is essential to the man.

Our breakfast was very cheerful, for she who was the central life to us all had resolutely laid aside her own pains and sorrows from the hour when we found sickness among us. To have seen her now, one would not have thought she had looked upon the dead face of a beloved child within a week; and yet I knew when a terrible pang went to her heart, on Mr. Garth's inadvertently quoting one of Harry's sayings before we left the ship. She passed it kindly by, however, and drew him on to describe the lake and mountain scenery of northern New York, where he had spent the previous summer; then appealed to Col. Anderson and Mr. Watkins, in their turns, not forgetting me, with my little quota of experiences, nor to contribute her own, among the others; and I do not remember ever to have sat at a breakfast-table where more grace and

charm and unaffected entertainment, of a grave yet cheerful sort, were offered and enjoyed by all. She obscured no one, and yet we all shone in her light. I did not wonder that Col. Anderson, who, of our three guests, could alone altogether appreciate this, offered visible homage to her in his eyes; nor that Mr. Watkins found himself going on, as he would have said, under full sail, with a fair breeze, though all unsuspecting whence it came; nor that Mr. Garth lost himself, and did at times gaze worshipingly at the face which at others he studiously avoided.

In regard to health, when we withdrew from the table we were comforted with the assurance that Tom, with a little care, was past all danger, and nobody else threatened.

"It seems too much to hope," said Mrs. Bromfield, that no one else should suffer, and so unaccountable—the sudden coming and going."

"No, said Col. Anderson; "or, at least, if unaccountable, it is not unprecedented. I have seen the same thing in India more than once. I remember that a friend of mine was once loading an American merchantman with black pepper, at Calcutta. He had Lascars at the work, and when he left them, to go to dinner, there was no complaint among them. In the evening I walked down with him to look about a little, and five of the poor fellows were dead and dying of cholera, but there were no more cases in that immediate vicinity for a long time."

And so it proved with us now; for, though Mrs. Bromfield and I were in painful expectation, every time we saw any one approaching, for the next two days, no case did occur, and we soon began to feel secure in that respect, and to turn to the winds



and the sea again with longing eyes and anxious hearts.

The dead—some one may say—did you forget them? Were there no sad hours—no painful memories claiming your thoughts, in spite of your care for the living and your desire for release? Ah, shallow mind! blind spirit! which sees not under that calm exterior the agonized workings of the mother-heart—that reads not in the rapturous caresses of the living child the wealth of love, now turned to agony, in that heart! Yet to me, and to all, I think, who saw her, there was something sublime in her quiet endeavors to hide her own suffering and cause us to forget it. In the growing anxiety about our final fate; in the concern we could not help feeling for those who had left the ship with us, but whom we had now ceased to look for; in the incessant stretch of mind, which grew upon us hourly after we felt ourselves exempt from further horrors of pestilence, for some efficient means of hailing a vessel when another should bless our eyes, outward indulgence of personal grief would have been not only painfully out of place, but would, perhaps, have caused the forfeiture of that respect, which, fortunately, each of our little band enjoyed from all, and which amounted toward Mrs. Bromfield to little less than worship from the common men.

To myself and Col. Anderson she sometimes, for a moment, unmasked her aching heart; and at others she rose as to the empyrean, bearing our less spiritual being up and up, by her religious courage, till, for the time, our imprisonments and fears were all forgotten. One such season I remember, and ever shall. The day had been more than usually oppressive till toward its close, when a vast continent of showery clouds floated up from the

south, and shedding their contents fitfully over sea and land, piled themselves against the setting sun. What inimitable islands of leaden and heavy purple swam there in oceans of orange light! what golden-topped mountains planted their airy feet in those gorgeous valleys! what violet towers, coped with flame, shot up into the misty deeps! what banners floated there, mocking in their redundant glory the pageants that stir men's hearts! what melting vistas opened away into the warm, ethereal grandeur of that upper world! and what a glowing, answering sea lay beneath it!

We sat at our tent-door, gazing in silent wonder and rapture, till the spectacle had faded into the sober hues of evening.

"And so, according to the poets, fade the bright hopes of youth, when earnest life draws on," said Eleanore.

"And you agree with the poets, do you not?" I asked.

"No, Anna. I used to, and I have wept tears of sentimental agony over that loss. I have mourned through endless summer days and long twilights, and counted the hours which removed me further from the hope, the strength, and the joy of youth. I grieved that the Father had, as I thought, given us in the morning all the magic wealth that should have enriched the long day. I have suffered so, as child of mine shall never suffer—atheistical fears that the ill-timed bounty was exhausted with my tasting only—pains of loss before I had realized possession—fearfulness and desponding for the future, while I could but imperfectly prize the joy and riches of the present. It is not so now. I have found such wealth allotted to womanhood—such relations, such uses, such power!

Dear Anna, I have such faith in God, that I grow old gladly. I know he will not stint my late years, and that he has given me capacity to bless myself in them beyond the most fervent imaginations of my youth. It moves my pity to see a woman shrink from the touch of the unrelenting years. What hollowness and poverty of heart must be hers! What esuriences must exclude the peacefulness and trust which ought to fill and satisfy her soul! What littleness of desire must contend with the great current which bears her irresistibly onward! To dread to grow old, to shrink from the sum of the years already past and to look on each coming one as an enemy, to seek by poor falsity to make their number seem less—oh! it is very pitiful, is it not?"

"It is," I replied, "and I am glad it moves you so gently. Better pity than contempt for such weakness, which we ought to grieve at rather than despise, since the whole of human history has educated us to feel that our power is in our personal charms. Take youth and beauty from a woman, and you disarm her. She appeals only to the high and grand few without them."

"I confess it, Anna," replied my friend; "but her lack of power in middle and advanced life comes less from her having lost those than from her want of development—of unselfish loves—of pure and rich interior life. Her career has been a prolonged struggle to keep what God has desired that she should give up. She has been often insincere—sometimes ignoble—not unfrequently bitter in her fruitless efforts. Her defeats bring her hardness, instead of tenderness and humility. She loses what she cannot retain, and in the strife, becomes that dreaded thing, an 'old woman.' Oh, my heart burns with rebellion and shame at what that



epithet expresses! As if God created us to decline from admiration to contempt—from power to puerility—from love to loathing. I honor a man whose hoary head and benignant furrows record the numerous years of a well-spent life; but I am impelled to worship a woman whom I see grow old and wrinkled, with the radiance of a warm, sweet, tender soul shining out of the ruins of that beauty in which she delighted years ago. I rejoice in growing old, Anna. The hopes of youth may fade like the gorgeous colors of that evening sky. Let them. I know that a good and loving Father hath furnished higher delights for every succeeding period: a harvest sown in the future, to be reaped by the hand that is faithful in the present. I feel that we *can* grow gracefully old by being nobly young."

Col. Anderson had approached the door before she ceased speaking, and now he came forward; and while his eyes beamed with tender admiration upon the speaker, he said: "The air is delicious, Miss Warren, and the evening promises to be one of the finest we shall ever see. Will you and your venerable friend"—bowing to her—"walk on the beach? The slight rain has set free the odors of leaves and herbage, and the south wind is coming to us freighted with them, suggesting memories and hopes of other lands. Will you come?" he repeated, looking into Eleanore's dreamy eyes.

We rose and accompanied him.

## CHAPTER XIX.

The tide was coming in, and its first advancing waves lapsed and died in soft music far out there on the brown sand, where it was scarcely distinguishable, by the faint light, from the waters it fronted. There were peculiar influences in the air, in the sea, on the earth, and in the tinted heavens, on that glorious evening—strong, uplifting influences, which took hold upon us, and made our silence as well as our speech expressive of enlargement and emancipation—of superiority to the external. We were raised as by a beneficent and potent hand, above the thralldom of circumstance.

“Only to live in an hour like this,” said Col. Anderson, “is blessing sufficient for the present time—is it not? One cannot look in the face of the Father and ask for more.”

“One desires no more,” she replied; “because all that God can give is for the moment ours. The capable soul escapes its limitations, and draws so near to him, that its emotions and intuitions are the direct echoes of his voice. The visible and the Invisible meet, and our spirits, touched as with fire from the altar of that high union, bow down in spontaneous worship of both. The electric chords of harmony which bind the universe, are swept by hands of the Unseen, and vibrate from soul to soul, whereby each is, for the time, made part of the Highest. The mourning cannot

mourn now, for we know there is no loss—no death—but only transfer to fuller life. The yearning soul prays and becomes wise for all future time. We ask for the beloved and gone, and we are told that the trees and the grasses, the clouds and the waters, alike embody the form we have lost. Already is it resolving into all shapes of life. A few months, and it shall float in the lily of the Ganges, wave in the cedars of Lebanon, or make green this barren isle of refuge. It shall pass, by the ever-working law of life, through growth and decay; it shall rage in the angry ocean or gayly deck the couch of the setting sun; it shall bloom in the luxuriance of tropical climes, or beautify the fair gardens and fields of our more temperate lands; but so, as the ages lapse, shall it pass from kingdom to kingdom; and I accept joyfully and lovingly the forms which may contain it, because so hath the Wisest and Best appointed—that life shall perpetuate itself in change. Beyond this, I only crave that the sweet spirit that blessed me here shall be itself; that it shall grow in identity as well as in power and love, and that on whatever planes of life we may hereafter meet or part, my child shall still be my child. And can one question that the Love and Wisdom which have created order throughout all the inferior kingdoms, will extend them to the highest and holiest relations of the future world? Can we question that what the universal soul demands with ceaseless yearning, for its vanished idols, will be granted to it?"

"Doubtless to perpetuate is a lesser act than to create," said I, after a silence of some moments. "We are here, and we find ourselves so related to other beings, that nothing but their own and our immortality can satisfy us. If we have not that, the larger and



nobler the life is—the more heroic and worthy in all human senses—the greater its failure in this. If there is not a future, the martyrs have been fools and the wisest and best souls have been treated as children who are cheated into taking some nauseous drug by a promised reward which can never be enjoyed.”

“And without individuality in the future,” said Mrs. Bromfield, “for that is the highest we can receive. I ask but that God will make me to be forever myself, with such wisdom and love as he has shown in my creation, endowment, and relations to him, and to the world without me. What more can he do for me than thus to give me to myself, with light to see my way?”

“And power to choose it,” said Col. Anderson. “That is part of the gift, I think. I cannot be myself as from God, without a certain freedom, which must also come from him. But do you, then, reject the received belief as to the future life?” he continued.

“Which of them?” she asked.

“That of the most enlightened and developed portion of our race—the Christian.”

“I certainly reject the dogmas that are taught in the name of Christianity. Between me and the God who made me I can see nothing but an open pathway, which I shall travel slowly or rapidly along, as my power—otherwise all the conditions that help or hinder me—will permit. What I do not gain here, I shall hereafter, in that progress; but my individuality must remain to me intact, or no gain or loss here can affect me there.”

“Your opinions are somewhat new to me,” he replied; “I have not for many years been where *ideas* form any material part of the religious teaching, and

I have only heard the echo, in journals and private letters, of the daring analysis which you Americans seem, by your unsettled, restless natures, specially fitted to push on. But may I be pardoned a question or two?"

"Certainly, if they call only for my personal opinions," said Eleanore. I know no system, and am attached to no party. Perhaps in my own belief would even be found inconsistencies, if it were fully sifted through the web of testimony, but I entertain it as a religious, hopeful, trusting, human soul—not as a controversialist. I hold it, not for defense, but growth, my dear friend; and so I hope you will not expect logic where you will find only earnestness; or theology, where you will find only love, reason, and faith."

"The last," he said, "are what I should particularly wish to find; for, outcast as I have so long been, I have heard enough, first and last, of theological statement and dispute, not to desire them now, and least of all, from you. It is your own thought I ask for. You admit the universal presence of sin, doubtless?"

"Yes."

"And its origin in Eden?"

"No. I believe nothing so trivial and arbitrary of the Being whom I adore as supreme. I view God as the One, Loving, and Just, and man as his creation; and the relation between them as being to-day what he intended it should be—unchanged from his original purpose by any single man or woman."

"Did God, then, make man to sin?"

"If he did, would not that be better than making him with an opposite purpose, and having to sit down

at the very beginning defeated? But I believe that man was made the last of long series of steps in the material creation; that in his own being were the latent elements of the highest he can attain to in the flesh or spirit; and that our whole existence is a career of development of those powers, sin being their unbalanced and discordant action."

"Are we, then, freed from moral responsibility?"

"My dear friend, put aside the theological lens, and look at man as a normal being, sustaining a normal relation to God and the external world, and you will, I hope, see a higher and purer and more invariable law of responsibility than that arbitrary one, which represents our beloved Father as dealing with us on the same terms that a fallible and passionate human parent would. Our responsibility for sin is as inflexible and inescapable as any law of God. It is the relation of cause and effect, which is never broken."

"Then God's dealing with us is never punitive?"

"I think it is never so in the human or common sense of that term. It is, nevertheless, punitive in a strict sense, because all wrong inevitably punishes itself in the most lamentable and mournful way—in stifling and choking the glorious power that would grow in us from right willing and doing. And in this sense there is no pity so profound and Godlike as that we feel over the sinner—the self-abusive soul that gropes noisily along in error or degradation, unconscious that it is buried in midnight darkness or wrapped in chilling mists, where the pure sunlight of love and truth can never warm and cheer it."

"And do such souls, holding their evil way down to the grave, go on through eternity as they have through time?" he asked.



"Oh! do not impeach the love of our Father by such a suggestion," she answered, reverently. "Have you ever seen a man so wicked and cruel, that, at all times and for every moment of three score and ten years, he would deliberately hold in torment even his personal enemy—him only who had conceived and done him harm? Have you ever met a perverted human spirit so perverted as that? You will answer no, I am sure. Then how can we attribute to our God such an inconceivable cruelty and tyranny? I believe there is but one law of progress, and that is progress toward good."

"But it is often palpably reversed among those who surround us," said Col. Anderson.

"True," answered Eleanore; "but we judge all sin from its outward and material effects. There are many wrong-doers, I have no doubt, who attain true spiritual growth while we are concluding their ruin and utter condemnation. The history of the illustrious shows us many Pauls and Bunyans, and we know not how many humbler souls are born into purer life by the keen, consuming repentance which follows their transgressions. Then, too, we may consider that our earth-life is but a flash of morning light ushering in the long day of being. And though we may perversely turn our faces from it through all the years, yet it is not darkness because we do so. The light is here for every human eye and soul, and it still exists in undiminished fullness and glory, though some refuse for a time to see it. By-and-by it will touch them with gladness, for relations are changeable, but creations remain—until they are replaced by higher, but never by lower ones. I believe not only that death is no termination to us, but that it ushers us into a future

which is strictly and inevitably consequent upon our present life. There the sensualist, cut off from his accustomed and cherished pleasures, will find, in the wretchedness of his lot, a necessity to seek other enjoyments; there the malignant and hating will be deprived of much of the power they have possessed here to gratify their exaggerated passions; there the selfish and mean will find no possessions to covet, and no advantage to be gained by baseness; there the ignorant and darkened souls will see a little more clearly than through the curtain of the flesh; and there the merciful, the wise, the pure and the loving, will find abundant occupation for the powers they have developed here. That is a rude, poor sketch of my heaven, dear friends, and it will not much matter what articles of faith we adopt, if only we *adopt* them, and do Godlike work from Godlike motives and aspirations; we shall reach it some day."

"God grant it!" ejaculated the Colonel, earnestly. "You are rising to go; and indeed it is time; but I could wish for another hour on this theme."

"I fear we shall have more of them here than we shall wish to occupy thus, Col. Anderson," was her reply; "but in any case, enough, probably, to enable us to discuss these matters as fully as you may wish. How calm is the ocean! and what a majestic reign is yonder golden cross holding in the still blue deeps of the air! Oh! that we were at sea, with the hope that would then be before us!"

"But how sacred, dear friend, with all our impatience of its limits, will this little isle be to us evermore!" said I.

"Yes," said Col. Anderson, "not only for what we shall leave here, but for what we shall—some of us, at

least—take away from it : higher hopes, clearer purposes, and larger views. How many wasted years I can look back upon !”

“ I know not what years your memory may be stored with, and therefore speak not to your individual experience,” said Mrs. Bromfield ; “ but I think no year is misspent that carries us a year further into true man- or womanhood ; that records accession of strength, a fuller completeness of character, growth in true ideas—whether drawn from the forest, the jungle, or the ocean—a truer perception of the Divine, and a more merciful, loving relation to the human. If we had ever a clear standard of character before us, and by steady approaches neared that through all experiences, the fret and toil of life would fall away beneath us, as the desolate raging of that sea is stilled to-night below the tranquil moon and everlasting stars.”



## CHAPTER XX.

We had walked past the tent, and were near to the graves. Col. Anderson led us, as with a purpose, to them. "I knew, my dear friend," he said, "that you were strong enough to come here to-night without pain, and see what Antonio, with a little help from me and the carpenter, has done."

And there we stood before a very neat slab of brownstone, erected at Harry's head. It must have been of the softest, certainly, for by the light of the rising moon and the aid of my fingers, I read this inscription, in well-shaped letters :

"H. B.  
OBIT APRIL —, 185—.  
Ætat 7 years."

"Poor Antonio!" she said; and turned away, stepping slowly up the slope, toward the signal-staff.

I knew her tears were flowing, and I took Col. Anderson's arm, and led him away to the other side of the hillock, that we might leave her alone for a little space. We were but a few yards away, separated by the little hight, and were walking silently along on the noiseless sand, when I heard her voice.

We both turned instantly, and hurried toward her, alarmed. "I thought she was stronger," said my companion, "or I should not have brought her here."

And the next words we heard, as we rose to the top and looked out to sea, in the direction of her hand, were: "A ship! a ship!"

I thought she had been mistaken, for I could see nothing; and Col. Anderson looked very steadily a full minute before he confirmed her words. "Where?" I asked of her, for he was already gone to the tents.

"There! very far away it looks, but I see it distinctly in the moonlight; and we shall hail it, Miss Warren," she said, in a tone of quiet assurance that both surprised and gladdened me. "It must have been shown me," she continued. "I was not looking for it. I think I could not see it now except it *had* been shown me. I was leaning against the staff, looking down on the surf here, close in shore, when it seemed to be said to me, in a voiceless speech, 'There is a ship which will come to you;' and I knew where to look for it when I raised my eyes, though they were dim with tears. We shall go now, dear Anna."

What irrepressible joy I felt! I was so light, that I could have risen and danced, with the sudden elasticity of my spirit. There was a noise and rush from the tents—a shouting and hurrying—a calling for fire and guns; and on they all came—all but good, patient Antonio, who had been left early in the evening to watch Phil. It was now past midnight, and when Mrs. Bromfield and I hurried to the tent, there sat the creature, looking like a wild deer caught and hopelessly fettered.

"Go, Antonio," said Eleanore; "go, and make all the noise you can; and when she answers, come and tell us."

He was off like the swift wind. There was already a fire kindled on the summit of the elevation; there

had been two gun-shots, and tremendous shouts following each ; then a long silence and breathless listening for a returning signal. But none came.

"Once more, boys!" we heard Mr. Watkins say, in his hearty tones ; "all together, now !" and there was another peal, closing simultaneously with another gun-fire ; then silence again : and slowly and heavily there came, at last, over the water, the boom of a cannon. I heard that, and I remember feeling a sinking and darkness come over me after it, and nothing more till I saw dear Eleanore's smiling face above mine, and found my hair lying wet upon cheeks and throat.

"Dear, foolish child," she said, when I opened my eyes ; "why did you faint ? I told you the ship would be hailed ; and only that joy seldom kills the strong in soul, I should have been frightened—you have been so long gone."

"Well, here I am now," I said, raising myself on her arm ; "and the shock of gladness is past. Kiss me, dear friend, for I am weak-hearted to-night, and must have some of your strength, or I shall make a fool of myself at last, and cry, I do believe." And in spite of her caresses and kind words, the tears did force their way from my eyes.

"Do not check them," she said ; "there will be sturdier cheeks than these soft ones wet to-night. But I am not in the mood for tears. Tears of men and women must flow, I think, from unmixed emotions, such as yours, which is one of simple and unclouded joy. I do not feel that, and my tears will be more likely to spring when I lift my foot for the last time from this consecrated bit of earth."

Col. Anderson came—as pale as either of us, and more breathless. "She has answered us," he said,



"and, beyond a doubt, will come in. Mr. Watkins is launching and manning his boat, and will go outside the reef to speak her."

"You have no anxiety about her coming, have you?" said Mrs. Bromfield, approaching him where he sat, looking very white.

"I cannot deny that I have a little," he replied; "some seamen are savages in their nature—brute instead of human; but he answered us so promptly, that I cannot really fear he will behave ill now."

"You are all too much moved, my dear friends," said Mrs. Bromfield. "Here has Miss Warren actually fainted, and but that your manhood would scorn the imputation of such weakness, I should say you look as like that as possible yourself."

He turned his eyes upon her, and his lips moved, but no sound came forth.

"Bring me some water, Miss Warren, quickly!" and she received his drooping head in her arms, and lifted the dampened hair from his bloodless brow. "What can ail you all to-night, to be going on in this way?" she said, bathing his temples, while she ordered me to prepare some *ignatia*. "Here is our famous lion-hunter," she continued, blushing, as his eyes opened and looked into hers, from her shoulder, where his head rested; and then she added, mercilessly: "Take a spoonful of that medicine, Miss Warren, yourself, and bring the rest to me, for this *patient*!"

"Say the sauciest words you like to, madam," he said, raising himself up with difficulty. "I admit that a man deserves the worst a woman's wit can invent, when he so far gives up his self-control as to faint in her presence. If I had hastened away——"

"You would have hurt me so much, that I fear I should never, never have forgiven you, my dear

friend," said Eleanore, quickly ; "whereas you, with all your magnanimity, will at once forgive my unfeeling words—will you not?" and she offered him her hand, with large, glistening eyes fixed on his.

He took it, and raised it to his lips in silence.

"That," she said, "is a piece of world's politeness which may mean much or little. Is there no way in which I can win back what I lost by those idle words? I would not have you think me unfeeling for the world. I am not so ; but it is one of the vices of my tongue, rather than my heart, that I seem to be at times ; and I did wish," she added, with a daring frankness in her face and eyes, as well as her speech, "to bury the idea of position in sound."

"In other words," he replied, now thoroughly himself again, "you wished I should remain as I had been, for the moment, unconscious of my resting-place?"

"Frankly, yes."

"Then believe that I am entirely so."

"It is enough," she said, and loosed her hand, which he still retained. "I offered you a remedy for faintness, but I have no doubt that a glass of this wine would be of more service ;" and she produced the bottle from which some had been poured for herself, and afterward for Mrs. Farley. "I am sorry it was broached some days ago for a less worthy person"—meaning herself—"but it may have some virtue yet."

He drank the cup she offered him, and then, rising, said : "Come, let us go out, and see what our prospect is."

It was now half-past two, and the moon as good, the sailors said, as daylight, for boarding the ship. We walked with the Colonel up to the Signal, and there he loaded and discharged Mr. Garth's rifle again. The sound went rolling over the still water, and after

it had almost died away in the soft, distant airs, an answering shot came.

"We are sure of him, now," said he. "He is nearer than he was, and must be standing very close to the wind." As yet I could scarcely see any change in the appearance of our welcome visitor. The white spot was a little more visible, but it seemed hardly distinguishable from a cloud floating low on the water. While we were gazing anxiously toward rather than upon her, we heard the shout, "There she goes," which announced that the boat was afloat, and very shortly the dip of the oars, a sweeter music to us than Paganini or Ole Bull ever discoursed. Mrs. Bromfield and I now repaired to the tent "to pack"—not a formidable business, certainly, and one wherein we had respect rather to time-honored usage than necessity. Poor little Harry's things as they came in hand! alas, they were few enough; but the pain they cost, how dreadful that was. How the hope and excitement of the hour faded from her face, before those dumb witnesses—little gowns, and shirts, and trowsers, with the name Harry written on some noticeable outside part, and one dark warm suit that had been kept for colder latitudes when we should reach them.

Tell me of any agony bitterer than that of a mother in such an hour. Tell me of heroism greater than that which firmly closes and clasps this suffering heart against expression. Yet I was glad to see the still tears fall, thick and fast, among the sacred garments as they were laid away. She had come now to the simple emotion of grief, and it was wholesome she should weep.



## CHAPTER XXI.

When everything was finished, we sat down to wait; and Eleanore said, "Since last we filled these trunks we have lived enough for an ordinary life-time. I cannot get it all as one whole before my mind—the wreck, the escape, the boat-voyage—what a terror that was to me because of the boys—the landing, the happy days before I lost *him*, and the terrible ones since. When I think along the course of all these events, I feel that the Tempest must have been gone years instead of weeks, and that we must be grown old people, dear, since the cheerful, peaceful days we spent on her. And where are we going now?" I asked. "This vessel may be bound to China or Australia instead of eastward."

"Yes, it may; but it does not seem to me probable. Do you know I believe its being near us was revealed to me by the same means that Harry's death was foreshadowed to him? I was not looking for or thinking at that moment of a vessel; and I believe if any person had told me there was one there, I could not have seen it at that distance, by the faint light; but when I lifted my eyes I knew exactly where to look for it, and just how it appeared. Harry," she continued, her voice growing husky and low, "saw his father twice after we left the ship; but it did not affect him then as it did the first time, so I said nothing to

you about it; but I ought to have known that he was going to him when he was so firmly impressed with the idea himself."

"Was he?" I asked.

"Yes, you remember his appearance that last night, and his whispering to me?"

"Yes."

"Well, he told me then he had seen his father, and was going to him soon. Our wreck and subsequent safety enabled me day by day as we came along, to dismiss the fearful thought from my own mind in a measure, and partly to overcome it in his; but two nights before we reached land, he woke in the dark and whispered me again the same thing, and also here, in the tent, the second morning before his death. Dear child, he was not alarmed the last time; for he trusted firmly in me and my assurance that it was only a dream. If so terrible an experience should ever again be mine, I should open a view of the future to the child, and endeavor to prepare him for the change by familiarizing his mind with the beauty of that world—the pure joys—the love—the tenderness that await him there. I should give him the thought that to die was only to go to a pleasanter home in a world as real as this. I should feel less pain now if I had treated Harry so."

"He has gone very noble and pure," I said. "I can not imagine a higher character in so young a child. Whatever the inherent power of that gift in coloring the immediate destiny of the future, he will have all that could belong to so immature a spirit."

"Yes, I know," she replied, "he was born noble. There was not a base atom in him. His father was pure, and conscientious, and loving. My children could not be ignoble, Miss Warren."

"I well believe you," I rejoined "as my knowledge of you entitles me to. It is a growing belief, I think, that character is, in the main, more likely to be derived from the mother than the father. I fully entertain it myself; so fully that if I were offered the choice of a lot in life, I would rather be born of some mothers, in right circumstances to give their natural powers harmonious play and use, than Empress of all the Russias. Your children are eminently blessed in this respect, my dear friend, and, so far as a mother's grief can be mitigated by such a thought, I hope it will comfort your heart in the sad and heavy hours before you."

"There is great and noble consolation in it, Miss Warren, when one can claim it. It is a Godlike joy to know that the being derived from our own is not vitiated or enfeebled by any act of ours; that the health and power which we have inherited, fortunate if they were in generous measure, we have transmitted to them, enlarged and strengthened by worthy use. Oh, not for worlds would I have it now to remember that I had ever deliberately, or consciously, or ignorantly, if the ignorance were not unavoidable, done an act that could diminish my power and value to my children as their mother."

We were interrupted by a distant shot apparently from over the water, and stepping outside, were joined by Mr. Garth and the Colonel, with the glad tidings that the boat and ship had spoken each other; for the shot which was to be the signal of that event had just been fired. What intense and peaceful gladness we felt at every new assurance that deliverance had come. Both the gentlemen asked for Phil, as they had before,



anxious each to communicate the glad tidings to him that the long expected big ship had come at last.

But his mother, prudent of excitements and loss of sleep, objected to rousing him till the boat should return. So alternately, we sat and walked, and talked and were silent, till the banner of the coming day shook out its gorgeous folds in the eastern sky, and the great round moon began to fade, in the growing light, before the oars came dipping in the still water within the reef. There had been telegraphing by shouts between the men aboard and ashore, but now here they were, and our companions left us to get the news.

"From Hong Kong, bound to Callao," was the report, "three passengers on board, and our accommodations very indifferent for you, ladies," said the good natured first officer as he was introduced to us by Mr. Watkins; "but we will do our best for you. You will not be difficult, I dare say, after all you have gone through."

We assured him it was needless to take thought for us in these respects. We were too thankful for the escape to consider the manner or comfort of it.

The orders were now to get ready for the boat. "The freight first, and the people next," Mr. Watkins said. There was something almost melancholy, like the rude breaking up of a home, in the haste and confusion with which the place we had lived in was deserted, and the things displaced that had made us call it home.

Phil was roused, and in the joyous hurry, as neither Antonio nor Ching could be spared to dip him in the surf, the Colonel took him, and when he came back delivered him, a very little Cupid, to his mother, to be

dressed; when he was "to doe wiz Turnel," he said, "to the big-big ship." Trunks were carried away, sail-cloths gathered up, tables recklessly knocked down, and tents struck; some full casks of stores were rolled to the beach; Ching's utensils hustled into an empty one; and at last, with infinite shouting and heartiness, the first boat was off. The remaining one, which Mr. Watkins had ordered launched, was next got into the water, and by the time the sun was a hand's breadth above the horizon, the other had returned and we were all afloat, Phil in a state of intense satisfaction, at leaving "that bad little land," as he said, and his silent mother divided between joy in going and pain for what was left. How white and steadfast was her countenance, how dim her yearning eye, as she watched the receding land, where she was leaving forever that precious dust. How protecting the form and face at her side.

It had been to me also a heartfelt experience, but so crowded and confused, that I could not then review it. There was a future too to think of—a startling one, if I were to be landed thus destitute among strangers in a foreign country, whose language I could not speak, with only the few garments I had saved for the naked necessities of peril. Truly there was much to be considered in the future as well as the past.

The vessel we were approaching was the bark Garonne, scarcely half the size of our noble ship, and looking so much less beautiful on the water, that grateful, devoutly grateful as I felt for her presence, I could not avoid contrasting them. The mate told us they had seen our fire first, and was not a little amused at the idea of the men shouting so vehemently, when a

rifle-shot, he said would be heard over that smooth sea at least six miles. "They liked it," said Mr. Watkins, "and I think you would, too, if you had been in our places."

We were very courteously received by Captain Dahlgren and his passengers and crew. The small after-cabin which he occupied contained three state-rooms beside his own, which their occupants vied with each other in their zeal of resigning to us. They were quickened to every imaginable sacrifice at sight of Mrs. Bromfield and Phil, who walked about in a lordly contempt of his poor surroundings, and in spite of his mother's constant watchfulness, did more than once give broken utterance to disparaging comparisons between this and his "big fine ship;" for our lamented Captain, as well as the rest of us, had inflated his young soul, occasionally, by speaking of the *Tempest* as his ship, so that he now felt himself injured by the exchange which had been made without his choice.

Captain Dahlgren was a Swede—an educated man, who spoke our language, as well as the French and Spanish, very purely, but with a strong accent. He was a gentleman, with much of the manner of the old school about him, and when he gave us courteous "good morning" at the table, with a friendly clasp of the hand, there was that in the ceremony which made the place brighter and more cheerful around us. Fortune had behaved liberally in sending him to our release.

His passengers were, a corpulent German of the middle class, who smoked and drank beer assiduously, but was good-natured, and two English gentlemen, both old residents of China, and men considerably past the middle period of life. The earnestness with which



they insisted upon placing us at once in possession of their comfortable rooms, and making over for our use their boxes of bed-linen, towels, soaps, and other personal comforts, really touched our hearts. We would gladly have deprived them of but one room, leaving the other for their joint use, and making a temporary bed for Phil; but Mr. Hart protested that he could not remain on such terms, and Mr. Mackay declared that he should esteem himself unworthy the name of gentleman, if, after all our trials, he could selfishly appropriate to his own comfort any accommodation that would contribute to ours. With a slight tendency to pomposity in words and to make set speeches, with his hand on the well-filled organ that lay just below his heart—a mistake which doubtless originated in the negligence or ignorance of his anatomical instructors—this gentleman did, if it must be confessed, often amuse us, though he never forfeited our gratitude and respect in doing it.

## CHAPTER XXII.

Mrs. Bromfield was at once, notwithstanding the sadness which overpowered and suppressed her, assigned her natural position here, as everywhere else. Nature claimed it for her, when she did not for herself, and enforced the claim in all hearts. They laid their homage at her feet in silent deeds when words were inappropriate. And even her suffering, pallid face, did sometimes relax into a smile when Mr. Mackay, with his right hand disposed as I have said, his left thrust gracefully beneath his coat-skirts, and his large round spectacles looking up to heaven from the top of his head, as if to attest the fervor with which he spoke, stood before her to deliver himself of some speech or sentiment wherewith his heart was big at that moment.

“The original Pickwick, Miss Warren,” she said, in a whisper, one day after he had bowed himself out gravely from one of these performances; “a little thinned by the anxieties and perils of foreign travel, but with not a spark of his gallantry extinguished. Seriously, we are most fortunate to find people so kind, agreeable, and altogether satisfactory.”

Phil was a treasure from stem to stern of the Garonne. Captain, officers, passengers, and crew, welcomed and petted him, till, with all his unconsciousness, he was in imminent peril—so Eleanore and I thought—of being brought to need discipline; not that he grew per-

verse or forward ; but we felt rather than saw that a child could not bear such constant deferring to without being made willful and exacting.

Of our fellow-sufferers we saw little more than of our new-found friends. Mr. Garth rarely entered the cabin we occupied, and Col. Anderson, while bestowing every attention and kindness which our situation demanded from him, as carefully withheld every possible expression of more than that. Knowing his impulsive nature as I did, and how his whole being hungered for the sound of her voice and the spoken word that should recognize him as in some relation nearer than that of a stranger, I wondered daily at his extreme and successful restraint of himself.

There was little opportunity for private conversation among us. The after-deck of the *Garonne* was small, and encumbered with two boats, and if we took the main-deck, as we were obliged to, for our walks, we were never without near neighbors or companions. This was the more annoying to me, because, in all the confidences which had been between Eleanore and myself, neither of us had communicated to the other the purpose which had led to this voyage. Before the days of our misfortune came, she, calm, self-centered, and self-contained, had never leant to the personal in our conversations. That was a world by itself, lying deep within—always interesting me, because never displayed ; always commanding my respect by the visible rectitude and purity of her present life, as well as by the refinement and elegance which attested what it had been. After our trouble and sorrow, we seemed to let go of the external future, and there had not been a reference to the plans and hopes which now again came to occupy their old place in our minds. I, at



least, returned to mine with renewed interest, after the long apathy to them. I had left my home for California with the resolute purpose of applying myself to money-making. I wished to enjoy leisure after I should be fifty, and I had yet eight years wherein to earn and husband the means of doing it. Thus I was, I hope in an honorable and worthy sense, a fortune-hunter.

But I could not judge that my friend was led by any such motive or need; for in everything that indicated her pecuniary condition, there had been before our calamity plenty, and even luxury. Everything worn by her was subordinate, indeed, to herself, and so would have been the jewels and robes of a queen, had she put them on; but it was evident that her womanhood had never lacked externals befitting its nobility.

I began now to feel deeply interested in her future, and when we found ourselves alone one evening, on the starboard side of the main deck, full of hope that the Captain would accede to our proposal to take us first to San Francisco, I asked her directly of her expectations on arriving there.

"I am going to an uncle, Miss Warren," she replied, "who has acquired a large fortune, and sent repeatedly for me to come to him. He is unmarried, and doomed to remain so; and he wished to adopt Harry and Philip. I refused his entreaties, which came by almost every mail for a year or more—for he was here before the gold was discovered, and was among the earliest enriched by that event; but at length I felt it best to put away my repugnance to the chaotic life of the country, and, for my children's sake, and something like compassion for my lonely relative, to come: somewhat of duty I owe to him, and much

I *did* owe to them—an education and preparation for manhood, which I scarcely could expect to give them unaided. But now——”

She paused, and I said: “Yes, it is changed now, doubtless, since one is taken to God’s higher school; but will you not be as likely to remain, for a time, at least, as if it had not been so?”

“I cannot tell, dear Anna. Very much will depend upon how and what I find my uncle to be. I have seen little of him since I was a young child, and men, in the strife and fret of the world, or the satisfaction of triumph, are so unapt to put themselves into their letters. I do not know my uncle, and until I do, it is impossible for me to conjecture where another year is likely to find us—Phil and me.”

Had this vagueness any reference to a possibility that was always in my mind in looking to her future? Did any shadow of that devoted and matchless lover fall upon the gray, misty field of conjecture whither she was looking?

There had been, as I have hinted, an application to Captain Dahlgren, by Col. Anderson and Messrs. Garth and Watkins, to change his course, and run first to San Francisco. We were then waiting a breeze, doing little or nothing, and often, when running a few miles a day, going wide of our course. It seemed to be our fortune to meet calms, or light baffling winds, but we waited patiently and hopefully now, for when a breeze should come, Captain D. said he would decide whether to go to Peru, or first to California. On the sixth evening out, there was a prospect of wind. We were but little north of the latitude of Rescue Island, but had made a considerable line of easterly departure. About nine o’clock, when the welcome ripple of water

at the ship's side had become a three- or four-hour old fact, Captain Dahlgren, accompanied by Col. Anderson, entered the cabin where we were sitting, and after seating themselves, the former gentleman said: "It is necessary now to decide, ladies, whether we head for San Francisco or Callao; and I requested your fellow-sufferer and my good friend, Col. Anderson"—waving his hand with stately politeness toward that gentleman—"to come in with me and speak to you on that subject. I am myself but part owner of the vessel, and I must act, in so important a matter as transcending orders, very advisedly, ladies—very cautiously." Here he paused.

Col. Anderson's countenance betrayed both perplexity and chagrin, but with the admirable directness we always found in him, he came face to face with his difficulties at once.

"Under other circumstances," he said, "we should have settled the question and spared you this visit; but I act myself under embarrassments"—his clear eye lingered on Eleanore's as he spoke—"which need not now be mentioned, but which deprive me of the freedom and pleasure I should have felt in doing whatever was necessary without troubling you. Our good Captain Dahlgren very properly wishes to know his ground, and how far he can indulge his kind feeling toward us without doing injustice to his owners.

"You have stated it profoundly, or precisely—yes, precisely, my good friend."

"Then," continued Col. Anderson, "it is necessary to know what compensation can be made him for doing us this great service. Watkins, Garth, and I, have proposed terms to him, which he is, I believe, disposed to accept, provided that you, ladies, are desirous or prepared to enter into a similar arrangement."



"Yes," said Captain D., "a similar one, or some other that I could entertain."

Eleanore spoke first. "For myself," she said, "Captain Dahlgren, I shall in any case be your debtor for kindness that is above reward; but for this further service, if you can do it, I should most thankfully pay any price that you ask. I have but an imperfect idea of what would be just compensation, but if you or Col. Anderson will tell me, I shall most cheerfully and gladly engage to pay it on my arrival, if it exceed the amount I have with me here. In the hurried preparation for leaving our ship, I unfortunately omitted to put into my trunk a wallet containing my principal drafts, but I have with me one for five hundred dollars, on —— & ——."

"The half of it will be sufficient," said Captain D., promptly.

"Remember," she said, while her usual paleness increased to a deathly pallor around her mouth, "there are two included in my—arrangement."

"No, no; Phil, God bless him, should go round the world and back with me without a dollar! Allow me that pleasure," he said, his face flushing with sympathy for her distress, and earnestness to mitigate it in some way."

"I will not refuse you," she answered; "your kindness forbids I should; but lest there should be somebody wanting means to reward you for the service we all shall share, please remember that I can, without the slightest inconvenience, be set down for the sum I have named. When I reach San Francisco I shall have ample means."

I glanced at Col. Anderson, and his face was at that moment whiter than hers.

Blind man. I said, mentally, not to know, that, if

it were any such thing as you are thinking of, she would be beheaded before she would allude to it.

It was my turn now, and I stated the simple truth,—that I had started with but two hundred dollars, intending to seek employment as soon as I arrived in the country; that this was in gold and silver—more than half in the latter—and that I had left it to go down with the ship, fearing to encumber myself with the weight, and thinking money of little value in that hour of peril. “What I have,” I said, “I will freely give; and if I had justifiable means of assuming further responsibility immediately on my arrival, I would cheerfully do so; but I have no claims on any one there, and at present can only offer you what I have.”

Eleanore had laid her hand on mine before I ceased speaking. “My dear friend,” she said, “you grieve me, in acknowledging that you need assistance in your distress, while I am near you, and money, when I have it, after all the obligations, which one could never discharge with money. Pray, Captain Dahlgren, do not let Miss Warren empty her purse into your hand on landing in a strange city. This draft, by your statement, will satisfy for both of us—will it not?”

He looked at it. “Yes, madam, amply; set yourself at rest about that. And it is on a good house, too.”

“Oh, yes,” she said, with a smile, which just hinted that it was above all question. “I should scarcely have offered it to you if it had not been.”

I was thus constrained to accept her generosity, which was enforced in so delicate and self-obliging a spirit that only the most ungracious could have refused it; and I satisfied myself with simply saying: “I will

be so much indebted to you, for the present, Mrs. Bromfield."

Col. Anderson was still very pale, and sat silent from the moment when he had laid the matter open before us. They now rose to leave us; or rather, Captain Dahlgren, the arrangement being completed, rose to give orders to stand northward. Col. A. remained a few moments, speaking abstractedly in answer to our questions as to the probable length of the voyage, and other such matters; but the pain of his spirit was too great to be endured there. He had been stabbed as by a poisoned blade, and he went away carrying the barbed and cruel weapon in his heart.

Mrs. Bromfield, observing his wretched looks, inquired, with a most unaffected concern, if he were not well; and being answered, "Quite so, thank you," offered him her hand with her good-night, as he was going."

"I am sure something ails or affects Col. Anderson deeply," she said, after he was gone. "What can it be?"

"Shall I tell you?" I asked.

"Oh, no, no!" she replied, looking about her; "if it is—is—what we have already spoken of, don't name it here."

"There is no one here but ourselves. They are all on deck; and you shall know," I said, holding her hand, as she was about raising it in expostulation. "If you had had eyes, you could have seen it as well as I."

"Is it some especial fact or circumstance?" she asked.

"It is a horrible doubt, that is at this moment eating into his very heart. You said you should have



ample means in San Francisco, and he has never heard of your having a relative there. Do you understand now?"

"Not his right——" she began.

"Right, dear Eleanore! What has right to do with a heroic man dying at the feet of a hard-hearted woman?" I asked, warmly. "Does love ever question its own right to suffer? I see now that almost your lip curls; but you know as well as I that only a strong, heroic soul, can so love and so endure. And if I could believe you insensible to the manly passion and the womanly delicacy with which, among these common persons, he buries it from every eye, I certainly should love you less, and respect you less, too; for it would argue a lack of womanliness, which I should be slow to attribute to you without such proof."

Her eyes dilated while I spoke, their solemn gaze fixed full upon my excited countenance, and so resting through a long pause, after I had done.

"Whether I am so insensible or not, dear Anna," she at length said, gravely, but kindly, "is not for any one—scarcely for myself—to know at this time. But I would not consciously inflict such pain upon any soul, much less that one; and if you can correct his misunderstanding without—observe now, dear—without referring to me in any way, simply by stating what you already know, pray do so at once."

"I cannot go alone to seek him," I said.

"I will go with you," she replied. "It is not too late to take a walk, though I did not intend to go out again to-night. I trust you, dear, with a very delicate mission, for he must by no means suppose that I feel any obligation to him in such matters."

"He shall not. Do not fear."

When we did not find Col. Anderson on deck, I began to feel more sensibly the delicacy of my task. If I had to send for him, what should I say? Eleanore and I walked up and down two or three times, receiving polite greetings from Mr. Hart, and ceremonious ones from Mr. Mackay and the Herr Vogelbert, whose indefatigable pipe was on duty; and when we had got past all these little hindrances, she said: "I do not like this double-dealing. I seem to be here merely for a walk, and I must seem to know nothing of what you have to say to our friend; and yet I am not here for a walk, and I do know all about it. My heart scorns deceptions like these. Pray set about your mission, or diplomacy, or what not, as soon as possible, or I fear I shall take it in hand myself."

"I wish you would. It would be worth my doing it a hundred times over."

"But I wouldn't, if it were worth it a thousand times. There is Mr. Watkins, is it not, coming this way?"

"Yes. I will ask him for Col. Anderson, and—do not doubt me."

"What am I to do with myself, meanwhile?" she fretfully asked.

"Go in, if you like."

"You are quite willing? Then good-by." And away she darted, with a quick, impatient motion, and fiery toss of the head, that I had not seen for many weeks before.

When Col. Anderson came, I made a dishonest pretense of wishing to ask some further questions about our voyage; but I had not exchanged many words with him before I found, that, if I had her, restive and

almost rebellious, on my hands, I had him in a state but little better. Of course he had forthwith proceeded, on the words he had heard, to argue and demonstrate to himself the agreeable truth that he had madly and blindly committed himself to a pursuit which had brought him half way round the globe, involving loss of time, peace, and dignity, for a woman whom he was now accompanying to her bridal.

Yes, I said, mentally, while he was moodily answering my idle questions—yes, that is the argument you have made; and it is summed up, I have no doubt, in about these words: And a precious fool I have made of myself, after all.

Seeing that he would not allude to the subject, nor to Mrs. Bromfield, nor our arrival in San Francisco—that, in short, he had, for the hour, sublimely ignored all that he had lived for during the months of our acquaintance—I at last came boldly, and I flatter myself spiritedly, as became a gratuitous meddler in other people's love affairs, to the question.

"Col. Anderson," I said, "you have more than once honored me with some confidence in an affair which I need not name here. I am now going to honor you with a little of the same. I saw you to-night, and I know what makes you moody and almost rude to me now. Nevertheless, you shall have the good I came to offer you. Eleanore is going to a rich bachelor—"

"Lover! I knew it, Miss Warren. It doesn't matter to me."

"Doesn't matter to you?" I said. "The Lord forgive your untruth, Col. Anderson. I believe you would rather we were all sunk to the bottom to-night, than it was a fact."



"I shall love her no less—though she were a hundred times another man's wife. Heaven and earth cannot deprive me of that right. I shall now only learn to worship her at a distance, instead of living, as I have, in the hope of seeing her, some day, queen in my own happy home, and feeling—my God ! Miss Warren, do not speak to me—do not stay to witness the agony I cannot always conceal !"

"But, my dear friend," I said, you—you mistake—it is not so ; hear me, and take back your hope. She is not going to a lover, but an uncle—a rich bachelor uncle, I was going to say, when you interrupted me."

"Do you know this ?" he asked, in an incredulous tone.

"I know it from herself. She told me several days since."

"Then she is the same star to my way that she was before. I will not thank you, Miss Warren. You have rolled a fearful darkness from my soul, and given me courage in place of despair. It is a blessed hand that comes twice to us with such a boon, and will have its guerdon some day."

I hastened in after a few more words, and Eleanore contented herself with the inquiry, "Is all well ?" to which my affirmative response was received with unmistakable satisfaction.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

We went on with a fair and steady breeze for many days after it commenced, without interruption—the Trades, they called it—and said it would take us to San Francisco without more delay ; but they were mistaken ; for the Captain, from being unacquainted with the coast, or from not having charts for this unexpected part of his voyage, ran too far east, and found himself much nearer the land, several degrees south of San Francisco, than he expected or wished. Then there was a weary beating up—the desert-looking coast of Lower California sometimes in view—then Alta California, with its golden hills, rising into the soft, transparent light, occasionally dotted with green wood ; and at last, toward sunset of a Sunday evening—the fourth that we had been on board of her—the Garonne dropped her anchor on the bar outside the Golden Gate, in fourteen fathoms water. Antonio came aft, and told us with delight our depth, and that next morning we should get in with the tide by day-break, and be ashore to breakfast.

Eleanore stipulated that I was to accompany her to her uncle's, and remain there indefinitely : “ at least, dear Anna, till you get some clothing made. Remember we are all very shabby. And Phil and I could not spare you at once, for then, I almost fear, we should be destitute in heart, as we are now in person.”

I promised for a few days—at least a week or fortnight.

As always happens on reaching port, there was a good deal of gayety that evening on board. Captain Dahlgren, by way of rounding off his hospitalities handsomely, had ordered an especial dinner at six; whereat Ching, in a gorgeous white apron, officiated as extra, to the great delight of Master Phil, who had nearly laid down his royal title, since there had been so much sadness among us. There were, beside soup, fowls, fricasseed; two Kanaka turkeys, roasted; a German salad, without a green leaf in it; and endless fruits, puddings, and pastries, for dessert. There was, in short, much more dinner than appetite—with us, at least. Sad reminiscences of the past would steal through the gay conversation; and there were irrepressible anxieties for the future; to-morrow seemed formidable—if a happy day, it must also unavoidably be a trying one.

I know no pleasure one shrinks from more in the hours that bring it, than the pleasure of terminating a sea voyage. You have desired, hoped, sighed, and prayed for the end; and now the end is come, you find the joy it brings clouded with many little regrets and concerns—as the far-away, tranquil ocean of orange-green in the sky to-night was dappled and shaded by those innumerable islets of scarlet and gold and purple which floated in it. The old ship is suddenly become dear and pleasant, instead of disgusting and wearisome. You recall all the civilities and kindnesses by which officers and crew have endeavored to mitigate your lot among them; you think of parting with your companions; of persons who have been so very much to you for such a length of time, becoming



in twelve or six hours nothing at all, like the wind that wanders past and is lost to you for evermore. You look at the hurrying sailors—sturdy, manly fellows generally, on whose strength and endurance so much of your safety has depended—and in your gentle mood, you feel inclined to say to one or two who are idle for a few minutes, You have been good, faithful fellows on the voyage. We are all pleased that you have brought us safely to port. Now do not forget that a sailor's manhood is worth as much to him as any other man's. When you go ashore, do not say, Because I am only a sailor, I may as well get drunk, or fight, or go among the worst people, as not. You do not speak thus, though you feel tempted to, because the world would wonder if you did; and the captain or mate, if they saw you, though your words should touch the hearts of the men, and perhaps be the most effective sermon they ever heard, would suddenly and sternly shout, "Lay forward here and heave at this windlass," though the windlass was already manned, perhaps, or would not be moved for half an hour.

You look about the cabins—the places where you have rested, read, talked, dreamed, wide awake to the accompaniment of rushing waters and roaring winds—eaten, slept, meditated, and prayed. You find in your heart an affection for them all, and only pleasant recollections of what they have contained. How blessed the power of that memory which clothes itself only in the light and smiles of the past!

When we left the dinner-table, the sun had just begun to dip in the purple water to the south of the Farallones, whose stern, ungracious forms, rose ruggedly in the rosy air, and seemed to say: "It's all very fine, this ecstasy about those ragged patches of vapor

up there; but what would they be without the sun to dye them? Nothing but gray, tiresome clouds. You would never know where or how you were to find them; while we—we are always here—always the same—so many feet of solid, respectable rock—so many, and no more towers, standing up just here and just so, to shame these whiffing, changing clouds.”

Alas, my reverend and respectable Farallones, it is not unchangeableness that we want in this world—in this or any other, I think. It jars me to hear God addressed as unchangeable. I do not crave unchangeableness, but harmony and growth in change—unity of purpose, and accord in the ultimations thereof.

Eleanore was very sad that evening; naturally so, considering what she had to remember since the voyage commenced; the fear and peril, the suffering, and that island-tomb, to which, by no possibility, could she ever return. She and Col. Anderson had a long *tete-a-tete*, on the after-deck, when the sunset spectacle was over, but there was no intelligible language in either face when they came from it. Mr. Mackay was full of polite speeches about the dreariness to which we were leaving them for the remainder of their voyage; and even the Herr Vogelbert did divorce his meerschaum and lips long enough to say that he “Ver’ moch should want to see Mas’ Feelip and the ladies.”

The anchor was weighed next morning before we were up, and by the time we got on deck the bark was, as Mr. Watkins said, “hauling the old Fort close.” She entered the world-renowned Golden Gate just as the first rays of the sun, whose last evening’s frolic had so glorified the air, earth, and ocean, came pouring over the summits of El Contra Costa, and thence ran gayly abroad on the ripened hills of Sancelito and

Angel Island. How swift the current! This is the entrance to Nature's richest treasure-house, and she says to all the weak and inefficient: "Stand back! Enter not here: for this race is only to the swift—this battle is only to the strong. The Lord is not in either, and you are not sufficient."

Telegraph Hill, its station-house then painted red, like the old farm-houses of our Dutch grandfathers; the lesser hills around North Beach and Clark's Point, strewn with tents and canvas-houses among the dark-green, tree-like shrubs of the manzanita and low live-oak. No flowers except a small shrub, bearing at the top a cluster of yellow or very light brick-colored blossoms. On the right hand, sand-hills, alternating with tracts of fertile soil, where the city is already planting its rambling feet; on the other, ripened harvest-fields, of an exquisite softness of color, such as have charmed our eyes along the coast, fenced by the ocean, the harbor, and the cliffs.

We have rounded Telegraph Point; been boarded by two boats—one bringing a marine reporter, who proceeds forthwith to take the details of our case; and now we are in front of the bustle, and profusion, and prodigality, and shamelessness of this youngest city of the age, who bids fair to outgrow, long before her majority is attained, many of her far-famed elder sisters. After leave-taking and a great deal of confusion, we, his waifs, as Captain Dahlgren called us, were conveyed to the dusty shore in his boat. We touched California soil near the corner of Pacific and Montgomery Streets—a long, long walk to-day from where any boat can convey you—up Pacific to Kearney, along Kearney to Clay, and up that ascending avenue to a ginger-



bread looking hotel, called the —— House. Men gazed at us as we passed: some gladly and kindly—others, impudently; and more than once a little hum arose in the groups we approached, which threatened to swell into a shout, but was stifled before it reached that. Captain Dahlgren led the way, with Eleanore and Phil, while I was honored with the attendance of Col. Anderson and Mr. Garth.

“By heaven, I should like to knock that fellow down!” said the Colonel, as a man walked past us, looking full into Eleanore’s face, and then into mine.

“It seems to be the pleasant custom of these people,” said I; “they all do it.”

“It is because a lady is so seldom seen,” said Mr. Garth, apologetically. “Perhaps when we have been a year here we may be tempted to the same rudeness ourselves on meeting one.”

When we ascended the steps of the hotel, Eleanore’s face was flushed, and her eyes blazing palpable blackness. “I wouldn’t walk half a mile through these streets again,” she said, “for a fortune. Here we will inquire for my uncle, and send to him.”

We repaired to the parlor, while Col. Anderson, at her request, went to the office to make inquiries. He was gone very long, we thought; so long that Captain Dahlgren, who had been sitting to keep us company till his return, rose and went out, saying that he would see what the delay meant. Mr. Garth and Phil shortly followed, and there they all staid. It was at first unaccountable—unless, as we suggested, a messenger had been dispatched to Mr. Haydon, the uncle, to surprise us. But even then, word ought to be brought us before this time.

“What can it mean?” exclaimed Eleanore, as,

pacing up and down the room in a fever of impatience, she drew her watch forth for the third time. "That room is crowded with men, and we have seen enough of them on our way, certainly; but I cannot wait here much longer."

She moved toward the door: "Don't go yet, dear Eleanore," I pleaded, for the very long delay began to impress me with a fear of something unpleasant. "Don't go yet; they must come soon."

And they did. By the time she had taken two or three more fiery turns over the gay, costly carpet, the door opposite ours opened—then ours—and the little procession entered, with dreary faces, which told of some misfortune before their tongues could name it.

Captain Dahlgren led the way, and spoke first: "My dear madam," he began, "this unfortunate city has suffered very much from fires."

"Fires!" she echoed. "It is not the city I care for now. It is my uncle, dear sir. My, uncle, Mr. Haydon—Richard Haydon."

"But he—has—ma'am—has been, unfortunately"—

"In the name of human patience," she exclaimed, turning quickly to Col. Anderson, "tell me, will you? what it is!"

"Yes, do tell her, sir," said Captain Dahlgren, apparently much relieved by her sudden appeal to the other.

"Your relative, Mrs. Bromfield," said he, "lost his life in a great fire here, about six weeks since. He had a large amount of property exposed, and in endeavoring to save it, it is supposed he was caught in a burning building too late to escape."

She sat down upon a chair near by while he was speaking, and when the last word was said, her gaze

fell from the speaker to the floor, and tears sprung readily to her eyes. "Poor Uncle Richard! if I had been a little earlier, he might not have run the risk he did. But we will go to his house, Miss Warren and I. I will at least go where he has lived."

"Indeed," said the Colonel, "I wish you could; but his house was burned also."

"Then," she replied, suppressing with great difficulty, as I saw, her growing sense of desolation, "I can at least see some friend of his. He must have been well known: he was rich, and doing a large business. Such a man would have some friends, surely, whom it would be a satisfaction to see."

"Yes, doubtless," replied the Colonel; "if you will remain here, I will inquire at once, and bring some one to you."

He left us, and Mr. Garth, having offered a few words of sympathy, and any service which he could render, followed, saying that he should stay at this house a few days, and if we wished it, he would send the clerk to us, that we might arrange for apartments.

"I think you would better," I said, speaking for both. "She will scarcely be able, for a few hours, to consider what is to be done."



## CHAPTER XXIV.

When he was gone, I found Eleanore apologizing to Captain Dahlgren. "Indeed, my dear sir," she said, "I feel that I was rude; but I am not naturally patient under some circumstances, and all my self-control had gone from me, in the walk hither and in waiting for the message you brought, which I could not anticipate. It is an inexpressible disappointment as well as a grief to me; for, though I did not know my uncle intimately, I had a high respect for him, and I came hither solely at his entreaty."

"It is very unfortunate for you, madam, in every sense, for—pardon me: I speak as a friend, and a man whose experience shows him consequences which yours does not—I cannot see how this loss is to be repaired to you. I know already your misfortunes, and if I mistake not, you put me in possession of the only funds you had in hand, for your own and your friend's passage."

"Yes; but my uncle, doubtless, left property. I shall not be destitute."

"Not if he left a will in your favor, which is still in existence; otherwise the law, you know, if it does not consume all, will at least hold all, until it is divided among his heirs, and that would not serve you at present."

I saw that she was now rapidly taking in the un-

happy contingencies of her embarrassing position, and I said: "You must in this case allow me to refuse the generosity you offered me on the Garonne. I will pay you, Captain Dahlgren, fifty dollars; and my watch, which is a valuable one, must make up the rest."

I took it off and handed it to him, but he refused it almost indignantly. "Pray do not think I could do so unworthy a thing, ma'am," he said. "Thank God, you are here, living, and in good health; yes, that is well. Now, if it shall prove that, without inconvenience, you can pay me while I remain, that will be well, too. If not, do not think I will let you reduce yourselves to destitution in this city."

"Perhaps, Captain Dahlgren," said Eleanore, "you would better present the draft I gave you at once. It is on Mr. Haydon's bankers. Would not they be able to give us some information as to his affairs?"

"Very likely, ma'am; and if you will indorse it, I will go immediately and see them."

A pen and ink being brought, the indorsement was made, and he left us, saying that he would return as soon as possible.

"This is dreadful, is it not, dear Anna?" she said; "to find myself alone and penniless in this fearful place!"

"It is not so bad as it seems to us, I am sure," I replied, determined to keep the hopeful aspect before her. "Your personal misfortune is irreparable, certainly; but there is a better side to the humanity about us than we see in this first hour. While you were talking with Captain Dahlgren—good soul that he is—I went up stairs and took a room. I should have consulted you, but there was only one in the house, which, fortunately, is a not very small double-bedded room.

The clerk said there would be others vacant in two or three days, and then we could change if we wished. Will you go up now?"

"No; I will stay here," she replied, "till Col. Anderson comes. It would be an effort to get up stairs at this moment. See that blessed Phil, out there under the window, absorbed and charmed with the sight of this hurrying life. To me it seems, oh, how different to what I expected! What a slender thread life is, and when it parts, how much sometimes goes with it! Here is gone from me, in my poor Uncle Dick, protection, home, plenty, rest, and perhaps affection, which in the end I should have prized above them all. A few moments' fierce struggle in the flames, and all this was blotted out from my life. Poor soul, I would he had died peacefully on his bed!"

When Col. Anderson came, he was accompanied by a gentleman, whom he introduced to Mrs. Bromfield as Mr. Hendrickson, the late Mr. Haydon's attorney, and then left us, saying to me at the door: "I fear there is bad news altogether for our poor friend. You must not leave her yet, Miss Warren."

"And you?" I asked.

"Oh, I—I could not if I would. I am going now for an hour, to see some business people; but I shall be here again."

"Shall I remain, or would you prefer speaking with this gentleman in private?" I asked Eleanore.

"Oh, remain, if you please, Miss Warren. Mr. Hendrickson's account seems to be brief and conclusive—that Mr. Haydon's property was chiefly consumed in two great fires in May and June, and that his estate is consequently found insolvent."

"Yes, madam, that is about it. Business affairs



are very much confused here, and it is difficult to tell with exactness, when a man dies so suddenly and has a large outstanding business; but there was in our office a general statement of his debts, credits, and assets, real and personal, placed there about forty days before his death. By this statement, at the valuation affixed to his property, he was then a wealthy man, but a very large proportion of it was in buildings which were consumed afterward, and some of the heaviest credits have been lost in the same way, so that now we scarcely expect the sales of real estate to balance the debts and pay the cost of settlement."

"Would a draft, six months old, on his bankers, possibly be good?" she asked.

"That would depend on who they were, and whether he left funds in their hands to meet it. Drexel & Sather were his principal bankers, and we have taken their accounts and moneys into our hands."

"This was on —— & ——," she said.

"For how much?"

"Five hundred dollars."

"Oh, it is very possible they may have so trifling a sum as that in their hands. As I said, business matters are often—always, indeed, more or less confused here, and the fires have added very much to the common disorder. We don't look very sharply after trifles, and the sum you name might remain in —— & ——'s hands a long time. Mr. Haydon was a careful and correct business man, with plenty of means to do with, and I should think it very likely he would have kept the money on deposit with them till the draft was paid. Can I do anything further for you, ma'am?" he inquired, with a movement as if he were about to go. Time is very precious with us in busi-

ness hours ; but after those are over, I shall be most happy if I can serve you in any way. I will take my leave now, and call on you, perhaps, to-morrow evening, when there may be something further known."

"Thank you, if you will take so much trouble. I may wish to make some other inquiries, when I have thought a little more deliberately and referred to my uncle's letters."

"Uncle ! he repeated, with quick and evident surprise ; "was Mr. Haydon your uncle?"

"Yes," she answered, her astonishment at the question appearing in her face.

"I did not so understand your friend."

"You mean Col. Anderson," she said, with just a shade of firmness in her tone which carried a correction of the word "friend ;" "the gentleman who was kind enough to bring you to me."

"Yes ; but I did not understand him that you were the niece of Mr. Haydon. He was long expecting you, ma'am ; and he built the house he lived in last, expressly for you, he said. He was very anxious for your arrival, and often told me, after he received the letter announcing your departure, that he would rather have gone to bring you, than wait for you to make the long voyage. Indeed, he led all of us, his friends, to wish for your arrival, too. He was enthusiastic about the home he should have when you came ; and, if you will allow me to say it, equally so, and justly, I am sure"—this with a bow—"about its mistress."

Eleanore's tears flowed afresh at these words. "You both pain and please me by what you say," she replied. "I do, indeed, for very many reasons, wish that I had complied with his frequent and urgent requests, and come earlier, or come at last by the Isthmus ;

in which case I should have been some time with him—perhaps even now. But I dreaded the transit for my children, and I wished to make a sea-voyage on the distant ocean. I have paid dearly for it in both ways. Excuse me, I am unfit for company now.” And as she turned away to the sofa at the back of the room, Mr. Hendrickson took his leave.

“Let us go up stairs at once,” she whispered, when I drew near her. “Will you tap at the window, dear, r Phil?”

But when I looked out, there was no Phil in sight. My heart leaped within me at the discovery, but I said, indifferently: “He is gone up on the piazza. I will bring him.”

At the door I met a lady very gayly dressed, neck and shoulders much exposed, and loosely covered with a light silk mantilla. She was just bidding good morning to a group of gentlemen, and saying that she had promised to go out on horseback the next morning with Col. S——.

I thought I must not leave poor Eleanore exposed to strange eyes here. I therefore turned back and whispered: “There are strangers here, Eleanore. Go with me to our room now, and then I will come down and get Philip.”

She lifted up her face, and encountered that of the butterfly, who was fluttering her gay little wings, and brightening her eyes, and giving the right flow to her skirts, before the large mirror. The stranger looked at her, too, and scarcely could there be a greater contrast seen between persons enjoying the same social condition. I felt proud and pleased that my humble, unimportant self belonged, as between these two, to that majestic person and that grave, spiritual face, in



which grief had softened and subdued the daring pride, without clouding in the faintest degree the loftiness of soul that spoke in it.

There was not a word spoken, but Eleanore took her large gray shawl from the table, before which Mrs. Lindley (so I had heard ~~her~~ called) stood, and we went out, leaving her for once certainly—perhaps the only time—looking at and thinking of another woman beside herself.

I immediately came down stairs, full of a fear which I had concealed from Eleanore, to look for Phil. If I must confess the truth, I had a positive dread of stepping upon the board sidewalk, which was thronged with men, chewing tobacco and smoking, and where the appearance of the two or three women I had seen passing created a sensation such as in our older cities some newly-arrived giraffe or elephant is honored with. I did not know how long the young truant had been gone, nor in which direction to look for him; but, glancing both ways, I saw a show-window below me, and thinking it as likely as anything to attract him, I stepped quickly down to it. It was a cigar-shop, and I suppose contained the universal bottles, but not Phil. I turned back and went above, looking in at each of the open doors as I passed, and thereby, I suppose, jeopardizing my reputation for prudence among the inmates, who generally came forward and honored me with an alarming stare. One bold, large-faced man, came near and looked into my face, as if he would say: "If you did not wish me to do this, why did you challenge me?"

"I am looking for a child, sir," I said, "who has left the hotel—a little boy."

"Oh, yes," he answered, kindly—smiling, and

improving at once; "a little dark-eyed, curly fellow, who calls himself Phil?"

"Yes; where is he?"

"Up there, in the grocery, I think, now. We've all had our turns with him. A child is a treat to us here, ma'am. Is he yours?"

"No, he is my friend's," I said, passing on.

"Well, you never need be frightened about him. He's a bright, handsome fellow; and he won't go far before he'll be picked up by somebody, you may be sure."

I hurried on, and going into the grocery he had pointed out, found the little vagabond seated in state upon the counter, on a raisin-box, with half its contents apparently before him, and candies, figs, and nuts in unlimited quantity at hand: with the proprietor, clerk, and three or four idlers doing homage.

The moment he saw me he exclaimed: "Oh, Miss Warren (he did not speak my name so that a stranger could fully understand it,) these figs and raisins are very nice; but I haven't eaten but *so many*"—holding the hollow of his little hand out to me.

"But you must come to mamma, Phil, at once. She will be afraid you are lost."

As he rose to go, the merchant filled his pockets, and said: "Ask mamma to let you come again, Phil. He's been a pleasure to us, ma'am. I have two such little fellows at home;" and his eyes brightened as he spoke. "Never fear for him; he won't go far from the door before some of us will have him safe. He's got forty thousand friends around him here, any one of whom would divide bed and board with him gladly."

He kissed him and set him on the floor, and Phil and I, thanking him for his kindness, started off.

## CHAPTER XXV.

This little expedition reassured me much. There was true affection in the people who hailed a child so heartily. The Divine could not be extinct in bosoms so keenly alive to the angelic. I felt encouraged for myself and my friend, to whom I hastened to impart my satisfaction. Phil was tenderly admonished, and caressed for the danger he *might* have been in, and then placed at the window, that we might confer uninterruptedly. The news of the morning had linked us more closely in interest and purpose than we should have been in any other circumstances; for though Eleanore, as mistress of a luxurious establishment, would have acted the part of friend and patron as generously and delicately as any woman could, I was not one to be easily patronized in that way. In a few days, at most, I should have separated from her, and gone alone to some employment that would have afforded a prospect of realizing my hopes. Whereas now I had no thought of leaving her—no idea of an interest or care separated from hers.

Sadly and fearfully we talked over her position—the possibilities, in a pecuniary point of view—the social ones being, as you know, utterly buried to us at that time.

“I had a slender income at home,” she said; “enough, with industry and economy, to support



us ; but two months before I sailed, having decided to come to my uncle, I took part of the principal to fit out for school and college a young brother of whom I have great hopes some day, and an orphan cousin—the dearest and best creature living—and I will not now turn back to deprive them. God has given me faculties and hands, and I will make my way here in some fashion. If we could only be together,” she added, putting her arm about me, “it would be a great help and comfort to us both, would it not, dear Anna?”

“Yes, and we will be ; at least, if not together, near each other. But let us think and talk, now, of what is to be done, actually and practically. What can you do?”

I can teach in an English school almost all branches, with drawing and music. Mr. Haydon must have left friends who would aid me in getting something to do. I will see some of them.”

“There is one thing, dear Eleanore, they cannot aid you in,” I said ; “that is, in getting scholars to teach. The country does not contain them. Think of this child being such a godsend to the eyes and hearts of the men here.”

“True,” she replied ; “I did not think of that. But there are some families here, and I might get pupils for the piano and drawing. Even a few would supply my immediate wants. I am not an expensive liver in any respect.”

“No, but you are destitute now, as I am, of a wardrobe. You have scarcely what would suffice a comfortable working woman, putting the lady teacher out of view ; and I suppose everything is enormously dear here.”

While we sat thus, looking at the clouds and the

sunshine in our near future, a servant came to say that Captain Dahlgren was below.

We immediately repaired to the parlor, and found him there, where were also three other gentlemen, with Mrs. Lindley, and a gay, showy woman beside, all chattering boisterously, like a company of parrots.

"I am very sorry, my dear sir, that we have not a parlor to receive you in," said Eleanore.

"Do not concern yourself for that, ma'am," he replied, wiping his forehead. "I have been gone much longer than I intended when I left you. But for your sake, hoping I might serve you in a measure, I stopped and chatted with Mr. —, the head of the firm, who paid me the money promptly, and said he should do himself the pleasure of calling on you. I told him of your misfortunes at sea, and as he seems a gentleman, I hope his acquaintance may be a pleasure and advantage to you—for I am afraid you will need all of the last that you can get here. It is not my privilege to counsel you, ladies, but from what I see in this strange city, I fear that neither of you will find yourselves at home in it, or get easily into employment suited to your tastes and capacities."

"That is very probable," I said; "but we are here, Captain Dahlgren, and there seems to be no better way now than to do our best. I came, indeed, expecting to meet and overcome difficulties; it is only my friend's case that requires any consideration."

"Madam," he said, addressing her, "let me speak frankly to you. I believe, from what I have seen in the two hours I have been abroad, and from what I have heard both here and elsewhere, that this is the most wicked city of its size on the globe; and I am satisfied that a person of your habits and tastes must

suffer deeply in it. What is needed, is labor of the hands, not the exercise of accomplishments and cultivation such as you possess—or you, either, Miss Warren,” he added, turning to me. “The useful and the respectable women, who have not fortune here, must be manual laborers, for which, I am sure, you are neither of you at all fitted.”

“I am in good health—” Eleanore began ; but he waved his hand, asking a moment’s more indulgence.

“What I was going to add,” he continued, “was an offer—a very poor and humble one, but the best in my power—a passage on the Garonne to Lima, where I am acquainted in many families, and where you will readily find employment in teaching or other occupations more womanly than anything that can offer itself here.”

“You are most considerate—most kind,” she said ; pray believe that I am not ungrateful or inappreciative, and that your suggestion may be a hope, and even a reality in the future, should fortune fail us here. But this is my country, and Peru, dear Captain Dahlgren, though familiar and agreeable to you, would be strange and foreign to us. These men, you say, are, many of them, very wicked, and I fear you are not mistaken ; but most of them are our countrymen ; and, at the worst, a good woman can appeal to her countrymen with a confidence she can rarely feel toward others. Our experience since we came on board of the Garonne, ought, indeed, to enlarge our confidence and trust in the hearts of strangers, and I am sure it has ; but one always cleaves longest to the native land, you know.”

“Yes,” he replied ; “I approve and admire the sentiment, but forgive me if I doubt its wisdom in this



instance. However, I must not presume to argue the case with you. In parting, permit me to say that I leave you here reluctantly, and wish you both all manner of good wishes, which, if I had the power, I would convert to substantial blessings around you. Fortune was beneficent to me, though unkind to you, in bringing about our meeting. I shall retain happy recollections of it to my last day. You will find in this paper, dear madam"—drawing a roll of coins from his pocket—"the balance of your draft."

He clasped her hand upon it, with glistening eyes, while with the other he took mine, said good-by hurriedly, kissed Phil, waved acknowledgment of our attempted thanks, and before we could utter them was gone."

Our own eyes grew dim as we lost sight of him, and both sighed, as we thought—there is one good friend and noble man gone from us in this wilderness.

By this time it was near noon, and we remembered that we had had no breakfast. I ordered a lunch in our room, and we went up stairs. There, on opening the parcel of money, we found the good Dahlgren had returned three hundred dollars; which fact more than dimmed our eyes again—mine especially, when I remembered that he had not one dollar of my money: which, in all the confusion of the eventful morning, I did not realize until this moment. Honor to the benevolent Swede and the humane gentleman!

Eleanore was very much depressed. All this was so different from the condition she had looked forward to, in which her wishes would have been anticipated and supplied almost before they were known to herself. The teaching looked dubious. It was so grating to her independent soul to have to apply to strangers—

all men, too. "And nobody knows," she added, "how perverted or distrustful they may be. Men degenerate so frightfully—even possibly good and respectable men—when they are separated from good women, or, worse still, when they mix with bad ones. Those men are always best, noblest, and most harmonious, in whom is seen the reflected influence of elevated and refined women. Man is comparatively unaspiring when alone. He reverences less than woman, and therefore degenerates when she does not influence his thoughts and emotions. You dread to separate any but the noblest, loftiest, and most religious men, from pure and refined women; and I think we generally see that those who sustain themselves best in this unfavorable condition, are they who unite to a large and rugged manhood the womanly traits of tenderness, reverence, and sensibility. Such men are not degraded by external circumstances, however gross. Their spiritual fineness repels taint, as polished steel reflects heat. But how small is the number of such!"

## CHAPTER XXVI.

There was a dinner at two o'clock, and we were proposing a plan of going out in the afternoon to make some indispensable purchases, when Phil, at his post of observation by the window, suddenly shouted: "Oh, mamma, I see Turnel—I see Turnel coming! Let me go down to him, mamma; do, p'ease, let me go."

"Yes, darling, but don't leave the house. You know, when mamma trusts you, you are not to go without asking."

"Yes, I know," he replied; and away he ran, delighted.

"Dear child," she said, "after having so many devoted to his amusement, even the confinement of the ship was better than this will be, I fear."

"But this cannot continue," I said. I thought it best, beside, that it was necessary to keep her faculties edged up to immediate exertion. It was not kind, perhaps, but my next words were: "Do you know what our daily expenses are to be here?"

"No, but I suppose they will be large."

"Yes, for our purses, you may say they are enormous—fourteen dollars for you and Phil, and eight for me."

"A day?" and she looked in incredulous astonishment at me.

"Yes—twenty-two dollars a day."



"That is not to be thought of. We must look at once for a less expensive home—and next, for something to do; for I am sure nothing could be worse than being in such a place without money or employment. How busy and eager this crowd of hurrying men look! all hopeful; not an eye that betrays disappointment or depression—not a foot but treads as if it trod the way to fortune. Surely, dear Anna, where all prosper so, we cannot fail."

"I have no fear of that, Eleanore," said I. "Industry and capacity, of almost any sort, are sure guarantees here. Our difficulty will lie in bringing ourselves to do what will be offered us. According to Captain Dahlgren's estimate, and my own, so far, we are in the wrong market; but the labor will grow to us, in time."

"This open space in front of us is a park, or square, I suppose," said Eleanore; "a dreary, waste-looking spot, is it not, Anna? See the sand and dust drift over it, and down those streets from the hills! There is a whirling cloud driving through that group of men, and almost blinding them. Better they than women for out of doors here, if there are often such days as this."

And wherever we looked, we saw them, and them only; eager, resolute men, with the sharp American features, or the broader English, or the heavier German, or the mobile French—but all bearing one predominant stamp of the spirit of gain: not mean, narrow, sordid gains, such as wrinkle the miser, and bend his lean body, and shake his nerves; but large, hopeful, generous gains—coming as a flood-tide rushes into narrow, unsightly inlets, broadening their borders and hiding their defects, till it recedes again and leaves

them more ugly than it found them. The tide was yet at flood here. At long intervals there went by, hurrying timidly up the street or through the dusty square, a woman closely veiled, with head bent low ; yet even then rude men would manage, as they passed, to gaze into her face, or attempt to do so—offending her delicacy equally in either case.

“ You see, dear,” I said, “ we were not worse treated than others. There now comes a group in black hoods, and large China crape shawls flowing carelessly over the richest silk and satin dresses, jewelry blazing from hands, bosom, neck, and ears, talking much and loudly. Ah ! it is easy to see how it is with these unfortunate sisters !”

“ Yet the day is theirs, now,” said Eleanore. “ I am certain they are much more at ease than we shall be. That modest woman, who met them and hurried away, as if hers were the shame and not theirs, tells the whole story of woman’s life here in these days. Shall I confess to you, dear Anna, that I feel very sad and depressed and burdened with my condition, and yours, too, for I think you are little better off than I am ; the difference is mainly, that you are likely to find all the hardships you have expected, and I none of the comfort. You will have less trial of adaptation, and fewer misgivings, perhaps, in these first days ; but we are both, at this moment, trusting more to the natural rebound of the spirit after this depression, than to any well-defined hope—are we not, dear friend ?”

I could only answer in the language of my suffused eyes ; for, indeed, though I had uttered all along stout words to her, my heart was like lead in my bosom.

“ Never doubt, true, faithful soul,” she said, encircling me with her arm, and speaking very tenderly ;

"there is left us, at the worst, one comfort—the only one which avails at times—the comfort of knowing that life *can bear*, and, in the end, throw off its burdens, or fit them to itself, and take joyously and carelessly to the sunshine again. You have seen such seasons, and been thrown thus upon yourself, I know. Try your strength again, now. We must be in the battle very soon, and then courage will lose its merit. They say the most arrant cowards become brave soldiers in the midst of the fire."

"Keep me near you," I said, following up her figure, and I shall not falter."

"Nay, nay, you shall not say that. I should be lost without you, dear Anna. Come, let us go below and see Col. Anderson."

"I wish there were another parlor," said I. "Those noisy, brainless women, and popinjay men, with enormous chains and seals, and rings, that would hold their weight, are very disagreeable to me."

"Do not be bitter or impatient with them," she said. "We may have to endure the presence of many such people, before we can choose whose we will have."



## CHAPTER XXVII.

Col. Anderson stood before the door, in earnest conversation with a gentleman whom we both pronounced to be English. He bowed to us as we passed into the parlor, and sent Phil, who was at his knee, to say that he would be with us in a moment. Fortunately the room was vacant, and we each took an end of the sofa; but we had only a moment to wait, for the Colonel came in, looking glad and cheerful, and shook us each by the hand, as if we had been separated days, instead of hours.

"Thank God," he exclaimed, fervently, "for the blessing of work. The Church teaches us that it is our curse: to me it is life, happiness, hope, salvation."

"A salvation much more easily attained, under most circumstances, by men than women," said Elea-nore, sadly. "It is just the salvation and hope Miss Warren and I are praying for."

"He sat between us on the sofa, and at these words, he turned to her and said, as if the thought were new to him: "Do you want work?"

"And why should I not?" she answered. "Put my unexpected necessities out of the case, if you please, and still, if work is hope and happiness to you, it ought to be the same to me, if I had as much life and worth. The difference between us is only that of man and woman."

"But is not that enough to entitle you to exemption?" he asked.

"You would not, surely, deprive me of blessings which you enjoy so much," she said. "Something which you expect to do now, has, in these two hours, made another being of you. Your step is elastic, your eye bright, your speech firm, and your tones full and buoyant. You feel a power within which you have not felt since we set out on this voyage. It is a blessing and joy to feel and use such power. Why should I, being a woman, be denied it?"

"You should not," he answered; "but it seems to me that your use of it should be in—a—home—a—household, where you would not only enjoy, but confer *such* happiness."

"But the household is not mine," she said, sadly. "My theater is fallen, but all my needs remain; and the wrong we complain of, as women, is the inequality of the treatment the world gives to you and to us. If I had all the treasure of the mines, I could no more be happy with idle heart and brain and hands than you. But the world recognizes and allows your right to labor, whether from necessity or choice. It permits you to go, unnoted and uncensured, in and out of all its market-places. It respects your earnest and persistent purpose to have and to do your part—to demand and conquer it—wherever it may lie: while I must courtesy and take what I can hardly get, with 'By your leave' and 'Thanks.'"

"You ought not to feel the need that would lead to your asking its favors of this kind," said Col. Anderson. "If my will were the law of this globe, there should no woman ever have to labor one day in her life-time for outward goods or comforts. I would set

the strong men at the work of supplying wants, and women should, at the worst, only re-fashion and put into new and more perfect combination the raw materials which their labor would furnish. I protest against women as *laborers*.

"But not as *workers*, do you, my friend?" she said, looking earnestly into his eyes. "You are willing, are you not, that we should use and develop all the powers that God has given us, and that can only be done in faithful, persistent work. If I had found here all the wealth and luxury which I expected, I should still feel within me the same urgency to occupy myself. I should desire work the same as now, the only difference being, that I should not then have had to think of the recompense, which must now be a primary consideration."

"It must not be!" he exclaimed, under his breath; "*you* are not fit for this strife. God forbid you should think of it!"

"But I must, Col. Anderson. And I am fit for anything which I have the power to do, as well as another, without injury to myself. Nor do I complain of the necessity which drives me. I only complain of the world, which sees and knows this, in the experience of thousands of my sex, and yet converts itself into a vast prison for us, appointing the well-furnished and unneedy for our jailers. 'There,' say they, 'is one thing which you can do, here is another, and there another. We think you can live by any of these; but whether you can or not, you must not go beyond them. If you desire to remain in harmonious relations to us—if you would not be marked, proscribed, and shunned, do not seek further. You can eat, if not plentifully, you can sleep, if not wholesomely, and be clothed, if



not suitably, by diligence in one or other of these employments. Therefore take it and be thankful, O gentle woman, whom we cherish and care for ! As to the soul which rebels against this, that you call slavery, we have appointed the Church to take care of that. She knows all its enmity and wickedness. She will show it its bounds and limits, and so school it, that it shall be grateful while you starve—meek while you are trodden to the earth.’ ”

“ Your picture does not flatter man or his organizations,” said Col. Anderson ; “ yet I must admit it has some true features.”

“ True features, my friend ! ” she replied ; “ is it not all true ? Does not the world, because you are a man, give you full freedom to use all your powers in the largest and most agreeable and lucrative field, where you can find place ? Does it not, because I am a woman, do exactly the reverse by me, though my necessities may be even more imperative than yours ? The world *employs* you, and undertakes, by its theory, to *provide* for me. You, by the development of your power and skill, become its master—I, through dependence and inaction of my best capacities, its slave. That is the resulting difference.”

He was silent some moments, and I waited for his next words, with a strong feeling that they would be special rather than general, and probably narrow the conversation to the breadth of her personal prospects and plans ; but her ideas, or the electrical earnestness with which they were conveyed to him, had taken hold of his heart and mind ; for, after a thoughtful pause, he lifted his eyes to hers, and said : “ If I feel compelled to admit the truth of what you have said,

what then? Whence is the correction of these wrongs to come?"

"In the recognition," she replied, "of my moral freedom and right of spiritual growth, which are as dear to me as any man's can be to him; in the acknowledgment that my integrity is as reliable, my virtue, in all senses, as worthy of the world's trust and my own, and that, in justice, I ought to be as free as you to go to-morrow about this city, and seek the employment best suited for my support. I ought to be respected, in going and coming, wherever a man as good as I am could be seen without reproach, and to feel entirely free in my choice, being restrained only by its worthiness and adaptation to my abilities."

"Would you, then, have a woman do the same things that men do?" he asked.

"The same things that are suited to her. Where it is dexterity of hand and clearness of brain that are required, I think you will admit it may be no boast to claim for myself and Miss Warren equal capacity with any public or private clerk or bookkeeper. Yet, which of us would dare apply for a situation in the post-office, or go there, if it were given us? Or what self-respecting woman would ask any merchant of this city to give her employment at a desk or counter in his warehouse? And if the place were obtained, and one had the courage to go and work in it, hour for hour, page for page, with any man in the house, at the month's end he would take two dollars for her one, and her employer would still reckon himself her patron. Yet we never find that landlords and ship-owners, and other proprietors, deal with us as with fractions of men. We pay as much for all the privileges of our

half-life as you for your whole one. We go and come at equal cost."

"I have no reply to all this, my friend, except that it is true," said Col. Anderson.

"And wrong," she added.

"Yes, wrong, I admit; but it is wrong as old as the world; and but for my faith in the right, I should, perhaps, say remediless."

"Its remedy," she replied, "will lie in the true thought and right feeling moving the minds and bosoms of honest, fearless, and affectionate men and women. I did not mean, however, to attack your opinions, for I do not know them; but I feel the wrong just now, and my poor cowardice, like that we often see in the world, assumes a character of courage, and makes a virtue of self-defense. Your rejoicing so heartily and healthfully in the blessing of work, jarred upon these strained chords of my heart; but have you not some better words for us? I think you would not readily find more grateful ears than ours."

"Miss Warren," said Col. Anderson, turning to where I sat, "I shall make my peace on both hands, I hope, if I say that I am not afraid of you, and therefore wish to ask a question or two—assuming, as you once said, that you are, for the moment, my sister; on which assumption alone I could possibly ground any title. May I do so?"

"Certainly."

"We will suppose you absent," he said to Eleanore.

"Would you not rather have the fact?" she asked, making a feint of rising.

"No, do not go. I particularly wish your presence after a few words, and I can imagine you away



till they are spoken. Now, Miss Warren, I think there is no reason for your hesitating to tell me, after what has necessarily been common knowledge between us, how affairs were arranged with Captain Dahlgren?"

I told him, and he agreed with us that it was admirable. "But you are not comfortable, and cannot long remain here," he said.

"May I come in a moment?" asked Eleanore.

"With anything pertinent to that remark, you shall be heard," he said, with a mocking solemnity of manner and tone.

"Then, as I know you love directness—"

"Better than anything except the source of it at this moment, he parenthesized.

"I will answer that question myself. Miss Warren is at this present hour the owner of eighty dollars in money, a valuable watch, and a very small, much-abused wardrobe. This humble speaker possesses three hundred dollars in gold, a less valuable watch, a wardrobe of about the same pretensions, and one jewel above price. In addition to these, we have both good health and resolute hearts—and while we have them, do not intend to eat and sleep at twenty-two dollars a day, or consume any one's bread but our own."

"Is that dinner?" he asked, as a bell rang in the passage at that moment.

"I think it is," said I.

"Shall I have the pleasure of accompanying you to the table?"

"If it please you to dine now and here," she answered.

There was a great rush of feet in the passage, and

we waited till the press was over, and then Eleanore said: "I must get my shawl, to cover the little king; he will be cold, lying here alone."

"I will go for it," said I.

When I returned, Col. Anderson was saying, with the deepest earnestness: "Believe me, my dear friend, your project is little less than insane—for such a woman, in a city like this. You call it corrupt; your childish imagination cannot conceive of its iniquities. Even I, a man of the world, feel revolted at many of the sights I have already seen. Perhaps it is not that it is in fact so much worse than other or older cities, but the vicious are unrestrained here by the presence of the virtuous. For God's sake, be counseled, and do not expose yourself to the rudeness and insult you could scarcely—no, not possibly escape!"

"Self-respect, purity, and consciousness of right, are a triple armor," she answered.

"I know they are," he replied, "in all fair warfare; but the field is against you here."

"Then the field must e'en be braved!" she said, firmly. "I may be defeated in it, but I cannot be conquered."

"I know you will not," he said, his features expressing the anguish with which he heard her determination; "you will bring out of the fearful conflict before you, the same high and spotless soul you carry into it—strengthened, I know, by all the pains and perils you will surmount; but—why will you do this thing?"

"Simply because I see no other path open to me."

She stood at the end of the sofa, resting her

hand upon it, her eyes bent to the ground—and I, across the room, at the window, waiting to go to dinner.

“Miss Warren,” said Col. Anderson, “allow me to wait on you to the table, if there you will excuse and permit me to return to Mrs. Bromfield.”

He did not ask her to grant him a private interview, and when I turned, on hearing my name, I saw him standing very near her, his tall, powerful form bending over her, as one sometimes sees a tender mother yearn toward a wayward child whom she does not quite embrace. I felt that at that moment he had asserted his natural power, and I hoped it would prevail.

I therefore assented to his proposal, and after being seated at the table, I whispered, as he bent down: “God speed you!”



## CHAPTER XXVIII.

That dinner-table—shall I ever forget it?—that first in-door assemblage of a population drawn from every nation and class of civilized men! Were ever such visible incongruities gathered at one board? So much youth, power, and life, running to waste and perversion—such legible records of these facts in the handsome, manly faces before me. I was near the upper end of the table, and on the same side, above, were Mrs. Lindley and her friend, with a man whom, from his quietness and indifference to her, I immediately concluded to be her husband.

Very gay and demonstrative were these ladies—saluting gentlemen across the table—taking wine with them—ay, and drinking it, too, with sufficient gusto and freedom. Opposite them sat a serious, thoughtful-looking young woman, with a little girl, of about Phil's size, on one hand, and a bright little yearling on the other. No husband there—no gayety, no salutations nor wine-drinking—apparently a stranger, like myself, or, at least, not a participant in the life about her.

Below, on both sides, sat men of every shade that the Saxon blood is capable of, and every conceivable condition of person and garb, except the ragged and patched. There was a very large majority of well-dressed men—well-dressed, that is, if wearing the newest clothes, the whitest and glossiest linen, the most

striking of plaid and striped vests, and the most exaggerated pins, chains, and rings, could be called dressing well.

Next below me were three stately, slow-moving Englishmen, who utterly refused to be driven by the heat of the battle about them, and opposite them some faces, that I knew were American, feeding with a like deliberation. These were afterwards shown to me as gamblers—the richest men in San Francisco, it was said.

There were middle-aged men and young men; unwashed and uncombed miners sitting next to perfumed heads fresh from the hands of the barber. There were splendid faces and heads, and bodies, too, in rough carters' frocks, or blue or gray over-shirts. There were men, who, you would have affirmed, had known Yale or Harvard, looking, all below their chins, like respectable porters.

There was a confusion as at Babel—of English, with all the American and British idioms, French, German, Italian, and Spanish. When I sat down, the table was full, and in ten minutes, I think, half the seats had been left and filled a second time. To some, there came even a third occupant, before I was ready to leave mine. For I had an appetite and leisure, and immovable British solidity in my long-abiding neighbors aforesaid, to sustain me. So Mrs. Lindley and her companion had carried their many flounces and their fair necks and shoulders out of the room, and the serious lady had led away her little ones, and our waiter had looked impudently at me many times, before I rose. I took a plate of dinner for Mrs. Bromfield and Phil, and two desserts, and with these, I went straight to our room. As I passed, I heard loud voices

in the parlor, and I was, therefore, prepared to find Eleanore up stairs. And there she was, alone, sitting on a low seat, with her face buried in her pillow.

She did not look up, or wait for me to speak, but asked, meekly, would I "go to the parlor for Phil. I could not bring him up, dear Anna, when I came."

I did not stay for a second word, but ran down stairs, where I found the darling, fresh from his sleep as a rose-bud, his hair tossed carelessly back, and his great eyes filled with a solemn, infantine wonder, that was almost weeping, at finding himself with the strangers. They were doing and saying the kindest things they could—Mrs. Lindley and her friend and a profound gentleman whom they called Jack; but Phil's lip had already begun to quiver, and the moment he saw me, he flung himself from the sofa and from them with—"Oh, Miss Warren, take me to mamma!"

"The dear little fellow!" said Mrs. Lindley; "he wouldn't have anything to say to us." And she tried to coax a kiss from him before he went, but he would none of her.

"I love little boys," she said, holding his hand, "and I haven't got any. Won't you come and be my boy?"

"No!"—sturdily.

"Why not? I would give you candies, and figs, and everything you wanted."

"Because—my mamma loves me, and she don't talk so loud as you do."

At this they all laughed louder still, and Mrs. Lindley seized him in her arms, and violated his lips with a kiss, which he flung off almost as indignantly as



his mother had, on another occasion, and with flashing eyes and flushed face, said: "Don't you do that again! I don't like you!"

We got off now, Phil almost crying with vexation; which, however, he soon forgot, in the prospect of his dinner, for he was very hungry, he said. After he had kissed mamma, and congratulated himself on finding her again, I took the dinner, which she utterly refused to taste, to my trunk, in the farthest corner of the room, at the window, arranged it, and seated the little gentleman for his solitary meal. "Now," I said, "Philip can eat his dinner, and see all the people and horses go up and down. Mamma and I want to talk."

"Yes," he replied, understanding that we were not to be interrupted, except upon great urgency, and I left him and went to his mother.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

"Dear Eleanore," I said, "tell me now—I know what Col. Anderson took me to dinner for—tell me how you have arranged it."

"There is nothing arranged. It is just as it was before."

"Did he not—"

"Yes—yes," she interrupted, "he asked me to be his wife."

"And you refused him?"

"Yes."

"Then," I exclaimed—all my patience swept away at that word—"then, you are as little deserving of the blessing you have as any honest woman can be. Did you not tell me that you were free in heart and hand? You have not promised any one else—"

"Promised!" she exclaimed, raising her face suddenly upon me, and dashing the hair from before it.

"I know"—I said—"I know there could be no promise from you without love—nor with it, either, it seems; for you love this man, Eleanore."

"Love him!" she echoed.

"Then, why, in the name of all that is true and honest, did you refuse him? Why did you not, at least, acknowledge a preference?"

"Preference!" and she rose to her feet. "Prefer-

ence! Now, dear Lord, give me patience with her, for thou knowest I love her! Preference! I should prefer good Captain Dahlgren to Mynheer Vogelbert, with his pipes and beer-pots; but I should *prefer* sinking peacefully, through the green waves, to the bottom of the ocean, to marrying either!"

She moved fiercely up and down the narrow space between our beds three or four times; and then, stopping in front of me, resumed her low seat, took both my hands in hers, and said, gently: "Do you know, dear Anna, that I love this man? and that means that his presence gives me life, and his absence takes it away—that I envy the senseless air which embraces him—that his footstep is a joy to my inmost soul—and his voice—oh, his voice interprets to me all Nature! It is the master-tone, wherein all others—discords and harmonies—are melted into sweetness! You do not know that instrument, dear Anna. You have heard only its hilarious or its earnest or its every-day utterances. I have heard more, but only once—only once. I never dared trust myself again to that music. I am particularly sensitive to the voice. I estimate and feel that, of the commonest person who addresses me. I am led to new friends by it sometimes, for a sweet, harmonious soul does not flow out in rough or mean tones. I liked this voice at the first word; it had a manly volume and fullness, with such clear, musical intonations—promises of deep tenderness; but I never heard those rare modulations till that evening—you remember, dear, that sad, yet happy evening, when we sat so long upon the beach, talking of the future life, and the hopes and aspirations it should crown. Then, when we were walking up—I was still weak, you know, and the deep



sand fatigued me ; but I would not lean on his strength, as I should have on Captain Landon's, and involuntarily I betrayed my weariness—he bent his head down, and the clear, distinct words fell, one by one, close upon my forehead, as if out of the divine heavens: ‘Why do you refuse my strength? Why am I strong, but for your weakness?’ And before I could recall my soul from the bewildering trance of that moment, it was added: ‘If I dared—if you were not in foolish antagonism to God and our souls—I would clasp you to my strong heart, and you should never again know weariness or feebleness.’

“‘But you are a *man*,’ I said, ‘a strong and noble man, and therefore I trust you.’

“But to-day, dear, I dared not let him speak so near my heart. I told him I would only hear him if he remained at the other end of the sofa, and I know he was angered by my words, for that old fire of his ancestral race smoldered and darkened in his eyes, till I said, kindly: ‘You forget, my rash friend, that we are every moment subject to the intrusion of strangers here.’

“‘You are entirely right, Eleanore,’ he answered—it was the first time I ever heard him speak my name—‘I will do your bidding; but, in God’s name, now, be reasonable, and hear me with a woman’s heart, and not with the ear of a Fate.’

“And then he repeated the story you already know, and asked did I—but I broke his question off, and led him elsewhere before it was framed. For you see, dear, if he had asked did I love him, I could not have avoided confessing, either by silence or words; and I would not, for my right hand, he should know it at this time.”

"This is so inexplicable to me," I said, "that I hope you will be charitable to my dullness—I am only a common mortal—and tell me why."

"Anna," said my friend, very earnestly, "could you—would you decide such a question, under circumstances like ours, to-day? I am ill understood, indeed, if severe judgment is to be pronounced for what I honestly believe to be the wisest and most womanly act of my life—and which also costs me not a little pain. I have confessed my love to you, but can you not see and feel what is due to my heart—to my inner life—to my outward dignity—as a self-trusting, self-reliant woman? It would be possible for me to doubt myself at some future day, I think, if in this haste, under the pressure of the tempest without and the desolation within—which, God knows, is bitter enough—I could be tempted to cast my burden on another soul, however loving and true, as I know his to be."

"To confess your affection," I said, "would be a simple act of justice to the object of it, and not necessarily, it seems to me, a surrender of anything essential to dignity and self-respect. I do not see your own magnanimity and tenderness in this, Eleanore. Pardon me if I pain you by saying it."

"I could more easily forgive your saying than keeping it unsaid, Anna. That would be unworthy our friendship. But, while I feel wholly clear in my own soul, I see I shall find it difficult to bring you to my point of view. There are questions, as deep as life and death, affecting my relations to Col. Anderson, not one of which has been so much as alluded to during our acquaintance."

"You do not expect, or wish, I am sure, that your husband shall entertain your opinions, and conform to your views."

"Not unless I were diabolic enough to marry a man for the *luxury* of despising him," she interrupted, warmly.

"No," said I, not heeding her blazing eyes and flushed face, "but you know Col. Anderson well enough, I think, to be quite assured that you entertain common hopes, aspirations, and sympathies. Do you not?"

"Yes, if you make that as a general statement; but I have views and purposes in life, with which, for both our sakes, he must be fully acquainted, before we assume any permanent relation, other than that of friends. And if he has not such also, which I ought to know, we shall be better as we are, than nearer each other in the long walks of the future years. I should inevitably jostle, and finally spurn, a man who had not some adequate objects of *his own*, which might be hindered or helped by me, but must, under all and above all, *be his*—testifying his individuality and power, as those which I pursue shall testify mine. I can predicate this of such a man as Col. Anderson, but so I can of many others whom I know, between whom and myself the globe is not too great a wall of separation."

We were silent some moments. I was beginning to get a gleam of that interior light which she was following, when she said, in a tone so tender and changed from the last I had heard, that it arrested the current of my thoughts at once: "Shall I confess, dear Anna, that, hard as I know I seem to you, I withheld all acknowledgment of my love in the midst of these fearful trials and yearnings for the tenderness and strength of such a soul as his, more because I dared not trust myself to make it, than for any other reason?"



You think I am strong, with a heart of iron ; but, had I suffered myself to utter a word, or betray by a glance the homage my soul pays him, my strength would have become weakness, and I should inevitably have taken refuge in his arms—perhaps to despise myself when the storm should be past, and he had brought me to smooth and sunny waters. No, I must do that for myself, or I shall never be worthy to be his wife. In weakness and self-distrust, I withheld confession—in strength and self-discipline I will, with God's help, endeavor to become more nearly what he dreams that I am ; and then, dear, when the life of realization comes to us, not far off in the future—”

“Ah, be careful, Eleanore—be tender of that precious treasure—a true man's love ! Do not let dreams of the impossible or improbable dim or shiver the bright casket that contains such a jewel for you ! I tremble when I think, not of the danger of your loss—for I believe that is impossible, except by his death—but of his suffering, and the dreary banishment from hope to which your silence has consigned him.”

“I am not fearful for him, Anna. It may seem ungenerous to you, but it is true, and being so, may as well be spoken. I scarcely feel pain for him. You look surprised : but do you not know that the noblest maturity of character is in suffering ? And whenever, turning from my own claims and position, I think of him and his, I feel with all my love for him—nay, because of it, and of my proud and perfect trust in him, a secret rejoicing thrill along the deep and inmost currents of my being, that such a soul is going into the furnace to prove its purity and individuality. I know that he is so worthy of the gemmed coronet with which experience will crown him, that I can be almost thank-

ful to the inexorable hand which parts us. When the heroic mood flushes over me, I am sorry for nothing but that my share of the pain is not greater. For him there is nothing to fear. He has a large and beautiful and healthy nature, full of wholesome activities, as you saw by the rugged heartiness of that thanksgiving for work. He has many sweet impulses worthy the most womanly soul, and I know he will prove himself equal to the great trust I repose in him. He is going away this afternoon, to Sacramento, and thence to the mountains."

"When will he return?"

"I do not know."

"And you can thus treasure up heart and soul in him, and let him go away to the wilderness, unconscious of his possessions?"

"I have told you, dear Anna."

## CHAPTER XXX.

How coldly and dismally the wind blew! Phil, who had long left his dinner, was sitting, with his face crushed against the window, watching the footmen, as they fought their way against the dust and sand, and the horsemen, as they caracoled up and down Clay and Washington Streets, and along Kearney—past the great gaming-houses, whose music came to us in fitful, wailing passages, as the dreary wind bore it hither and thither. Phil's gayety was not boisterous, but he rejoiced in the flying sarapas and jingling spurs of the native horsemen, with their olive faces, black eyes, and abundant raven hair: upon the very top of which, the small, brown, conical hat, was held by a string under the chin. The wide brim, standing perfectly and stiffly horizontal over the grave features, gave them a formal, severe aspect, and an air of looking with deep displeasure upon the bustling, hurrying army of invaders that surrounded them.

Eleanore smiled as one passed who was more noticeable by his prancing horse, rich mountings, and gay dress, and said: "Recall our revered friend in New York, Anna—him of the white coat and auburn hair, and great bald head, with a hat standing at an angle of forty-five degrees to the line of his body—and contrast him with that poor, unoccupied being; his earnest blue eye, beaming with the fire of thought and



the light of affection, with the unmeaning, unasking glance of that little black orb; his benignant smile with that sardonic elongation of the mouth—and tell me if the spirit, rather than the body, is not the man!”

“Oh, mamma, mamma!” exclaimed Phil, “do look! Oh, Miss Warren, come and see!”

We followed the direction of Phil’s little hand, which pointed down to Kearney Street. It was crowded densely from side to side, and shouts and screams and yells arose from the throng, and hats were whirling in the air.

“But what is it all for?” said Eleanore; “I can see nothing.”

The music in the Parker House, the principal hell of the city, before which the crowd had gathered, had ceased, and as we looked, there rode out of the open doors two women on horseback—their heads uncovered—the wind tossing their short skirts willfully and shamelessly out of place, and they reeling in the saddle with intoxication. More vociferously than ever the mob cheered them when they came forth, and their spirited horses leaped down the three or four steps at once.

“Oh, God’s mercy!” exclaimed Eleanore, flushing darkly, and then turning pale, “that one should belong by any tie of Nature to such as those. Well might he say I could not conceive such shamelessness. Heaven forbid me the power!”

“And those men,” I said; “they are not all vagabonds, surely! If they are, the country is filled with such.”

“There is no acknowledged class of vagabond and worthless here, Anna,” said my friend, sorrowfully; “all

those men, except, perhaps, a very few, call themselves respectable, claim a position among honest people, and would repel indignantly the imputation of worthlessness or loss of character—they have good wives and daughters, or mothers and sisters and friends at home. And yet witness their baseness—how readily they open their mouths to applaud that mournful spectacle !”

The unfortunate creatures rode off toward Washington Street, and we turned away from the disgusting sight, sick at heart and fearful of soul.

“Shall we go out to-night ?” I asked. “It is already late.”

“No, not to-night, Anna. I have no courage for those crowds and the wind. It must surely be better in the morning : and perhaps Antonio or Ching may appear to us by that time. I should be very grateful for a sight of either, for I have an unconquerable horror of going out quite by ourselves—with an object, too, which must be accomplished, and which so forbids our turning back when we would.”

“This has been a hard day for you, dear,” I said, noting how very pallid was her face.

“Yes, I think I have lived a year since morning. If life were to go on so, we should grow old very soon, and weary, and be glad to leave it.”

“Let us leave this phase of it,” I said, “for the present, and if you feel able, read something that will help us to forget it. This is not all the world, and even these people, I doubt not, have veins of good and helpful nature in them.”

“What shall we have ?” she asked ; “or, rather, which ? for, you know, our library contains but five books—the Bible, Miss Barrett, Tennyson, Sterling, and Emerson’s Essays.”

"Let us have the Essay on Heroism," I said. "Every helpful word will come to us with power now."

She took up the book and began turning the leaves, while I, with needle and thread in hand, seated myself to repair the best dress I owned.

"This is a precious volume," she said; "not only for the master-light whence it emanates, but for the lesser ones that I have caught and fixed here. Look at these fly-leaves. I like the plan of leaving several at the beginning and close of a book. It enables me to put my own mottoes there—more than one, to suit the meanings I find most pregnant in it. Here is Bryant's sublime 'Battle-field;' a piece of exquisite and religious beauty on 'Prayer,' cut from an old newspaper; and two pages extracted from Theodore Parker's 'Discourse of Religion;' which are worth, I had almost said, the whole volume, but that would have been wronging the others.

"How strong one feels in the thought that such men live and move, suffer and rejoice, now, among us! Years ago, when I was awakening to the glory of the religious life—learning that it was actual to my soul, instead of an opinion or a creed, which I might accept or leave alone, at my will, I remember a long period of painful dissatisfaction that my day should have had no Christ. I felt certain that his life would have been more potent, to me, witnessed, than reported, as Lafayette, whom I then saw, seemed ever after more real than Washington. I had seen the arm that had been generously uplifted for liberty, and the eye that had flashed along the thunderous line of battle.

"My strong, sensuous life, makes its demands always. In the matter of persons whom you ask me to re-



vere, give them to me; or else what will show to me the daily common life of the man or woman. I do not care so particularly that the biographer of the sage, poet, hero, or lover, should furnish me with the dates of the great events in his life; and even the events themselves have less interest than a week's daily journal of this man's doing and being—as, how he lived; in what sort of house; his gardens and fruits, and the care he gave them; how he entertained and repelled his children; his joy at their birth and his grief at their death; how he talked with his friends; how he was related to his wife, and wherefore he chose her. These items, and such as these, would bring us nearer to that soul, which is now become only a name and a thought to us, than the knowing when a certain book was written; whether at thirty or forty; when a victory was won, or a defeat nobly sustained. In the case of the lover, as that is a purely interior experience, and can only be shadowed forth in the external, the narrative is always the poorest and coldest, though the subject is the divinest which our human life presents. Who would not rather hear the first low-spoken words of love and pride that fell from Hero's lips—the first murmured demands of Leander to be acknowledged as her chosen one—than have repeated, on the most unquestionable authority, the assurance, that, nerved and strengthened by the sweet thought and hope of her, he had conquered the surges of the Hellespont? We would rather know what coldness, scorn, or anguish, were in the last interview of Sappho and her lover, than merely that the Leucadian leap was taken—the wild waves below being more merciful than the cruel tortures above.

“It is the life, dear Anna, that we crave, not the

record of its outward doings. It is the soul-life that appeals to our soul: and hence the great charm of those few, rare biographies, and rarer autobiographies, which melt the heart before us. Our writing and reading and remembering have, for centuries, been cold and unnatural in this respect; the ancients were truer to the affections in their thought and expression: and the late moderns are becoming so. Emerson explains it beautifully—the old fidelity, I mean—somewhere in this *Essay on History*; I read it but the other day. As I remember, there seemed at bottom the idea, which we all have, of the eternal identity of life, and of human experience in its highest and strongest traits; and then he said that the charm of the ancient literature, in every sort, was the simplicity and healthy naturalness with which persons spoke or were described. The sensuous life was strong, and, whether pure or not, as you and I might demand, was yet unshamed.

“Since then there has been a long transition—an ascension from the natural toward the spiritual plane, in which, with Pisgah before them, men were ashamed of the Egypt behind—a period, I think, of concealment—the heart almost disclaims its love: at best, is not ruggedly independent in proclaiming the presence of this divine light in its chambers, and draws the curtains closely, that it shine not forth. Ah! never look so accusingly at me, dear friend; my time has not yet come; when it does, then see if I have not a touch of the old Greek wife in me”—and smilingly she went on. “Not only does the heart shrink and crouch and plead before its master-passion for concealment, but the soul shuts up its religious exercises, speaks in faint whispers only to the friend or the minister of its hopes

and fears, and has no healthy natural courage to stand before the world and say that God is its Lord and Pattern, whom it purposes to approach by all right and true uses of pleasure as well as pain. There is a sickly and unprofitable foundation of shame and mortification underlying our religious life, which Christ did never place there. It is the work of later lives than his, and I thank God daily that there are sturdy hands that have digged their way to this substratum, and are casting it forth—such men as these among us, and Strauss and De Wette among the Germans, and Carlyle and Wilkinson among the Britons.

“I see a new day dawning, dear, on the darkened religious life—a day of health and hope and peaceful growth.”

Thus we had talked, or, rather, she had; for I had listened, with only now and then a question, to lead her on; and we had heard no heroism but our own, when poor little Phil came to us and said: “Mamma, dear, won’t you take me and tell me a story? I feel so sorry.”

“Sorry for what, darling?”

“Betause I am all alone.” And with the words came the irresistible tide of tears.

“No, no; not alone, dearest little one. Here is mamma, and there is Miss Warren.”

“But Turnel isn’t here, nor Misser Darf, nor Antonio, nor Ching, nor—”

“Who else, dear Philip?”

“Nor Harry, mamma”—weeping bitterly on her bosom; “and the wind blows, and its all gray ’tween here and the other houses.”

“Dear Philip, does the little heart want cheering, too? It shall have it. Mamma is large and strong,



and she loves Philip so dearly—there, like that”—clasping him closer—“and he shall not be sorry; “for to-morrow morning the wind won’t blow, and we will have a pleasant walk, and, may be, see Antonio; and the gray fog will be all gone, and how happy we will be in the sunshine!” Already the child’s face brightened.

“It was dreary to be watching so long and still, alone there, my darling. Very soon we will have a lamp lighted, and then we will shut out that ugly-looking fog. He shan’t shake his dirty gray curtain in our faces any longer.”

“No,” said Phil, laughing; “he shan’t look into our nice room, shall he?”

“Not a bit, darling. Shall I sing ‘Lady Moon’ very softly?”

“Yes.”

And she sang, low, but clear and distinct, every syllable, those beautiful crystal lines of Milnes—adapting the words to her own musical conception as she went along. She had a sweet, ringing voice, and I was even comforted myself by the simple performance.

The tea-bell rang. “I cannot go to table,” said Eleanore. “Let us be extravagant for once, and order the supper in our room. I must have some food, for to-morrow, you know, dear, this play will be at an end, and there will then be no place for weak hearts and fainting stomachs.”

“Shall I go down and give the order?”

“If you would not rather have me do it. I don’t intend to put all the *disagréments* upon you, and you have certainly taken a large share so far.”

“Well, then, I will take this one more,” and I went.



I had a mind to have a nourishing, yet light and wholesome supper for her, who had but tasted of luncheon since our last dinner on the Garonne ; a time that seemed long enough gone to have starved and buried a person in. I asked for tea, some dry toast, a bit of nice beefsteak for one, and a boiled egg.

"Don't know as we have any eggs, ma'am," said the waiter. "They're very scarce."

"How dear are they?" prudence inquired, using my tongue.

"We charge half a dollar a piece, ma'am."

"Then get one, if you can, and send for the child a glass of milk. Is that dear?"

"Three bits a glass, ma'am."

"Let us have it," I said, in a kind of momentary recklessness of expense, which I seemed to have imbibed already in the air.

I took a lamp and returned, asking him to send the supper as soon as it could be prepared. "We had better go with cheerful hearts to our first night's rest," I reasoned, "if it does cost something."

Eleanore agreed in this, and while we were waiting, I tidied the room in further respect to our gastronomy, while she told fairy stories to Phil, and kept him awake for supper. At last it came. The egg was from over seas, and could not be eaten ; the milk had a strong flavor of water, and the butter had not come from the dairy that week, certainly. But the steak was tolerable, the bread good, and the tea worthy the nearest neighbor of China—delicious, aromatic, subtile ; on the whole a very good supper, we agreed : the most substantial satisfaction to all, I think, being derived from Phil's exceeding joy over his milk.

"That idea was an inspiration, Anna," said his

mother, "and I am very grateful to the kind spirit who gave it you; for we were needing some sound comfort very much. I should not like to see any depression or heart-sinking there, not even for a day; and we have to supply the place of many devoted friends."

When the supper was over, Phil went around the bed to his mother's basket, and returning with his box of dominoes, said, with a smile that was half shame at the demand, and half pleasure at feeling warranted in making it: "Now, mamma, I believe you can play a game with me—can't you?"

"Yes, love; but if I should beat?"

"Oh, you won't. Turnel never beats me."

And so a mock game was gone through, with alternations of great solemnity and mirth; and then, with more stories and "Lady Moon" repeated, Phil was laid asleep. Eleanore and I sat and talked long after, partly of speculative, but more of practical and near affairs; and finally parted to our respective beds, with a warm embrace.

"Our first night here," she said; "and it closes in, dreary and lonely, upon us—does it not? This damp, chilling fog, assails my cheerfulness sadly. It would be much easier to weep than refrain."

"Don't you think of it," said I; "but let us sleep early, that we may begin the day clear and strong to-morrow."

I have not mentioned one feature of our position—a very disagreeable one—which was, that, as to sound, there was no privacy in the house. We heard the incessant hum of talk from the bar-room, rising occasionally into loud and revolting profanity; every word spoken in the passage leading to our room; and, when the inmate of the next apartment came in, every move-

ment there was as audible to us as if he had been in our own. I had not thought so much of this during the day, but now, when I laid down to sleep, and went to thinking instead, it seemed a fearful thing to be thus, as it were, under the inspection of so many surrounding ears, and the involuntary hearer of so much that one would gladly be ignorant of. Separation effected by walls of cotton-cloth and paper! said I, mentally. It is not wonderful that coarse people should become coarser here.

I lay long awake, hearkening to the horrid sounds, with a kind of fascination for them which I seemed unable to resist—the talk from below and from the street, and when these died away for a moment, the heavy breath of sleepers in our neighborhood. At last I was relieved by hearing near me a soft, but measured breathing, in the lengthening pauses of other sounds, and then I knew that Eleanore slept.

“Poor Eleanore!” I said, with a heart-ache for her; “poor Eleanore! What a brave soul it is! and how thick and fierce the storm that beats upon it!”

## CHAPTER XXXI.

I was awakened by the touch of a hand upon my forehead, and I opened my eyes to see by the dim, soft light of the early morning, Mrs. Bromfield standing by me, already dressed, and with a cheerful, calm, almost happy face.

"Dear Anna," she said, "rise. The morning is like a dream of Fairy Land. It is the hour of God's own reign. Let us go out early, before the streets are again filled. I see the flush of day over those hills beyond the water, and the air has the peace and stillness of heaven. Such a contrast to the dreary raging of the evening!"

I rose, and while I was making my toilet, Phil was awakened and brought to a sense of the pleasure before him. There were few people yet moving in the streets, and when we stepped out into the delicious Sabbath stillness, an earnest thanksgiving for that hour, and its beauty and peace, went up from my soul.

"Where shall we go?" I asked.

"Up the hill, by all means," was the reply; and we turned to our left.

The grocer—my own and Phil's acquaintance of the day before—was just opening his shop, and he accosted us with such interest and satisfaction, that his little friend was fain to stop a moment.

"Fine morning ladies," said the man, bowing.



"Very beautiful," replied Eleanore, assured by his honest face and unquestionable voice and manner; "it is a great change from last evening, sir."

"Yes; but that's the regular way here, madam. Such mornings and evenings all summer. One half the day makes up for the other, ma'am; so I say it's a fine climate, though I don't like the wind."

"Does it blow so every afternoon?" I asked.

"Every one, ma'am, as sure as the sun rises. But we're just as sure of such a morning after it. You are right to be out early with this little fellow; and if you want a pleasant walk, and are strangers, as I guess you are, I'll tell you of one that you won't often find the equal of anywhere. Just go up this street till you come to the third one running across it; that's Stockton; and then turn to your right. It'll lead you to the water, just outside of Telegraph Hill, and there isn't a prettier sight, of a morning, in all America."

"Thank you," said Eleanore. And we moved along.

"Stop a moment, ma'am, if you please. My little friend here will be glad of a cracker before he gets back." And he led Phil inside, who, when he returned, looked like a perambulating commissariat in miniature.

"I've got such a lot, mamma," he said.

"But, my darling, you should have taken only three or four."

"But he did put them all in; he would, dear mamma; don't you think he's very good?"

"Yes, Phil, very good, indeed; but you must tell him, next time, not to give you so much; and you may tell him that mamma doesn't wish you to take it."

"I will," he said, "but I *believe* he likes to do it."

This was always Phil's ultimatum; his final argument lay in "I believe," which seemed to express an inmost and irrefragible truth. There was no gainsaying that.

"Is not this beautiful beyond imagination?" said Eleanore, as we rose the hight, and turned to look down upon the city and the bay, and the hills beyond: over which the sun was just rising, through a sea of daffodil and rosy air.

We passed Brenham Place, at the head of the Plaza, and the large zinc post-office on the corner, which we knew by the waste wrappers and rubbish lying heaped in all the little sheltered nooks and angles about it. This reminded us, that, in the multiplied experiences of the day before, we had entirely forgotten that there existed a mail and post-office in the country. "There were no signs of any one moving in it yet, or I should wish to go in," I said.

"Not till we come back, dear," said my friend; "with all this before us, we can well afford to defer for an hour any pleasurable tidings; and we do not want any painful ones now."

Past Dupont Street, where already the fantastic figures of beings who might have sat for the pictures on our mothers' old-fashioned china, were gathering to their own exclusive kingdom; past a few smart-looking new houses, and many cloth and rough board shanties; and here, at a good elevation above the bay, we are in Stockton Street.

We turn to the right. There are some fine brick buildings going up on the upper side of this broad avenue, which, from its position and width, looks as if it might by-and-by become the Fifth Avenue of San

Francisco. We walk along, still rising a little, and passing butchers' stalls, groceries, and drinking-shops, on the steps of which stand young men whose eyes plead for rest, and whose neglected, debauched faces, tell a painful tale of the last few hours. No women but ourselves yet in sight, and every eye scrutinizing us—every door occupied as we pass. Now we leave the buildings behind us, descending toward North Beach, and there before us lies the passage into the harbor—a broad belt of peaceful blue water, dotted with sails, and just bordered, under the bold hills opposite, with the golden light which lies upon them. The water and its sails, with Angel Island and the environing shore beyond, are a picture, framed ruggedly on the right by Telegraph Hill, and on the left by the rising land of Clark's Point.

"How entirely calm, how beautiful, how pure it is!" said I.

"Yes," said Eleanore; "and seeing it, I wonder that even common natures can lay hold upon degradation with such relish, when a sermon like this is preached daily to them in this grand cathedral. See those white gulls skimming the water, suggesting the near neighborhood of the awful but unseen sea. I never felt my heart so wholly satisfied with Nature as at this moment."

We went quite down to the beach, where the surf of the incoming tide lapsed upon the sands, in a music gentle and sweet, as became the place and the hour. Phil sat down upon a pile of boards and munched his crackers, while his mother and I stood and filled our souls with the scene.

"I am always a Pantheist at such hours as this," said she. "God smiles upon me from the water, and



the floating clouds, and the fair earth. I feel him in them. The whole universe is quick with his presence, and breathes it into my heart. I do not wonder that the sentiment of the Beautiful in those wonderful old Greeks culminated in their Pantheon—their temple to all the gods. Their climate must have been like this, Anna; and one could fancy them present, drawn hither, after the ages of their unfolding, by sympathy with an earth-life, which is destined, perhaps, to reproduce, on the developed plane, the perfect type of which they were the archetype.”

I smiled at the fancy, and she said: “I give it only for what it may be worth to you, as, indeed, we must take all fancy and all thought; but for me, I love to feel that the glorious spirits of old, made more glorious by their super-earthly experiences, do sometimes hover near us, retaining their ancient sympathies with this life, as we with infancy, because we once were infants. I think it might be reasonably and beautifully so; but whether Phidias and Sophocles are near us at this moment or not, this earth and this sky and this air seem to me palpitating with life, and the power to impart it.”

“One could certainly bear a good deal in a country of such rich and perfect compensations,” I said.

“Yes, anything,” she replied; and her eye glowed with an enthusiasm that beamed from its depths, as the cool darkness of the waters before us was visible through the sunshine that lay upon their surface. “I would not call martyrdom by that name, if it befell me here, with the Father’s smile thus beaming upon me.”

“Nevertheless,” I said, “we shall find trials here.”

“Oh, trials enough—heavy and sad enough, dear



Anna, to make us at times indifferent to what we feel so keenly now. These high hours come to us only when the soul is attuned by courage which means resignation—not in the meek, but lofty and uppermost sense. I am never resigned to life, as a whole, but at such moments, and then I am entirely feeling the littleness of human effort in the midst of so much grand work already done; feeling, too, that nothing can ultimately fail which is shaped and wrought by the Power and Love that speak to us there.”

“I suppose,” I said, “that all natures have experiences of corresponding rest and hopefulness. Every soul must be consciously so addressed, at times, by the visible; and how, then, can we solve that baseness, which, like a relentless and virulent disease, returns to seize again and again upon the life?”

“It is not penetrated,” she said. “The air of purification and kindling only plays upon and over it, as the rays of that morning sun go rioting joyfully over those far hills, but do not stay to search out and illuminate the valleys between them. That is the office of later and mature hours—which, alas! never come to the debased soul, in the brief audiences it gives to Nature. But I believe that sermons could be preached to sinful hearts before this altar, that would touch them more deeply and effectually than those which are uttered upon printed texts, within buildings made of men’s hands.”

There were people approaching us—some laborers and some idlers—and so our hour of tranquillity ended. It was long till we saw another such.

Passing homeward, at the corner of Jackson Street we met a troop of little children, with books in their hands. Phil’s eyes dilated with joy, and we were scarcely less gladdened at the sight.

"Where are you going, my child?" I asked of a little girl, rather untidy and neglected-looking, but with a frank, clear face.

"To school, ma'am," she replied, dropping the very ghost of a very little courtesy.

"To school! Where, pray?"

"There, ma'am," with the same motion, pointing to a good-sized house, that was painted brown, "in Mr. 'Unt's church."

"Who teaches you?"

"Mr. and Mrs. Marsden, ma'am."

"But it isn't school-time by a great deal," I said, looking at my watch. "What are you going to do till your teachers come?"

"Play, ma'am. We always plays in the morning."

"Are there many of you?"

"A 'ouse-full, ma'am."

And even while we stood talking, the gathering troops came thronging around the steps.

"Oh, mamma," said Phil, delighted immeasurably by the joyous sight and sound of frolicsome childhood, "won't you take me to 'cool?"

Mamma endeavored to explain, but the coveted joy was too great for poor Phil to understand any reason why it should be denied him; and at last he said, very sadly, as feeling himself wronged: "Well, I believe Turnel will take me there."

How quickly her eyes suffused at the words! "It is only for the child," she said, as I glanced at her. "I am more pained now for him than any one of us. If I could secure his comfort and welfare, it would take a heavy burden from my spirit."

As she spoke, we were drawing near our hotel. At every step, we met men who looked into our faces, as they had the day before—(but how much less it wound-

ed us now than then!)—some rudely, some inquiringly, and some with open admiration—of Eleanore, I mean. You understand that I do not claim to have been admired ever, though once there was one who loved me, thank God!

The steps in front of our house were crowded, but we made our way without looking up, with Phil between us; and just as we reached the threshold, we heard ourselves saluted with: “Bon jours, mesdames! Buenos dias!” and, last of all, our own old English “Good morning, Mrs. Bromfield—Miss Warren!”—and there stood, tidy and smiling, Antonio, with a stout round parcel in his hand.

You may be sure our greeting was not less cordial than his. He followed us into the parlor, demonstrated over Phil, and handed me the parcel, which was directed to “Master Philip Bromfield, care of Miss Warren.” I suspected immediately from whom it came, but Antonio did not speak. He stood aside, while, at Phil’s request, I opened the accompanying note, and read to him as follows—he listening with the most becoming and serious gravity:

“DEAR PHIL:

“I send you this box of figs because I know you like them; and Antonio, too, because you like him. Antonio is going to live with a friend of mine—a man as good as Captain Dahlgren—who will let him go an hour every morning and take you a walk. Tell your mamma not to be afraid. Antonio will be very careful, *and he wants to do it*”—(these last words underscored, in vague and tender reference, I suppose, to the past.) “So now good-by, Phil. Don’t forget me, nor how much I love you.

Your friend,           THE ‘TURNEL.’”



Beneath was written as follows :

“TO MISS WARREN:

“For the sake of our common experiences in the time that is gone, and for another, which I could not disguise from you if I would, I shall take the liberty of writing you, after I shall have reached my place of destination, and looked about myself a little there. Until then, I am

Very respectfully and truly yours,

J. LEONARD ANDERSON.”

This little gift and note comforted us greatly ; but also pained Eleanore, who, thanking Antonio, fled to our room faster than I could follow her ; and was fiercely struggling to beat back the emotions they had awakened, when I entered.

“Don’t talk to me, Anna,” she said ; “don’t tell me of his kindness and magnanimity in thinking of so substantial a good to the child ! I cannot bear it now. The gift I make nothing of—it is such common kindness to offer a child what will gratify its palate ; but the thoughtfulness of sending Antonio every day, is so like a generous, noble woman—and like him, too ! And he did not think fit to address the note to my care ! I know he had no reason to, and the strongest for not doing it ; and yet—and yet I—no, I ought not—”

“No,” I said “I think you ought not to expect or desire any further evidence of how entirely he studies your happiness, while you ignore his as bravely as any heartless, conscienceless coquette of them all !”

“No, I do not,” she said, rising by a great effort above her emotions, and speaking more calmly ; “I do



not forget his happiness any whole hour of the day ; but I yield, perhaps, too wholly to my subjective relation toward him, which is as sacred and inseparable as toward God. I shall clear it all up some day, Anna, so that you will be satisfied with me, which I know you are not now.

“ But we must not talk of what will take away our courage for the day. Let us go to breakfast, and then to our work ; and pray do not speak again of what will call this up, till we can better afford it.”

## CHAPTER XXXII.

There was great scarcity of water, and what we had was of abominable hardness and flavor; but as I said of our supper, there was delicious *tea* for breakfast; and though Eleanore ordinarily was very abstinent, she now braced herself with a large cup of it. Antonio still remained, for he was not to commence his service till next day, and would stay with Phil as long as he wished him to. So we sallied forth, leaving them in occupation of our room, with the freedom of the passages and parlor. The first quest was a boarding place, and I, with a sort of *amour de corps*, proposed going to see the school-teachers. "They must have been here some time," I said; "they must be respectable and safe persons, and have a large acquaintance."

"Really, Anna, for practical matters—not to disparage you in others—you fall little short of perfect at times," said Eleanore. "That, now, is a lucky and sound idea, which, I suppose, would never have occurred to me."

We proceeded to prove its value at once. The school-doors were open, and the hum of voices greeted us at the corner, several yards off. It was a welcome sound to me, for I love a school.

"In the future world, I think, your employment will be teaching," said Eleanore, as we went up the steps.

"I hope so."

The little English girl had told us there was a "house-full"—and so it was: running over, indeed.

Mr. Marsden came forward and received us, as if accustomed to see visitors there. He was engaged with a class in the front part of the room, while his wife heard one from the desk below the pulpit. We stopped a moment at his place, and then availed ourselves of his polite invitation to walk back and take seats.

As we passed along the aisle, between the ranks of little faces, Eleanore said: "It was nothing less than an inspiration that sent us here. Look at the sweet candor and purity of that woman's countenance!"

We sat down, and talked in her moments of leisure, which were few and short, till a class was called to read. "Anna," said my friend, as they were taking their seats, suppose you indulge yourself in the luxury of hearing those children, and let me speak to Mrs. Marsden." Then, turning to her: "My friend, Miss Warren," she said, "is an experienced teacher, and she proposes to rest you for a little space by hearing that class."

"Thank you," was the willing reply; and she gave me the book.

Before the exercise was done, I saw, by glancing at them from time to time, that they had settled all inquiries, at least to Eleanore's satisfaction. Her face was bright, and Mrs. Marsden seemed equally pleased, as they announced to me that they had arranged, and we were to go at once to her own house, she fortunately having a vacant room.

"And no boarders," said Eleanore.

"I had, perhaps, better speak to my husband," said



the good lady, coloring at our enthusiasm. "Can you give me any reference?"

"Mr. Haydon—Richard Haydon."

"Oh, he was a friend of Henry's," she said; and with the word, she summoned him by a look, and told him of our arrangements, and that we were acquaintances of Mr. Haydon's.

"He was my uncle," said Eleanore.

Hereupon Mr. and Mrs. Marsden both offered cordial hands, as to an old friend. "We ought to know you," said Mr. M., "for we have heard often enough of you, from your uncle, who was a good friend of ours. We shall take pleasure in making you both feel yourselves at home, as far as is in our power."

After a little further friendly talk, we took leave, to go on our shopping; and at noon Mr. Marsden was to come to the hotel and accompany us to his house. Mrs. M. had given us directions where to go, and shown the utmost kindness in everything; and we went away from her very much cheered and encouraged.

"How fast the world loses its hard, unfriendly aspect," said I, "when we see it through the medium of kind hearts, and feel there is a spot near us that we can call home!"

"Yes," said Eleanore; "the wind"—which was already sending forth short but sharp blasts of warning—"will not be so dreary by many degrees to-day as it was yesterday. Even these men look better to me, and I feel less put down by the sight of that group of unfortunates flaunting through the square than I did before I saw that dear, good creature."

In short, we were very much lifted out of our anxieties and depression by this fortunate meeting. We stopped and saw Phil and Antonio a few minutes, and

called for our bill, that we might know how much we had to pay out before making further expenditures. "For we must not let our finances become deranged or complicated," said Eleanore, laughing in her renewed spirits.

The clerk came and delivered it, with a gentlemanly bow, and had his pen in hand, ready to receipt it. As I had bargained for the room, I took it into my own hand. It was "lumped" all together—two and a half days' board, thirty dollars.

"That is not according to the charge I agreed on," said I, "when I took the room."

"It is No. 9 I think you have; a double room—is it not?"

"Yes."

"Eight dollars a day for each of you; six for the child. Luncheon and supper in your room, with milk and eggs, extra—thirty dollars! That's right, ma'am."

"Do you mean to tell me," I asked, determined not to be imposed on without resistance, "that our having supper in our room, with an egg which could not be eaten, and a glass of milk extra, makes an addition of eight dollars to your bill?"

"That's the bill, ma'am," he replied.

Eleanore had taken out her purse and counted the money, which she gave him, saying, "Such things seem a little strange to us, because we are fresh from the country where shillings stand for dollars here. I think your charge is unjust, but that is more your concern than mine."

"Pray, madam," he said, deferentially, touched, I suppose, by a certain loftiness in her tone—which challenged his pride, instead of his avarice—"as I had—"

“Not a word more,” she said; “we will call at noon for our things; and meanwhile I will leave my little son and the boy here.”

“Certainly,” he said, “anything that would accommodate us.”

And I have no doubt he was more anxious at that moment to get rid of three or four of those eight dollars, than he had before been to get them.

We had been directed to Clay, below Kearney Street, for our shopping; and there we found half a dozen or more stores, filled mostly with goods of very costly kinds—elegant silks, satins, velvets, laces, and embroideries, worthy the notice of duchesses, rather than of two poor women like ourselves.

“The difficulty we find, sir,” said Eleanore, to a pertinacious and almost impudent shopman, “is not that your goods are not elegant; they are too much so for either our taste or means. I do not want those costly pattern-silks, but a plain, handsome black silk, which is good.”

“Here it is then—a German boiled silk, ma’am—yard wide—splendid shade and quality—eight dollars a yard.”

“It is too good and too expensive.”

“Then, I think, ma’am, we couldn’t suit you”—with a palpable sneer.

“There is a piece of Gros de Naples,” said another and more respectful young man, laying a piece before us.

“Would you have the goodness to remain and serve us?” she asked him.

“Certainly, ma’am.” And the other fell back with a mortified scowl.

There was an opposite counter, where some of the

hooded sisters, with enormous purses, filled with large gold coins, were buying the most expensive embroidered robes, at a hundred and a hundred and fifty dollars a piece, with as much *non chalance* as we would have selected cotton cloths. It was plain why the young man with the sneer could not patiently serve ladies who were avowedly unable to buy even a forty or fifty dollar dress.

We at last succeeded, with the help of the civil clerk, in finding that which pleased us well, and which we could afford to purchase—each of us a black silk, and then, in colors, two patterns each of what best suited us.

One of our unfortunate neighbors came across—by way of amusing herself, I suppose—and stood next to Eleanore, almost crowding against her. She did not draw back haughtily, as I expected to see her, but yielded gently the room required; and, after standing so a moment, turned her face full upon the girl—who still pressed toward her—and looking seriously into her eyes, asked, in a quiet, and not unkind tone:

“Would you like to look at these goods?”

“No, thank you,” was the pert reply.

“Then, perhaps you will be kind enough to give me and my friend room for a few minutes more.”

And her unpleasant neighbor walked away in silence to her companions.

We had still the milliner and shoe-stores to visit—both formidable undertakings, as well to our patience as our fast-diminishing purses. Eleanore, indeed, had insisted, or, rather, in her usual way, without insisting, had paid all my purchases at the first shop; and when all was settled, she had something over a hundred dollars left, and I about fifty.



"Not a large capital, dear Anna, to begin to live with—even at the prudent rate of sixteen dollars a week. We shall have to find something to do very soon."

"Yes; but, first, we must get ourselves into better garments. We will not think of work outside our own room for the next ten days; for now you must prove the artistic skill you once boasted to me as a mantua-maker. It would leave us penniless to hire these dresses made up."

"I did not think of doing it," she said; "for Mrs. Marsden, whose word has already become a canon with me, said, in answer to my question about those things, that the heaviest expense of clothing, here, was the making. So we will even sit down to it ourselves."

"And when it is over, dear Eleanore, I have hope of your getting pupils in music. Poor Mrs. Farley, you know, said her sister had two daughters here, and I have no doubt they are people of condition. When we call to see them, why, something may come of it—who knows?"

"Ah! who knows? But here we are. Now, I hope Mr. Marsden has come, and that there will be no delay in getting to our new quarters."

He was there already, and we found also a vast politeness awaiting us from the clerk, who had evidently taken some data from our new friend.

"Mr. Haydon was as much respected here," said this gentleman, "as any rich man who had the misfortune to be thoroughly honest could be. The hour of his death made him poor, I suppose; but you will always find his name secure respect among those who knew him."

"That is a valuable legacy to have left those who cared for him," said Eleanore, seriously.

"The young man here tells me," said Mr. Marsden, "that Mr. ——, your uncle's former banker, called this morning, during your absence. Shall I leave your address here?"

"Thank you, no. I know nobody, and the few persons that I may wish to see, I will send to."

"Mr. Hendrickson," I suggested.

"If I wish to see him," she said, "which is very improbable, I can send for him. I do not care that he should feel himself generally invited."

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

Thus leaving the ways closed after us, as we thought, we departed to the new home. Antonio led and carried Phil indefatigably, with baskets, parcels, and shawls, which he insisted upon taking from us; and Mr. Marsden, who was really exceedingly kind, bore sundry other parcels, and gave us an arm each; and at last we had mounted the sand-hill high up California Street, and stood at his door.

What a magnificent view from it! The labor was well repaid, though it was severe.

"It is better doing it now," he said, "with this wind, than in a warm morning. You complain of the wind, but it is very useful to Mrs. Marsden and me."

We entered. There was the dear, good lady, with her dinner ready, and a nice, tidy-looking Yankee girl, who had cooked it, darting in and out, laying it on the table—as much like home as we could imagine it to be in so far-off and peculiar a country. We had a nice room up stairs, with a little temporary bed for Phil; and there we sat down and worked without ceasing for nearly two weeks; seeing nothing of persons, except the quiet family of which we were a part; and little of anything, but the city which lay beneath our eye, and grew visibly from day to day. Forests of shipping crowded the magnificent harbor, wharves were shooting out at the foot of all the principal streets, and the

clang of building, pile-driving, excavating, and filling, resounded from early morning till dark. Every day dawned right over against us with the same majestic tranquillity we had felt on the first, and closed with a wind that only varied a little from one to another in fierceness, and sometimes brought back the fog, which Phil called the gray air.

We felt that we were part and parcel of a wonderful life, concentrated on this hitherto unknown spot, and of a development equally wonderful. For notwithstanding all that was disheartening, and even shocking and disgusting, in much that we heard—chiefly through Mr. and Mrs. Marsden—one could not but feel, in the energy that was here putting itself forth, a root of soundness which would anchor the life, despite the raging sea of selfishness, sensuality, and greed, that swept over and threatened to obliterate it.

But what grand affirmation sprung from Eleanore's strong hope in those dark days! "I have no fear," she would say, "but ultimately there will be found here the grandest outgrowth and illustration of the Republican Idea. For where should all the men of a State come up to that standard so naturally and uniformly, as in such a land and clime, which neither pampers nor impoverishes—neither enervates nor stints? Depend upon it, dear, though we may not live to see it, there will one day throng these plains and hills and valleys, the noblest people on the globe. Art will flourish, because the love of the Beautiful will grow into all souls, and wealth will nourish it with culture and refinement. There will be a sound and perfect physical life—free from the lassitude of the warmer climates and from the destroying diseases engendered in our Atlantic colds and heats. They will



have all the advantages of a commercial people, which our rich Western States are deprived of; and, living where the generosity of Nature forbids the idea of stint or limit, they will be provoked to emulate her. Civilization, marching westward with the ages, has now encompassed the globe. Some of its best religious life, its highest courage and largest aspiration for freedom, came to the rugged eastern shore of our continent two centuries ago, and thence the movement has been steady into better and better natural conditions: richer soils, lands more easily reclaimed, larger expanses—more generous causes, with results of corresponding character; which, if they produce in the first generations a rudeness and careless obliteration of the sharply graven lines of the perfect character, do also forbid the exiguities that have stamped the Atlantic man the world over. The Yankee sharpness and assiduity were a valuable root on which to engraft the heedless largeness of the Western soul; the two may be several generations in blending into a harmonious and beautiful one, but they will ultimately—while here we have, it seems to me, all the elements of an early development. Physically, the healthiest people of every nation come here; no invalids mix with and perpetuate their imperfect life among this people. The mingling of nations which will inevitably take place, would alone have a powerful tendency to raise up a fine people, and the sensuous influences of the country will, as it settles into a fixed character, take off the intense strain upon the American brain and nerve. The man and woman will become handsomer, the features less angular, inharmonious, and tense; and I believe whoever lives to see the Californians of the third or fourth generation, will see a race of men and women

unequaled in personal endowments and rounded completeness of character."

"It requires *faith*," said I, "to feel that; faith which must be truly the evidence of things not seen. Nothing in the actual life of the country forecasts it now to me."

Nothing in its visible life of to-day argues for my highest claims, I admit," she replied, "because the people are wasting themselves in a mad riot. But to-day is not forever, and conditions are not perpetuated far beyond their producing causes. The people will, in time, recover, and many of the men who hailed that spectacle of shame we witnessed on the day of our arrival, will hereafter shudder in their better hours at the humiliating recollection."

Thus she encouraged herself and me, keeping a brave heart and a hopeful one for the worst that might come. Phil's daily walk was an inestimable blessing to us all, and never was it omitted. At ten o'clock every morning Antonio rapped upon our door, and within five minutes of eleven they were there again—often with some trifling purchase or waif, picked up in the streets or on the hills, that enlarged his museum and helped to entertain him in the in-door hours.

There was waste enough, at that time, of cast-off clothing, superfluous utensils, and the refuse of the fires, lying about the streets and the little unoccupied valleys, to have furnished a considerable hamlet of peasantry. Ah, had the rag-pickers been there then! There were scores—hundreds—nay, stacks of shirts, lying scattered over the streets and in the by-places, which had been worn once and thrown away; it being cheaper to buy a new one, at a low price, than get the

soiled one washed, at a risk of its not holding together through that trying process. There were coats—fine coats, often nearly new—in which a rent had been accidentally made; no neat hand there to repair it, and away it went out of the window.

I was led into this by speaking of Phil's waifs. At one time they found a fancy box, of sandal-wood, with a landscape, very beautifully done in India ink, on its lid; at another, a silver tea-spoon; at others, knives, books, bullet-molds; then a small pistol, of the ancient sort; and Antonio declared that he could pick up scores of candle-sticks and flat-irons, with other such hardwares—which had resisted the fires, or been brought carefully all the way from home, to be finally rejected there.

Thus it went on with us till our second Sabbath—when we attended service in Grace Church—a neat little edifice for so new a city, in Powell Street. The pastor, Rev. Dr. L——, was a man whom it was impossible to look on without feeling in him the life of a true apostle. He spoke with a strong foreign accent, which it was difficult at first to understand; but there was such fervor and exalted earnestness in his thoughts and utterance, that one could not resist their influence. His congregation were small, but evidently composed of persons of culture, taste, and intellect; and Eleanore found the performances of the choir admirable: a fact which surprised us, but which was accounted for, Mr. Marsden said, by the great number of artists in the country.

“There, you see,” she said, “is another seed already sown in this soil, which I did not reckon.”

Subsequently we often attended the services of this church, and I believe never without feeling ourselves



nobly appealed to and warmed in soul by the excellent minister, though neither of us accepted his theology. In truth, he always seemed to me a better Christian than theologian himself. I learned to entertain a very high respect for him, and to recognize his face and figure with pleasure, as afterwards I frequently did among the sick and suffering, where the consolations of his pure faith and tender heart were never asked in vain.

It began now to be very necessary that we should find employment. In regard to teaching, Mr. Marsden was very discouraging. "Schools were not yet organized," he said; "scarcely could be for two or three months. Do not smile: when I speak of months as a period affecting the population or the organization and growth of such institutions, I name a period of time equal to as many years in any of our thriftiest Eastern communities. And you would have seen how that was, had you sat in our room on any day when the boom of a steamer's gun came up the harbor, and seen the wharf which her black length was laid alongside of, an hour after, swarming with the exodus of men, women, and children; the women being about one to thirty or forty, and the children perhaps double that. Such a young population pouring in semi-monthly, a portion of which remained in the city, would justify the remark that schools which could not be filled this week, would not be sufficient eight or ten weeks hence."

Mr. and Mrs. Marsden's was a free public school, then under the patronage of the city; hence its crowded condition.



## CHAPTER XXXIV.

Early in the week after our second Sabbath, we went to call on Mrs. Holman, the sister of Mrs. Farley. They lived in a smart house, pretentiously and showily furnished, in Powell Street—a little out of the best part of the town, Mrs. Holman acknowledged, but she preferred it on account of the wind, or the noise, or the dust, or the water, or something else, which might mean anything or nothing, and was of no consequence, whatever it meant. This was after the detailed narrative—given partly by myself and partly by Eleanore—of our voyage and her sister's death.

"What a pity!" she said; "and she and Matilda had been looking so long for her; and all the merchants had wondered so much what had become of the ship—so her husband told her when he was down, four or five weeks ago."

"There was a report of our voyage in the papers the day after we landed," said Eleanore.

"Was there! I don't read the papers myself. Matilda sometimes reads them; but we didn't see that."

The little woman shed a few tears, sighed, and groaned decorously; folded her hands upon her lap, and said that she and Matilda would "have to go into mourning now immediately. And such a pity," she added "that all her clothes should be lost! though, to

be sure, they wouldn't have been of any use to us now; for, I suppose, they were pretty much all colors. Did you ever see them? Were they all colors?"

I confessed my ignorance; and as I heard her talk, and looked into Eleanore's grand face, which seemed turning into a splendid piece of statuary, filled with a silent soul, I almost forgot that I was not again talking with Mrs. Farley herself: got up on a new scale—a larger and more elaborate one than our life at sea had ever admitted of. There were the same details of features, proportions, colors; the same movements, the same voice, but a perfect ear—and a life enlarged beyond the other by the smallest and most external fact of motherhood. She referred to her eldest daughter, Matilda, who was included in the mourning scheme, frequently; but their lives seemed, each, purely objective to the other. Matilda was a being whom she conferred with—whom she shone upon or received light from, at times, according to their respective positions; but Matilda was fact-reached no deeper than her senses and perceptions. If Matilda had died, she would have been in a measure comforted next day in repairing to the milliner's and the mourning store. She begged us to wait to see Matilda, because she would wish so much to hear about it from us, which I did not wonder at, considering the sort of narrative she was likely to get from her mother.

Eleanore had been silent some time, but at length, in a pause, which the little lady came to, she said: "I see you have a piano, Mrs. Holman—a fine instrument, I should judge from the maker's name. Would it distress you if I played something?"

"Oh, no," she replied, "I am very fond of hearing

it; though, to be sure, all Tilda's pieces are lively, and she won't be able to play 'em now."

Eleanore drew off her gloves, and laid her bonnet on a chair.

"I never can play with anything on my head," said she to me. "I lack room here"—laying her hand whimsically above her forehead.

"Well, that's curious, now," said Mrs. Holman; "for Tilda often sits down and plays with her hat on, when she comes in; and I never heard her, nor any one else, speak of that before, that I know of."

Eleanore went to the instrument. I had never heard her touch one, but I knew she had an artist's soul, and I expected something not less noble and grand than she was herself at times. I saw by the gloomy radiance of her eye that she was in the mood for it. All our talk had brought back Harry, and the lonely island, and the life and the deaths there, and the vast solitude of those tombs. It was a time to soothe her silent heart with glorious music.

Just as she touched the keys, calling forth the first soft, quavering chord, little decorum hopped up to her, like a staid, foolish canary about to interrupt the overflowing song of its mate, and said: "Don't play anything lively, if you please; I couldn't bear it now;" and then, with her eyes in her cambric, hopped back to her perch.

Again she struck the keys, with a little more force, but in the same chord; it was repeated the third time, each a little more decisively and less prolonged; and then, sweeping over the whole board, as if with fairy fingers, so soft and blended were the notes, she seemed to take it, with that action, fully into her power. There was a short prelude of sweet concords, gentle and soothing,



which imperceptibly passed into a quicker movement, with a continuous under-toning in the bass notes as mournful as the perpetual winds or seas. I could not hear it without being strangely affected; but it was maintained with increasing effect till it seemed too painful to endure, when there came a great shock of heavy sounds, short and fearful to my excited nerves, followed by total silence, for an instant, and then by a wail—a wild, wandering wail—gathered up from the moaning keys, as she went drearily over them, and suggesting such utter desolation of heart, that, with my own tears flowing, I wondered at seeing her sit there unmoved.

At last she ended, in a funeral strain that would have moistened eyes the most unused to weep. Never had I heard an instrument express so much music!

There had been an addition of two to her audience during the performance, a fact of which she remained insensible, till she arose and was about putting on her bonnet, when we were formally introduced to Mrs. Walker, the mistress of the house.

Mrs. Walker was an over-dressed, low-bred, insolent looking person, whose very quietest aspect repulsed me; what her worst was, I should not like to have had proved. She took occasion immediately to inform us that the piano was hers; that Mr. Walker had procured it for their daughter to learn on, and that the interesting young lady before us was the individual so favored. She added, that she "didn't like the style of music the lady had played, so well as good, old-fashioned pieces and songs."

At this stage of her self-development, Eleanore had resumed her bonnet and gloves, and walking nerv-



ously toward the door, she bade the ladies "good morning," and saying, "Come, Anna," was gone.

I followed in a moment, and when I joined her, I asked: "What have you been playing, Eleanore?"

"Life," she replied; "a little passage of it."

"Do you mean it was an improvisation? It *was* our voyage, then!"

"I suppose so, Anna. It never was written. It came to me. Perhaps it was not an improvisation; but I could not play it again, whatever it was. That is a noble instrument. It has a soul—the only one in the house, I think. It understood and answered me."

"There is no teaching for you there," I said.

"Teaching! My dear Anna, I would rather clean any tidy housekeeper's floors and scour her knives!"

## CHAPTER XXXV.

Other things were proposed and discussed ; there was sewing for good Mrs. Marsden, which helped to pay our expenses ; a week's service in the school, to rest her—infinite hope and a little discouragement—the difficulty all lying, not in finding occupation and good pay, but occupation that was at all suited to our habits and capacities.

“ It is as Captain Dahlgren told us,” said Eleanore. “ We have not brought the right power to this market. If we could wash or cook, there would be no difficulty ; but something—either the right or the wrong thing—I am determined upon undertaking within three days. I am going to look at the newspapers every morning.”

That day Mr. Garth, whom we had seen but twice since leaving the hotel, called to bid us good-by. He also was going up the country to one of the principal mining towns. He was cheerful—exhilarated by his excellent health and the miraculous climate, which he seemed unable to satisfy himself with praising, and not less by the entire freedom which men enjoyed in their choice of occupation.

“ I find there is no loss of caste,” he said, “ by labor. A learned professor from one of our Eastern States, who came here an invalid, is driving a team with merchandise out of Sacramento, twice a week ; and here are Englishmen, with the manners and language

of peers of the realm, handling the pickax and shovel. All this argues," he added, "rugged self-respect, which I enjoy very much."

Eleanore and I agreed that it was admirable and encouraging; and after he had gone, she showed me an advertisement for two women—who were wanted to take charge of a large lodging-house, near the foot of — Street. "If we could go together, would it not do?"

I smiled, and said: "I am afraid, dear, it would hardly be the sort of business we want."

"We are not likely to get that," she replied, quickly. "All my applications for pupils in music have failed, except those two girls, to whom I have given four lessons, in Pine Street, and the family are going to Stockton this week. It is folly, I am satisfied, to depend on any such thing at present, and I am inclined to think of this advertisement, and see, at least, what it offers. We could get Mr. Marsden to inquire about the duties and the pay, and also about the character of the proprietor; for, of course, everything would depend on that."

I agreed to this, and in the evening Mr. M. told us that the house was new, just opened, and but half furnished; that they wanted persons who could put it in order—make carpets and bedding and beds—do, in short, all that was required to keep a good lodging-house, except the washing, which would be done out; and one would have to keep the books and accounts. He had seen the place, and its proprietor. The rooms were all on the second and third floors, with respectable stores underneath; there was a neat little office at the head of the stairs, with a lodging-room adjoining it; and Mr. Peters, the proprietor, was a shrewd,

money-making Yankee, a thoroughly reputable man, who had business elsewhere, and wanted persons who were competent to take charge of this themselves, and who could be trusted to do so, with his seeing them once a day. Finally, he would give the head employe two hundred and fifty dollars per month, and her assistant one hundred and seventy-five, with board—their meals to come from a neighboring restaurant, and be taken in their own room.

“You shall be the two hundred and fifty dollar woman, Anna,” said Eleanore, with a solid hopefulness in her face and voice, “and I will be the one hundred and seventy-five—and Phil shall be a sort of body-guard.”

A faint flush of color stole over her features at these last words, which deepened as I looked at her, and perhaps smiled a little, for she said: “You may laugh, but Phil could be very useful, and take a deal of care of mamma and Miss Warren—couldn’t you, darling?”

“Yes,” he said, very grandly; “and if anybody was naughty to you, I’d—I’d tell Turnel of ’em when he comes.”

“So you should, my pet”—smothering him up to her, and hiding her glowing face in his neck—for this was an item in our experience of which the Marsdens had no hint.

Mr. Marsden said he would accompany us that evening to see Mr. Peters and the establishment, if we wished; and he agreed with Eleanore that it might be wise to take these situations for a while; there was no doubt better would shortly offer, and our being together was an advantage not to be overlooked.

So the next morning, after breakfast, we removed to Mr. Peters’ house, having agreed with him the



evening before, and found that Phil was no obstacle, but the reverse, rather. In regard to our respective positions, I at last had my way, after some sharp logic with Eleanore. The principal one would put her in the office, where, when the fitting up was accomplished, she would remain most of the day, after the morning rounds of bed-making, sweeping, and dusting, were over. She was to register names, receive money, and have the general charge; while I should attend more to the details of the rooms; and we were to share alike the labors of the house, as far as was practicable with these arrangements.

There was an air of respectability about the establishment—the new house, with its large, bright sign, the neat stairway, and the tidy, but quiet office, which I am sure Mr. Peters felt to be very much enhanced by the person and face that greeted the comer on his entrance.

We worked intensely almost night and day the first week, making and laying carpets, arranging furniture, and hemming sheets and pillow-cases. Our rooms were full each night, but we had as yet comparatively little to do with the lodgers; for Mr. Peters, until the rooms were fitted and the house in working order, as he said, continued to spend several hours each day in it, and especially to be there at evening, when the new lodgers principally came in.

When there was an occasional rap on the office door which remained unanswered, Eleanore would take her key and open it; and once, when she returned from a call of this sort, she brought back a face flushed and furious, but gave me to understand by a silent gesture that there were auditors in the next room, and I must not inquire. We did all the light work in our

own room, which opened only into the office, but were necessarily occupied a good deal elsewhere, sewing carpets on the floors where they were to be laid, and afterward stretching and nailing them; and into these apartments impudent men would sometimes look, or even step, with a pretense of examining them.

"Are those looking-glasses, ma'am?" asked a middle-aged man of respectable appearance, pointing to a dozen or more small mirrors that were packed against the wall, opposite the door of a room in which Eleanore was at work.

"Yes," she replied, entirely unsuspecting any double purpose in the speaker. "Are you in need of one?" making a movement to hand it to him.

"No, thank you"—stepping within the door. "This is a pleasant room, ma'am. Is it taken?"

"It is not ready for occupation, sir"—her eyes lighting up as he advanced slowly into the middle of the floor.

"What will it be worth a week?" he asked, in an easy, familiar tone.

"You will be able to learn of the proprietor, at the office. Be good enough to leave it, sir"—lifting her hand toward the door.

"Don't trouble yourself," he said, maintaining his ground. "A little anger in a woman is a good sign. I like it." And he actually drew a step nearer.

I was in the opposite room, and perhaps I ought to be ashamed to say it, but I was not sorry, if there was such an encounter to be suffered, that I was where I could witness without interrupting it, unless it became necessary to do so. I looked at Eleanore, as he made a slight movement toward her, with the last insulting words on his lips. She stood exactly facing him, as

unshrinking as if she had been stone, instead of flesh and blood, and she took a moment to gather herself before she spoke.

"Pardon my mistake," she said; "I asked you to leave the room, supposing you were a gentleman; but I see my mistake. When you think better of yourself, and are ready to go, I shall be happy to release you."

And suiting the action to the word, she suddenly closed the door on him, turned the key in it, and came to me.

"There is a person," she said—and every word was audible to him—"who wishes to occupy the room I was finishing, Anna; so I will help you here, at present."

Not a word or audible sign of excitement, though she was as white and tremulous as a sheet of paper. No further reference to it: we went on diligently, and were nearly ready to leave the apartment, when Mr. Peters passed along.

"Have you got the large room done?" he asked, stepping across to the door.

"Not quite," replied Eleanore; and the next moment he unlocked and entered.

He stood before the prisoner for a full minute, at least, lost in astonishment. Neither of us spoke.

"How—have you taken—how came you to be locked up here, sir?" he at last asked.

The man attempted a feeble laugh, and said: "The ladies can tell you better than I can, sir. I just stepped in, to look at this room, which I was thinking of taking, when it was done, and the lady who was at work here went out and locked me in."

"I see," said Mr. Peters, comprehending in a moment. "You don't wish to stop any longer, I guess,



and if you don't, I advise you to leave now. This is a *respectable* house," he added, bluntly, "and I calculate that while you are a stayin' here, you may as well not try that sort of thing again."

"Served him exactly right," he said, after the man was gone, laughing as heartily as ever his little eager, wiry body seemed able to afford exercise of that sort; "served him exactly right. If you can manage 'em all as slick as that, it'll be first-rate. You see," he said, looking at the pecuniary and reputable side of the question out of his little clear, light-blue eyes, "you see, there's nothing worse in such a place than having a fuss, and I was most afraid to undertake to have women in the house, for fear of that; "but when I see you," he said, more particularly addressing Eleanore, and coming as near a complimentary tone as he ever did to us, "I thought, by George, there was the right stuff there, and I'd trust you."

"Is it likely," she asked, "that we shall have many such people to deal with?"

"Well, I guess you may," he replied. "Fact is, folks generally don't think enough of behaving themselves here, as they'd ought to. I don't mean to hurt your feelin's, but the women—a good many on 'em—ain't any better 'n the men."

"I am very sorry to hear it," said Eleanore, unable to bear the *common* tone of the man any longer, and breaking the conversation abruptly off by a reference to business affairs.

When he was gone, she exclaimed, impatiently: what a dead carcase respectability is, Anna!"

"Yes," I replied; "but it is better, dead as it is, than its opposite; better that he should believe in and approve, than distrust or—"



"Distrust!" she said; "if I saw a glimpse of that, he and I would part company at once. I won't live under suspicion, if I starve. But, really, dear, I am afraid, when the house comes to be left to us, it will be more unpleasant than I feared. I don't mind making the beds and righting the rooms; for, though it is disagreeable, certainly, it does not attack one's self-respect, when it is done to provide bread; but if one is to experience such things, it will be dreadful."

"I have faith," I said, "that there will not be many recurrences of this sort of difficulty. I suppose that here, as everywhere else, people can make the character, in these respects, which they wish to bear, and that will very soon save us from further annoyance."

"Yes, it would, if the people we have to see were not changing so constantly. Mr. Peters told me the other day that more than half the lodgers do not stay the second night, and that he presumed there was not then a man in the house who had occupied his room a week. That, you see, dear, keeps a new community around us all the time."

"Nevertheless," I said, "I have no fear."

"Nor have I any *fear*, Anna; but there is a great deal to be suffered short of that. I felt in my heart like knocking that man down this morning; and if my arm had answered my spirit, I should certainly have done it."

"I should have been deeply grieved," I said, "at seeing in you the slightest manifestation of a disposition to such an unwomanly argument."

"Unwomanly!" she echoed, in her quick, impatient tone of dissent. "Now, don't talk of unwomanly in dealing with such a wretch. I never did strike a

blow, to my knowledge, against strong or weak ; but if I could wholly and soundly respect myself in doing a thing my sex was not made for, it would be in laying prostrate such a creature. I allow, that, in the state of things existing here, and according to the world's loose code of morality for men, he would not have been unpardonably guilty in addressing me at first ; but when I had answered him, a single spark of manhood should have brought an apology and instant exemption from his presence. Manliness may, I believe, sometimes exist with a certain degree of what we call corruption ; for the world, while it does not trouble itself for a man's honor, makes at least tacit question of a woman's, except it be proved ; and there is no such damping wrong to be endured in human existence, as the rejection of this proof, when it is given. If I were an absolute monarch, the heaviest penalty in my code of laws should be that for offenses against womanhood. The taking of life is merciful compared to it, and I should treat the murderer more tenderly than the violator."

When this man passed back to his room, he looked straight forward, as if unconscious that there was any one near him, and shortly after returned, carpet-bag in hand—the signal of departure.

"That is very satisfactory," said I, pointing Eleonore's attention to it, after he had passed us.

"Yes, if there does not come another in his stead, who requires the same lesson."

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

Before the first half month was at an end, the house was in perfect order, and henceforth we rarely saw Mr. Peters, except for a few minutes in the evening and an hour so on Saturday afternoons, when he came to examine the accounts, receive his money, and settle with us.

He was exceedingly pleased with the results of our efforts, and more than once declared, as if it ought to exalt our opinion of ourselves, that he thought he was very lucky in having us there. But matters did not go so smoothly with us as with him. It was a remarkable day when we could lie down at its close and have no humiliating incident to relate or hear ; yet, as the house was always filled, our wages promptly paid, our employer pleased, ourselves in good health, and Phil, with his daily walks, becoming a very Hercules, we bore it all with little complaint. At the very best, it was sore and mean drudgery ; but with the motive and the hope beyond, it became in a certain sort sanctified. We made no acquaintances, and never went out, except on some necessary errand, or to see the good Marsdens, now and then, for half an hour. If it could be avoided, one never left the other alone in the house, and it was rarely necessary to do so, except on the arrival of the steamers, when the post-office had to be visited. This was no trifling affair in

San Francisco in those days, and our sex gave us so decided an advantage in getting through with it, that we never presumed to ask a man to bring us our letters. There was a continuous line of men, often for two days after the mail came in, one or two hundred long, filing slowly past the windows, waiting their turn. Sometimes a place was sold for three, five, or even ten dollars, according to its priority and the exigence of the buyer. Some sharp speculators, with nothing better to exercise their acuteness upon, would rush early to the office and secure positions, at the risk of selling them to advantage, which generally they did; but always place was given to a woman instantly, on her presenting herself. So these expeditions generally fell to me, for I escaped notice, where Eleanore could not, and I generally went and came with no excitement or annoyance, which she seldom did.

We were now in our sixth week since landing, and no letter had yet come from Col. Anderson. I found Eleanore often thoughtful and half sad, but she seldom spoke his name: because, when he was referred to, it was difficult for her to restrain evidences of feeling, which neither our exposed position nor her pride would bear.

At length, on a Saturday night, after a very hard day's work, which had included clearing the house throughout, doing some purchases for it and for ourselves, and going to the office for our steamer-mail, we went to bed very weary.

Eleanore laughed feebly as she laid her head upon the pillow, and said: "Who would have thought, dear, that, with all the business and work of to-day, I should have found time to receive an offer of marriage?"



"Have you?" I asked, laughing in turn.

"Yes—not a highly esthetical proceeding on my part, you may say, to have heard it while on my knees, scouring this door-sill; but I did, nevertheless."

"And did you rise to the speaker?"

"No; I only begged him to pass on, and think better of it."

"Who was it?" I inquired, "and what answer did you truly make him? I should, of all things, have liked to see that ceremony come off."

"I have no doubt you would—and have enjoyed it almost as highly as when he offered himself to you the other day."

"Was it Captain —, then?"

"Yes, the very same; I am beginning quite to like the old man; he is, at least, respectful, and that is saying a great deal for him here. He proposed to sell his property at once, and go to Europe or Asia, or any part of the globe I wished to visit, if I would accept him!"

"How much like a farce the most serious actions become here—do they not?" said I.

"Yes," she replied; "that, now, seems like some proposal one hears of between ridiculous people upon the stage. Ten years hence we shall scarcely be able to believe that it was earnest truth. But the worst phase of it is, that it destroys all sentiment, and almost one's respect for love itself. One could despise the name in which such things are done. This is now the third offer I have had in three weeks, and each from men, who, unless they had divine insight, could not know but I would prove a curse to them ever after; though," she added, laughing, "that young man who consoled himself by saying that he would rather jump at the

moon and miss it, than capture a rush-light, did, I believe, hold a sound faith in my capacities to make a good wife. He lived in a shanty in a little mining town, where there was but one woman, he said, and it was very lonesome—for men, at the best, were bad company for each other. Poor fellow! I hope he has found some one by this time willing to go with him. That was three weeks ago, and he may be past the bridegroom stage of married life by this time.”

“What would you give, dear Eleanore, to-night,” I asked, “to hear from Col. Anderson?”

“Have you heard from him?” she inquired, turning quickly upon me, with eyes beaming with hope and earnest question.

“No; I wish I had. I am distressed at his long silence. Ever since we came here I have expected a letter daily.”

I had scarcely spoken before her pent-up tears flowed bitterly forth. I did not attempt to check them, and she wept and shook with the anguish of her heart.

At length, when the violence of her feelings had somewhat subsided, she said: “Do you think I was wrong, Anna, to reject him, and hide my love from him?”

“To any other woman,” I replied, “that ever I knew, I should say yes; but you have such strong purposes, and often they prove so clear and right, where at first they seem confused and even mistaken to me, that I cannot judge in your case.”

“Is it not clear—consider, dear Anna—that I could not have done differently without having given up very much of the dignity and self-trust and freedom that make a true woman? Would he ever consent

that one who was to become his wife should go through this, for instance? And if I had not kept him at a distance, now, should I not have been almost obliged, under the dreadful circumstances in which he left me, to have accepted his guidance, if not his support? It could not have been otherwise, dear, without battle more stern and ungracious than my present silent conflict is. I would not accept a man's love to outrage his taste and judgment next day. Then, beside all this, am I fit for the joy and bounty of such a season, with so much fresh-heaped pain and sorrow on my heart? and do I know this man, noble and true and manly as he is, well enough to say wisely, 'I will give myself to you forever'? No, no; I feel that I am right, Anna, hard as it is to maintain my position, and much as I may seem to lack the consideration and tenderness due to him. God knows I do not lack them in my heart. I hope and believe that I am doing the truest thing for our happiness in the future. It need be so, indeed, for it is bitter enough in this present time."

Again she wept, and then, suddenly standing up, deluged her face and temples with cold water, and pressing back her tears, said: "I must not suffer this to overcome me so; I have not once before; but, indeed, Anna, I have been very unhappy at his long silence. Yet, what else ought I to expect? Why should he write, for me to hear, or ever refer to me again? I gave him no ground—and we parted, with a clasping of hands and the common word, 'good-by,' to which he added a whispered 'God bless you, my idol!' after his hand was laid upon the door. I was silent and tearless—only a little pale, I think, from the excessive coldness I felt all over. I cannot forget that



parting, Anna; and the remembrance of it, whenever I indulge it, sinks heavily into my heart. If he should never know my secret, that would be dreadful."

I could say little to comfort or cheer my friend. If I had wanted proof of the genuineness and depth of her love before, I had it now; and I saw, that, if by death or other cause, they should be finally separated, it would cost her pain such as only a soul so large and rare and generous as hers could suffer.

I soothed her with lip-words—which I believe she accepted merely as such, but restrained her sorrows on their utterance, because she would not pain me, and because self-control was a religion with her. But while I lay thus, I determined to ask Antonio and learn Col. Anderson's address, which I did not doubt he knew, or could easily get from his employer.

The next day I prevailed on Eleanore, who was very pale and could take no breakfast, to go to Grace Church, and take Phil with her. The music and the service, I knew, would help her; and if the sermon should be such as we had before heard from the good pastor, it would appeal to her faith and warm her strong religious sentiment into its old life—a service she much needed at this time. During her absence, Antonio was to remain with me, having, he said, no need to go home till one o'clock. He was very communicative, as we sat, and told me that his master was an English gentleman, who had great stores, and that he had now gone up to the place where Col. Anderson was; had been gone a week—that was the reason of his having more time to be out—and was not expected till Tuesday. This encouraged me, for I thought—when he returns, he will bring a letter, which Col. Anderson has not liked, per-



haps, to send by mail. I said this to Eleanore, but she immediately cut down my hopes in that direction by declaring it improbable.

"There will no letter come by him, Anna," she said. "We may hear through Antonio, but nothing more, I think. I shall be thankful for that, if what we hear is good news of him."

But on Wednesday morning, when Antonio came, he brought a letter, addressed to me.

"There!" said I, exultingly, and glad as if its chief interest had been to myself.

We sent Phil and his attendant out, and retired to our room. I removed the envelope, and gave her the expected inclosure, bearing her name.

"Heaven be praised that he yet lives, and has faith in me!" were her only words, as she pressed it to her lips and heart, before opening it.

She was pale, and so much agitated that I said, by way of rallying her: "Shall I open and read it to you, Eleanore?"

"Don't speak to me," was her prompt answer; and then we each sat, silent and engrossed.

Mine was a friendly epistle; sensible, frank, and pungent in its criticism on the country and people about him; hopeful, withal, but expressive of much unavoidable disgust at the circumstances which were inseparable from his position, and which, when they lost the character of adventure, he thought could only be worthily borne by those who had a high motive for seeking fortune. "For myself," he said, "I would not endure such a lot, when the charm of newness was gone, and I had learned its lessons. One wants a purpose, Miss Warren, and a very noble one, to carry him with self-respect through much that I witness daily.

I shall probably be in the city in the fall, on my way home."

Eleanore's letter, which she sat over long after I had done reading mine, and at last handed to me, with beaded lashes bedewing the happy light in her eyes, ran as follows :

"I write to you, Eleanore, because it is as natural for me to do so as to reply to these surrounding persons when they address me. You are more with me than they are, for I never lose you a whole hour of the day or night. And sometimes I say, 'Surely she must have some consciousness of this. Or is it possible that one soul can be so interfused, unconsciously, with another?' I have thought little—perhaps too little—hitherto, on the laws of what you call the spiritual life and relations, but I can *feel* the negative of this without *thinking*, and therefore, if without hope, yet also without fear, I resign myself to the pleasure of pouring out to you the life I derive from you.

"In this most practical of all lands, with earnest strife and toil hemming me in ; sweating brows and horny hands fronting me every hour, I am become a very dreamer—not always an incapable or despairing, but in the main a ready and cheerful one. One form, one countenance—one soul speaking through them, is ever before me. And they are mine for such happiness as this presence can give. It is not your nay, Eleanore, that can deprive me of them. They are mine by the gift of God, who conferred on me the capacity thus, if no nearer, to take and hold them. And be thou sure they are not to be parted from me. When my soul serves me most divinely, I am happy for whole hours. You live, and that suffices me at such times. What is it to me that we come not near each other in the body ? It is better, I say, then, that we do not. For so I should sometimes lose you. Nearness to-day would make distance to-morrow insupportable. And thus, when my yearning heart cries out for you, I still it by saying, 'Hush thy childish call ; she is ever thine.

The possession thou hast, nothing in life can deprive thee of.'

"I do not claim that herein I have risen above the pain of mortal love. I do not claim that I am exempt in my best hours from those pangs which the heart cherishes as its life and hope, nor in my worst, from suffering which proves the strength of my human affection. To-day, though a lover, and a rejected one, I am a metaphysician, and therefore happy; to-morrow I shall be—God knows what; perhaps a gloomy, ungracious man; not less a lover, but one whose demands are more painful to the endurance that is without promise of reward.

"I do not speak thus, Eleanore, from any *hope* of influencing the decision I heard from your lips on that last day; nor, if I know myself, from any *wish* to do so. I should despise myself for soliciting the gift of love. It must come freely—ay, unasked—to be in trial what it is in thought to me. I dream of a perfect Love, which should flow to its true object spontaneously, as light from the sun, as odor from flowers, and as winds from the sweet south-west; as mine to you, if you allow the illustration; which constrains to all tender compliances; which, with perfect individuality in its outflow, is lost in the life it joins, as the streams which leap down these hills, come each with its own ardor and movement, to the valley of meeting, and are henceforth one. Such a love my soul craves, and such, I believe, you would lavish upon one who was so constituted as to take it without your leave. That I were that happy man! Pray heaven I may never behold him!

"I am very much occupied here! There is not an idle hour in all the week, except those wherein my soul cheats my body of its rest, as now, when there is no noise of life to be heard but the heavy breathing of tired sleepers in the adjoining room; or of Nature, but the rush of the stream that hurries past our cabin-door. Rude and coarse are all the external features of this sojourn, save the peerless skies that overhang us, and



the airs, that bring on their invisible wings health, vivacity, and courage, to body and soul. I have lain down many times under the shining stars, in the dewless nights of this country, and looking up, hour after hour, into the blue depths where they are suspended, have dreamed such dreams of life, of love—of achievement here, and its glorious fruitage in the future—as could only be dreamed in a soul illuminated by the divine radiance thou hast poured upon mine. Yes, dear Eleanore, I have a larger and holier life through the knowledge of thee. I see God more nearly and man more lovingly. Shall I not be patient with infirm souls who in the feeblest manner represent thee to me? I said once that I could not live worthily, or do any faithful work without thee—that I had no hope of heaven or earth but through thee. I had not then risen to possess thee as now I do. If I could not hold thee in these arms, or drink in thy voice and thy power through the channels of sense, I felt myself accursed and withered by a decree of perpetual banishment. To live without thee was only to exist—to hear divinest music, and never thy voice, could not have sufficed—to see all beauty of Nature or Art, and not thine, was but to gaze upon dross. But they are all mine now. I have brought them through the furnace of purification, and garnered them in my soul, where no destruction can overtake them.

“But let me never see the man who calls thee wife. While thou remainest unconsecrated to any, I think of thee alone, and there is no discord in my heart—only pain; but I would put the globe between us, and bear *my* Eleanore away to other continents, before another hand should clasp in love hers whom I leave here. I shall see thee once again. There is no long stay for me here—perhaps not anywhere, till age or death shall stay me. I look into a wandering, homeless future, through which a vision flits, fading and brightening, with the shifting tides of life, challenging my manhood to all nobility of purpose and deed, but evermore chilling ardor of resolution and heat of performance by its vanishing presence.



“Alas! dear Eleanore, it is poor comfort to boast my philosophy. One hour’s high converse with thee were worth years of self-building like this; one day of thy friendly presence—how would it enrich me again! Yet the one cannot be, and the other shall. Have I manhood, and shall I yield it to any but God who gave it? There is action left to me—wars to be fought, with Nature, if not with men—insensate rocks and mountains to be rent asunder, that the thunder of commerce may smite across the continents—oceans to be searched, beneath burning suns or polar darkness—deserts to be penetrated—arts of peace and arts of war, not yet wholly superfluous, to be made subservient to men—oppressed peoples to be freed, and darkened ones to be brought to the light.

“I shall consecrate thee on some of these fields, and there win again courage into the bosom where thou camest unbidden, and reignest in desolation, O queen of my soul.

“Farewell!

J. L. A.”

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

I did not read this letter without tears from my own eyes, and when I looked up, Eleanore sat with her face buried in her hands, which rested on the table. So keen, so determined, so brave a heart as this was! I could see all the conflict in it. I could read in the eagle eye the momentary flashes of hopeful resolve and the shadow of instant pain chasing them away. I could read the hope of escape in some scheme laid in far-off lands, whither he would go; and see him the next moment brought back a willing prisoner, hugging the fetters that held him.

"Eleanore," I said, feeling disposed to assume some authority, "you will not leave this letter unanswered, surely."

"I cannot tell," she replied. "It calls for no answer, either in word or spirit; and there is but one that would be better written than unwritten."

"Then let it be that one," I said, earnestly, "and send it. "If you do not, I shall think there is a wanton cruelty in your nature, which at least your enlightenment ought to restrain. If you were a narrow, ignorant woman, yet clothed with the personal power you have, and delighting a poor vanity by its exercise, I could sooner forgive you than now."

"Your severity is very honest, Anna. I must think before I act. This letter makes his nature better

known to me than I should have thought possible by any length of mere correspondence. It gives me great light, and assures me in some things wherein I was not before assured. It proves a largeness of life and capacity of soul such as I hoped for, but might well have been disappointed in finding, with all the promise there was of it. It makes me richer than an empress, for few men grow to such unselfish mold and temper as this, Anna, unless there is in them a greatness of soul capable of almost anything; and I think I should no longer fear to confess to him what I have to say, were it not, that, in my present position, I must not summon a master to my side. I have learned much of him, it is true, but I have much yet to do with myself before that day comes.

"It seems to me that you are unmistakably wrong, now, Eleanore. There can be neither justice nor generosity in exposing one to such suffering as this."

"I must do what my inmost life demands of me," she replied. "Remember I am a woman, and not an ignorant girl, as I was ten years ago, when I had such a question to decide; and though this is first love to me—nay, never look so astonished, dear friend—and though I dare not tell you how it pervades my whole being, sweetening the meanest of my toils, and taking away all heroism from my endurance, yet, in the union to which I look forward, I must have my own position and individuality. I should do myself and my husband both injustice in surrendering these in any degree to feelings which conflict with my judgment. There is much belonging to the relation of marriage, Anna, beside the love which should precede its existence; but when that is confessed, both parties are too apt, I think, to hurry over all other considerations, and

assume positions, which, neither of them having fully weighed and estimated, may, for that reason, become sources of pain and disappointment, instead of happiness and fruition. I can never again risk so fearfully as a woman does, in entering on that relation, till both of us fully understand each other's views of it. You look surprised ; you would be more so, perhaps, were I to tell you all I mean by that ; but I am speaking of a calm determination to do myself and my lover justice, in unvailing my soul to him before the world shall hold us bound to each other till death. I cannot, therefore, summon him here, as I should inevitably by replying to that letter—at least, not for a time. I am no sophist, and cannot spin invisible webs around a truth which I also never escape. I see nothing clear to-day, Anna, but to hold my course—the only pain I feel for him being, that he has not what I have, the secret which makes the desert bloom, and transmutes suffering into joy. Perhaps other light will come with the coming days, and if it does, do not doubt that I shall follow it.”

I looked at her as she sat there before me, calm and clear and splendid in her self-possession, and again my eyes fell to the record on my lap ; and much as I admired and loved her, I asked myself—are you, with all your gifts and greatness of soul, worthy what is here laid at your feet ? The thought, no doubt, passed into my face ; for I spoke not, yet she answered it.

“ I see,” she said, “ you question me, Anna ; and perhaps I ought scarcely to wonder at it, for there is little seeming tenderness in what I am doing ; but I do not doubt myself, and that is best of all. I will more than atone for all when the day comes that I may.”



And a happy light rippled over her face as she took the letter, and rose to answer a rap at the door.

There had been many while we were sitting, but they had received no attention. Now, when she opened it, there stood before her a young man of about thirty, with a face, person, and bearing, expressive of strongly-marked individuality; frank, well-defined features; a speaking, dark gray eye; projecting, heavy brow; of a rugged cast, and an aspect which altogether indicated strength rather than refinement, and earnestness ungraced with any gentle culture. He had in his hand a carpet-bag, and as the door opened, he touched his hat respectfully, and walked in, saying he wished to engage a room for a few days—a week, or perhaps a fortnight. I saw that he was both surprised and pleased to see such a woman before him. He watched her with a glowing eye and pleased face, as she took down the book, and, inquiring his name, registered it, giving him at the same time a key, and directing him to the floor above, where he would find the number it bore. He was not in haste to be gone, but lingered, asking some questions about the house and the city, and informing her that he had not been there for four months. He said very honestly, as a simple-minded man might, that he had several thousand dollars in gold in the satchel, and if there were any safe place of deposit in the office, he would rather leave it there than in his room. But Eleanore quickly explained that there was none—that no responsibility of that sort could be assumed, and added: “I shall be obliged to excuse myself, now, sir. I have employments elsewhere that demand my presence;” then, speaking to me, we both went out together, followed by the stranger, whose name was Harding. But at the door we were met by Phil and

Antonio, and Eleanore turned back, to lay aside Phil's walking habiliments.

Mr. Harding looked at the child ; his eyes filled, and a flush of emotion passed over his face. " That is the most beautiful sight," he said, " that I have seen for three years ;" and down went the treasure on the floor, as if it had been dirt under his feet, and up went Phil—a little nervous and shy of the strange face and voice, but quite overborne by the whole-hearted, loving earnestness of the man.

" Will you let me have this little fellow out sometimes, when we get better acquainted ?" he asked, of the mother.

" I dare say," she replied, " he will be glad to go with anybody who is fond of having him. Will you go with this gentleman, Phil, to take a walk ?"

" T'morrows, mamma"—putting his hand safely in hers and looking at the stranger : meaning some day or days in the indefinite future.

" But you walk more with me, Phil," said Antonio, who stood by, jealously guarding his own rights.

" Yes," said the child, looking grave, as if the question of the future disposal of himself were growing confused, with only this one clear point in it ; " yes, I go with you, *too lay sure*."

This inimitable attempt at French made us all laugh, Antonio, who had been the teacher, heartiest of any, and thus we dispersed.

Mr. Harding came into the office at evening and sat down, as if socially disposed, and quite unaware that the proceeding was not in order. He was more communicative than curious, which was less remarkable for a Yankee than it would have been had he not been able to learn about us all that he might desire to know

from outside persons during the day. He told us that he had come from the southern mines, to meet a brother, from the northern part of the State, who was expecting his wife on the next steamer; and he seemed full of happy anticipations of the meeting. He should bring them there, he said, if we had a room for them. The steamer was hourly expected, and he looked for his brother by the Sacramento boat, that evening.

He delighted himself with Phil before that young gentleman's bed-time came, and took, with an altogether amazing rapidity and ease, to the shade of the little family-tree we cultivated in those two narrow rooms.

"He is a new character," I said, to Eleanore.

"Yes, but he'll sing the old song to one or other of us; you may rely upon that. I see it already, and that is what enrages and humiliates me. Social distance is altogether lost here. It doesn't matter to the question he will ask of you or me, two or three days, or possibly as many weeks hence, that at home the man would never have spoken to us. Very honest, very worthy, and withal an affectionate person, I have no doubt, Anna; but why cannot he and the others understand, that, though we are in a menial position here, we are the same women that we should be in our own at home? Do I so look or act," she asked, indignantly, "as to warrant any man who has eyes in the belief that I respect myself less in making beds and sweeping, than I should in a mansion, as its mistress? *Am* I so meek and craven, that every man has a right to say to himself, 'There, that poor woman, I think, would be glad to have me marry her, and take her out of that place'?"

"Not a bit of it," I replied, laughing at the absurd



contrast to her proud, defiant carriage and aspect, more especially at that moment, when she stood with eyes and nostril dilated, and clenched right hand upraised, to enforce the question which could only be whispered. "Never accuse yourself on that score, dear Eleanore. There is scarcely anything I could not believe of you more easily."

"Well, then," she said, laughing, more than half in suppressed indignation, "why can't they understand that here, as well as in New York or New England? There is no use in talking, dear; these dreadful offers are hardly less offensive to my pride than some of our other experiences; and if telling one of these well-meaning persons so would put a stop to them, I should do it, the very first time another honored me with proposals; I should, if I did hurt his self-love."

"But it would be instruction thrown away," I said; "and, in most cases, a deep wound given, whose pain would leave no wisdom after it; so I think you had better take them quietly, as you have, and meekly say, 'Thank you, sir; you propose me great honor, and your kindness is inestimable; but I am prevented from accepting the one or availing myself of the other.'"

It was fortunate that the bed was between my friend and me, at these words, or I should have received proof on the spot of how ill they sat upon her outraged dignity, in a pinch of the cheek or a tweak of the ear, or some other little personal chastisement, which I delighted, above all things, to provoke her to, there was such downright good-will to it in her eyes and lips and hands, when she let herself undertake it. If she had been a man, one would scarcely have enjoyed rousing the same spirit.



## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Next morning Mr. Harding brought in and formally introduced his brother, thereby putting himself upon the footing of an acquaintance. The brother was scarcely less a character than himself, and both had an astonishing facility of assuming, without offending against anything but taste, upon the civility which their unmistakable honesty commanded. It would have been as easy to rebuke angrily a blind man for coming too near you, as them.

The married brother was all ear. Every sound that bore the remotest resemblance to a heavy gun—the slamming of boards in the unfinished buildings near—the quick closing of a heavy door below—startled him. “Wasn’t that the steamer? I thought I heard a gun. Didn’t you hear a gun, John?” It was really affecting to see how entirely he devoted himself to that coming ship—how he deferred everything to that. “After Caroline comes,” was his answer to every proposition from his brother; and, in the fullness of his heart, he explained to me that he had married a very young girl, to whom he was much attached, only the day before sailing, nearly eighteen months ago; and that it would be the happiest day of his life—much happier than his wedding-day—when she should come to him here. One could not but feel interested in this meeting, and Eleanore and I planned to give them the best

and pleasantest room in the house, if they took one there, and to take the young creature into friendly relations while she should stay : provided, always, she should prove as candid and straightforward a person as her husband.

Three days went by, and there was yet no steamer. Our friend expectant began to pass into the anxious stage of his waiting, and his brother John, improving his time with Phil—as well from a desire to approach the mother's heart as to satisfy his own with the rare indulgence of a child's humor and caresses—had quite installed himself in the position of companion to that young person, who became thereby the possessor of various gold and silver coins, varying in value from one to five dollars.

"He will not take it, mamma," said Phil, one afternoon, when he returned with a five-dollar piece in his hand, which she had promptly ordered him to carry back to Mr. Harding. "He will not take it. He say he's got a great many, and he don't want it."

"Then, Phil, you can give it to Antonio to-morrow, for taking you out every day."

"Oh, yes," said the child, delighted at the idea ; "so I will. It's very pretty, mamma, and I believe Antonio will like it. Do you?"

"Yes, my darling ; it will buy him a pair of shoes, or a hat, or a vest. It will do him good, and you do not want it, you know."

"No, I don't want it, mamma ; and I'll give it to him next day."

Mr. John Harding stood in the office, with me, while this was passing, audibly, in the next room. He looked a little grave, and chagrined also, but said nothing ; and I thought—you will perhaps put off your

proposal forty-eight hours in consequence of it. Mr. William, the expectant, was roaming the streets most of the time, his impatience forbidding much sitting still, watching the telegraphs, gathering conjectures, and chasing down winged rumors, being more endurable.

The growing city was filled with noise and alive with hurrying crowds—still men, men, men ; a woman almost as rarely seen as when we came. Merchandise in thousands of tons was disgorged every week upon the wharves, and shipped away up the country, or stored in dismasted vessels lying out in the harbor—storehouses being yet wholly inadequate ; the gambling-houses and drinking-shops were yet thronged, both with residents and comers and goers ; and amid all the excitement of these various doings, Mr. William endeavored to kill the time, that could not be spent indoors, or in making inquiries, which no one had any better means of answering than himself. He strolled in from time to time, and then, if he found one of us at leisure, he would relate what he had seen or heard, or give us some incident which the peculiar life he mixed with had furnished him. I remember his telling one evening, with great relish, an anecdote of a woman taking a young child to one of the theaters. It began to cry, and the orchestra played with increased energy, to drown the unusual sound.

"Stop them d—d fiddles, and let the baby cry!" shouted a rough-looking miner, from the pit. "I hain't heerd such music in two year."

"I reckon that man had about the right sort of heart in him, if his clothes wan't the finest," concluded the narrator.

Sunday and Monday were gone. Tuesday came. "To-day," he said, as I met him in the hall, "she



will certainly be here. I dreamed last night that she came, so plain and natural to me, that I am determined to believe in it, Miss Warren."

Ten o'clock came, and no gun. But at a little before eleven, that was one, surely. Yes, that was one, for there goes to the peak of the telegraph station the signal, bearing the magic letters, U. S. M. Now they rush to the wharf to await her—thousands of men surging back and forth on the narrow tongue that shoots out over the water. In a short time there follows the second gun, which announces her entrance within the Golden Gate; and then there is another rush, and more hurried talking; and, shortly after, the great, dingy-looking ship heaves up, and stretches herself, with a fearful roar from her iron throat, "alongside." Heaven help the poor people who have to land—women, with children, to make way through that endless crowd! It reaches away back into the city—nay, it will press them to the very doors of their hotels. There go, in a surprisingly short space of time, the great mail-wagons, one after another, piled up with bags innumerable. Three, four of them, beside a cart, and they will return again and again, and perhaps some of them the fourth time, before the mail matter is all transferred to the office. Such is the growth of this yearling child of the Republic.

I went up stairs to the room prepared for Mr. and Mrs. Harding, to assure myself that all was right in it, and carried along a tumbler of flowers, which Phil and Antonio had bought in the market, by Eleanore's request, for that purpose. She was writing a letter, and begged me to see that she had time to finish it; "For, you know, dear," she said, "that we shall scarcely stop to speak for the next three days."



Every steamer so overwhelmed us with the rush of strangers—people who would take a blanket and pillow anywhere, if a bed could not be had—for two nights or one night—just till they could get ready to start to their place of destination.

Presently our party came—the two brothers and the wife—a tidy, compact little creature, with a bright face; well and quietly dressed, but wonderfully *dis-trait*, I thought, in expression and manner. As I looked at them, she seemed to be ice, to his fire. Is it the strangeness of everything—I questioned—that makes her receive his demonstrations as if she were but half awake? There is no heartiness to answer him. And I thought John observed the same thing. She was a stranger to him, as to me. They all went up stairs, and we saw no more of them that day, nor the next, and but little, indeed, for four days, till our household was reduced to near its ordinary numbers again, and we found ourselves with the possibility of a minute's leisure, now and then. The brothers we occasionally met in the passages, and both of us agreed that there was cloud where there ought to have been sunshine. What could it mean?

On the fourth day a man had come, while both the brothers were out, and inquired for her of me. I directed him to her room, thinking nothing of it, or that he was some old acquaintance come to pay a visit of welcome to her; but I chanced to be engaged in the upper passage when he took leave, and unconsciously glancing up as the door opened, I saw a pale, tearful face lifted toward his, with an appeal so touching and painful in its glance, that it went to my heart at once.

“I will come to-morrow,” he said, kindly.

“Oh, do!” was the reply; “I shall die here, alone.”

What words were those for a wife—a bride, indeed—to a stranger? I stood aghast, chilled, for I had allowed myself to become interested in this little soul, and in her husband's happiness in her, before she came. But what to do? Should I speak to Eleanore? And what should I say? One must have seen the face and heard the tones, as I did, to feel the full force of what I felt. And who was this man? Might he not be a brother, or relative, who had a lawful right to console her, if she were lonely and unhappy? But if all were right, how could she need this consolation, with so devoted a husband and so kind a brother?

The men were getting ready to go up the country to their mining. They had determined to go together, and were now making their preparations to start on Monday afternoon. Mrs. Harding's meals were served as ours were, in her own room, and the next day she had company to dinner—the same man. I noted him carefully this time—a fact which he testified his unthankfulness for in the rude stare with which he hurried past me, entering her room unbidden, with only a slight preliminary tap on the door.

There were broken exclamations—not of grief—words which came to me in the momentary intervals of the noise of my sweeping and dusting—and I felt certain from that time, that, whoever this was, he was more welcome than husband or brother. I was burdened with this secret now, for it became distinctly such from that hour. I knew by the furtive manner of the man—by the time chosen for his visits, and the welcome he received—that he would not have met the husband for his right hand. Then I thought—this poor young child! something ought to be done to save her from destroying her own and her husband's happi-

ness. I pondered what I had seen and heard, and finally determined not to take Eleanore into my confidence, for a while, at least. She was ardent, decisive, and if not in the right mood, would perhaps be rash in acting on the facts. She had not been interested in Mrs. Harding, as she had hoped to be before her coming; and as they were going away soon—it was now Saturday—I thought it best to watch my own opportunity to do anything I could for the benefit of either party, and let events take their course. Perhaps there was nothing else that I could have done: but what happened soon after made me repent that I had not divided the responsibility of my knowledge with some one.

The visitor staid long. I got through, and went down stairs; but I made a point of seeing when he went out. I almost hoped that Mr. John would come in and meet him there. But he did not.

We had seen little of this gentleman since the arrival, and Eleanore said, laughingly, that she believed we should be disappointed, after all; for, of late, there was nothing that looked like a proposal.

The Hardings came in after supper, and as they were going out, about eight o'clock, William stopped at the office-door, and said: "My wife is not well this evening, Mrs. Bromfield, and I should be very glad if you'd go up and see her, by-and-by. She don't seem as happy, anyhow, as I was in hopes she would; but I guess that will wear off after we've got home and settled."

"One of us will go up to her, presently," replied Eleanore. "We should have seen more of her during her stay, had we not been so hurried; but I suppose your company has been the most welcome she could have had."



"Oh, yes," he replied ; " but women, I s'pose, understand each other better than men can understand them, and she's a little shy like, after being so long separated, you know. She don't tell me her feelings, as she would if we had lived together more."

John stood by in silence while these few words were being said ; and his face wore a troubled, puzzled expression, as if the case were quite beyond him.

After they were gone, I urged Eleanore's going up directly, and said : " Perhaps she has some trouble of mind or heart that you can help her in. The woman is evidently unhappy, and I do wish you would appeal to her, as you know how to so well, and win her confidence. It may be the saving of them both in this dreadful country."

" One might suppose she was on the verge of ruin, by your earnestness, Anna," said my friend. " I will speak kindly and encouragingly to her ; but I don't know that I can do more ; and I'll take the little king along. If she is fond of children, it will help her to have a sight of his precious face and eyes—bless them ! And if she isn't, we can't hope much for her—can we, darling ?" pushing back his curls, and covering him from hair to chin with kisses.

" No," he replied, with the solemnity of a witness under examination, which provoked another round of kisses, and then they started, hand in hand, gleeful and gay, for Mrs. Harding's room.



## CHAPTER XXXIX.

I was busy with a little sewing, and, for a Saturday evening, the house was unusually still, most of the lodgers being out. I had only two or three calls at the office, and was closing the door after the last applicant, when I saw Mrs. Harding's visitor pass by. Of course I could not but feel deeply interested to know the result of the meeting that must take place. And I thought—I am very glad I did not speak to her, for now she will see all with an unprejudiced eye, and her opinion will be more just than it would have been otherwise.

In a very few minutes I heard "little feet pattering" along the passage, and a "happy voice chattering," and the next moment Eleanore and Phil entered the office. There was a whole quarto volume in her face; but she said nothing till she had put Phil to bed, and heard a summing up of the day's pleasures, which often was his fashion of prayer, and kissed his eyes for sleep, after which they were nominally to remain closed. Then she drew a chair close to me, and asked, in a low voice, if I knew anything of Mrs. Harding?"

"I know what you know," I replied, evasively.

Do you know of her having any friend here who ought to enter her room without the ceremony of knocking?"

"No."

"I am afraid there is something very wrong, dear Anna. I want to tell you, and we must consider what may be done for her. Lay that work down, now, a moment, and hear me."

And then she related what was already known to me, only confirming my worst fears by her observations on the manner and appearance of the party. "She is as transparent as cobweb, and that man must have the heart of a base hound, to hover around such a child—a mere child—to ruin her peace."

"Did she introduce him to you?"

"Yes, as a fellow-passenger on the steamer—Mr. Gray. I thought it was her husband, when his step came along the hall, such an unconcealable joy flashed into her face and braced up her little figure as she heard it. Poor thing! What are we to do about it, Anna?"

"What can we do, but let it go? It is a matter one cannot easily meddle with, and they are going so soon, that I do not see how anything can be done. Beside, there will, perhaps, be no need. When she is separated from him, if she has ever loved her husband, she will recover from this temporary infatuation, and all may yet be well with them."

"I fear not," was her reply. "His visits are evidently clandestine, from what you have seen before this; and his persistency in coming, and her extreme and almost undisguised pleasure, even in my presence, at seeing him, argue the worst."

We were silent for some minutes, and then Eleanore said: "Could not you speak to the brother, and in some casual way mention these visits to his sister, and be guided by his treatment of that fact, about proceeding further?"

"Why not you," I asked, "who have met and been introduced to him?"

"I could, but for an unwillingness to manifest an interest that might be misunderstood."

"Oh, throw that to the winds!" I said. "It is a trifle, at most, and not to be thought of."

But at that moment there was a rap on the office-door, and at the words, "Come in," Mr. John Harding entered, saying to his brother, who passed along at the same time: "I will be up in a minute, William."

Eleanore stepped quickly forward, and with instant presence of mind, said, in tones of warning and command: "Go now, sir, right after him. Don't stop a moment," she added, seeing him about to speak.

The astonished man turned and went several steps down the passage, we listening, filled with apprehension at the meeting above, where already we heard the husband's quick foot near the door of his room. Then John, unable to comprehend why he should go thus, turned back to ask what it meant. The next moment we heard a little scream—then the sound of men's voices, in a few hasty, broken words—a scuffle—fearful groan, and a heavy fall. It was all in the space of a minute, I think, but John was already there when the fall shook the floor. We knew not what to do, but stood frozen with horror, fearing that the worst had happened to one or other party, and unwilling to approach the dreadful scene.

The first words we heard were, "Scoundrel, you have murdered my brother!" and then Mrs. Harding fell into hysterics, shrieking at every breath, and everybody in the house rushed to the spot. There were outcries, and the word "Murder!" shouted from the windows above, brought in a crowd. Before, however, a foot



crossed the threshold, Eleanore stepped decisively back, drew me after her, and closed and locked the office-door. They were already on the stairs and in the passage. There was rude rapping on our door, but the noise above indicating the tragic locality, they hurried past.

I was filled with terror and pain of heart.

"Do not stir," whispered Eleanore, with bloodless face; "it is past the time for Mr. Peters to come; he may be here any minute, and he must be soon. Then there will be no need for us to be seen at all. Good God! if only I had remained long enough to prevent this! How terrible, that instantaneous thrust into the dark future, with such fire burning in the soul as he has gone with!"

"Those cries are dreadful," I said, "and there is no woman near the poor creature—only a crowd of fierce, wondering men."

We heard slow steps over all the light shuffling, as if some heavy weight were being borne away; and presently men came down stairs, and knocked again at our door. This time Eleanore rose and opened it. There were strangers there.

"There has been a dreadful murder in your house, ma'am," said the foremost man.

"I have heard some sound of it," she replied, "but the proprietor of the house is not here, and we feel unwilling to witness the horror we cannot lessen by our presence. Is the man dead?"

"Dead, ma'am; stabbed to the heart, and never breathed after I got up there. There is a woman who needs some attention."

"And the murderer?"

"Oh, we have him safe, till they can find an officer.



He is one of our old birds ; been gone three or four months, and I didn't know he was back, till I saw him there to night, with the dagger in his hand."

So this was the whole story. It was scarcely finished, when a party of men entered with the police, and Gray was immediately removed to prison. The crowd mostly followed him, nearly vacating our house, and then Eleanore and I went up stairs to see Mrs. Harding. We met John in the passage, where he was walking fiercely up and down before his room, in which half a dozen persons were disposing the body upon his bed. He did not look like the same man we had known. His eyes shot an angry lightning from under their heavy brows ; his face was colorless and haggard, and the lines of it had settled into a grim fixedness, which gave him a most relentless, implacable look. Mrs. Harding was evidently alone. Her door stood open, and subdued cries and groans came from within. We both hesitated as we approached Mr. Harding, who, turning and coming up face to face with us, said, rudely and even accusingly, pointing to his room : " There's a fine piece of work for a woman ; d—n her !"

I was struck dumb by his fierce looks and tones of reproach. They seemed to be leveled at us, as well as the guilty one. But Eleanore, after a moment, said : " It is, indeed, a fearful thing to have happened. Have you any idea of the cause ?"

" Yes—infamy and shame in her," he answered, with a savage intensity, jerking his glaring eyes toward her door. " That's the cause. Did you know anything about his visits ?" he asked, suddenly. " This is not the first time he's been here, I guess—is it ?"

" I scarcely know Mrs. Harding—"

"Don't call so curst a being by his name! She's a—"

"Sir," said Eleanore, "I excuse much in your demeanor that would be unpardonable under other circumstances; but do not forget that you are speaking to ladies, and to persons who have no shadow of participation in the calamity that has befallen you. We came up, not to discuss it, either, but to render some service, if we could, to yourself and that unfortunate creature yonder."

"Damn her—send her into the street, where she belongs!" he exclaimed.

And other men, who had gathered about, seeing his agony, said: "Yes, into the street!" And they moved toward her door.

"Not to-night," said Eleanore, firmly, placing herself before them. "She shall be taken care of and tended to-night."

"I say she ought to be thrown into the street," he repeated, "and if this was a decent house, she would be."

"Mr. Harding," said Eleanore—and her clear, firm voice, rung like a bell over all the minor noises and the hurried muttering of the gathering crowd, which was now returning and filling the house—"I am a woman, and this unfortunate sister of yours is a woman also; and whatever her share may be in this crime, she shall not, in her present condition, experience any brutality in this house. There will time enough come for punishment and suffering, when she is past this shock, and able to see clearly the fearful consequences of her acts. This is not a fit place for her; we cannot care for her here. She must go to our room to-night, and to-morrow you will, perhaps, think and feel more as becomes a man, and less as an avenger."

We entered the room, the crowd of men still lingering at the door. The wretched woman sat at the foot of the bed, cowering against it, apparently frozen with terror and fear. She lifted her glassy eyes to Eleanore's face, as she approached her, and in a husky, sepulchral voice, implored her, for God's sake, not to let them touch her.

"It would have been happier for all if you had remembered that name earlier," said Eleanore, severely; "but I will do my best for you, for the sake of the mother who loved you, and the sisters you told me of. Will you try if you can stand on your feet and get to our room?"

She raised her kindly from the floor, and offered her an arm to lean upon; but the poor creature could only totter, with her help, to the nearest chair.

"I am afraid I can't go," she whispered; "but wait a minute—don't leave me—oh, don't leave me, if you have any mercy in your hearts!"

"We will not leave you," I said; for at that moment Mrs. Bromfield was called for at the door, and turned away to speak. "We will not leave you; and when Mr. Peters comes, if not before, you shall be assisted to our room."

"Thank you," she said, holding my hand in a cold, iron clasp. "You are very good."

"Mr. Peters has gone out of town," said Eleanore, coming back from the crowd, "and his brother is here in his place. There is an army of men there, Anna, and it is increasing all the time. What, in the name of heaven, are we to do?"

"Get back to our room as quickly as possible," I said. "Will he not help us with her?"

"He is with them, and hasn't, you know, a spark



of courage. Could you walk now, do you think?" she asked of Mrs. Harding, "with me to help you, so, and Miss Warren on the other side?"

"I will try, if you think—it will be best—will they let us go?" with a terrified glance toward the door.

"Yes; if you can walk, I will make our way good. Come—there is no time to be lost. Come between us, and hold yourself up as well as you can."

The faces of men were pressing eagerly into the door-way, but not a foot had crossed the threshold. As we approached it, holding her, each of us, by an arm about her waist, Eleanore said, looking directly into the nearest eyes: "Gentlemen, will you be kind enough to give us passage? This person is ill, and we wish to get her where she can be taken care of."

There was a little shuffling of feet, but no way opened. A large, burly figure, nearly filled the door-way, which seemed to have worked its way there while she was speaking. She now appealed directly to him: "Will you be kind enough, sir, to let us pass?"

"They say she ought to go to prison with him," he replied. "Is it there you are going with her? If it is, I'll help you, and welcome."

"Yes, to prison," muttered several voices near by; and the word, "prison," came up from the farther end of the passage.

At these sounds, the poor creature's strength seemed entirely to fail her; she hung more and more heavily upon us, and the next moment her head fell on my shoulder in a dead swoon.

"Savages! hounds!" said Eleanore, seizing the drooping form in her arms, which seemed suddenly endowed with the strength of the strongest man; "is there no human heart among you, that you can persecute in



this way a small, helpless, friendless woman? Stand back and give me way with her, and let any man touch either of us at his peril! Come along, Miss Warren." And she moved off through the shamed, irresolute crowd, with her helpless burden—not a hand or a voice hindering.

As we went down the stairs and along the passage, astonished men gave way before us, and more than one, seeing that superhuman effort, reached forth his hands to relieve her, but she answered with her blazing eyes, and they fell back in silence.

"Lock the door," she said, as we passed into the office; and she dropped the woman on our bed, and fell into the nearest chair, scarcely more alive herself than she was.

I offered her water and opened a window, fearing that she, too, would faint; but she put away my cares, and said: "See to her, Anna; I shall breathe directly; and yet, perhaps it would be better she never should again—the poor little wretch! What ruin she has wrought!"

"This is all the worse for us," I said, that Mr. Peters is absent to-night. If he were only here, to speak to those people! There, they are already at the door again."

"I will go in a minute," she said. "I think there will be no violence offered, after what they have seen, and if it looks threatening, I will send for a policeman. This is a position!" she added, with irrepressible irritability, after a moment, the knocking still continuing. "But it shall end here. I wouldn't be exposed to the chance of such a scene again for the house and all it holds. Get life into that poor thing, if you can, Anna, while I go to those fiends."

The noise was momentarily increasing, and it seemed a fearful thing to have to face a determined mob like that—in defense of a bad cause, too. But she opened the door, and held up her blanched face, and parted wide her unflinching eyes upon them, as if she had power to have crushed them all by the sweep of her arm.

Her very look held them silent for a moment.

“What do you want at this door?” she asked.

“We want to know that that woman don’t go away,” was the confused reply of half a dozen voices.

“Then watch,” she said, defiantly, “and be still. This is the only door out of the room.”

“But we want to know if she is here now,” said a small, weasel-eyed man, stepping forward, as if he would enter.

“Don’t put your foot over that door-sill, sir,” she said, so sternly that he shrunk back. “The woman you ask for lies in a dead swoon, in the next room, which is a private chamber belonging to myself and Miss Warren. If you wish any greater security than her helplessness and my word that she shall stay safely there till morning, bring an officer—for no other man shall enter either of these rooms to-night.”

“Here is a doctor,” said a voice from several feet down the hall.

“He is not wanted,” she replied.

“But she may be dying,” said another; “let him come in.”

“If she were, I think it would be no calamity to her; but she is not, and he shall not come here, but with an officer.”

“Bring that one up that’s down there at the door,” was now demanded. “By ——, somebody shall go in

and see it all right!" said the weasel-eyed man, plucking up courage, now that the lioness was looking elsewhere.

"But it will not be you, my little hero," she said; at which there was a laugh and the exclamations: "By thunder, but she's steel, isn't she?" and "I'd rather fight under her than Gen. Scott, any day; and then another voice cried out: "Shame! Let the lady alone. She'll be true to her word, I swear, or I never saw a pair of true eyes in my life."

These evidences of friendly feeling in the crowd were little more agreeable to Eleanore than their opposites had been; but she kept her post, lamp in hand, and held them at bay, till a man made his way to her with a badge on his breast, and touching his hat civilly, said: "Madam, I wish to see if you have a woman in here, who may be implicated in the murder that has been done up stairs."

"Poor Mrs. Harding—how she shuddered and held to me! for she had heard all these last words.

"Enter, sir," she said. "You will find her in the inner room."

He looked in at me, and then her, and was stepping back. The mob waited in silence.

"Go in, if you please, said Eleanore, "and assure yourself that there is no door but this by which she can escape, and nobody there, beside herself, but Miss Warren and my child; and then, perhaps, these brave men may think it safe to leave us with a guard here, till morning."

He did this, and returned. "All right, gentlemen," he said. "She's there, and a lady with her, and she can't get out, except by this door. You had better go home now, and I'll take care of her here to-night."



"Then, with your leave, sir, I will close the door."

"Certainly, ma'am. That is quite right."

And so the hard faces were shut out.

"Good God," said Eleanore "what a scene this is for quiet women to be forced into! and I fear it may not be over yet. They are demurring out there, I know. Are you better now?" she asked, approaching the bed.

"Yes—but you won't let them come here and take me away—will you?" clutching at her dress.

"You ought to feel pretty well assured by this time that I will not, if you have heard much that has passed. Make yourself easy on that score. You are safe for to-night."

"I am very grateful to you both," she murmured. "I do not deserve such kindness, I know; but, indeed, I had nothing to do with—that—that up stairs. Indeed I had not. Do, pray, believe me."

"I believe you," replied Eleanore, bluntly, and without a spark of tenderness. "I believe you, because it would be impossible for me to do otherwise, as well as because you say so. You neither struck the blow, nor knew that it was to be struck. You are innocent of that—but, in another sense, guilty of the whole. The law that men have made will not punish you; but the law that God has written in your own bosom will exact a life-long penalty from you."

She groaned and wept piteously—ready, plentiful tears, that came to the surface too quickly to promise any very deep and vital root of sorrow. Yet I pitied her profoundly, and begged Eleanore not to be severe on her at such a time.

"I do not intend to be," she said; "but all that is ungracious in me is stirred by the horror of the deed,



by the position we are thrown into, and the rudeness of those excited men. Hear them crowd the halls and hang about the door below! What a blessing that Phil sleeps through it! Blessed sleep, that 'the thunder could not break'—kissing him, and beginning to get back a tint of the banished red in her lips. "I am more fearful, now, of fire, than anything else. With the crowd, and such confusion, it will be a miracle if the walls do not catch from some of the lamps; and if they should, nothing can save us."

"Young Peters," I said, "will be watchful, I hope."

"Yes, for his own safety and popularity, Anna, more than anything else. He would not have offended those men, by acting with us to-night, for his left hand. He will become a candidate for office some day, here, and he wouldn't have a right deed, that was unpopular, remembered against him then, for all his hopes of greatness. Pah! how I loathe the truckling spirit of such a life!"

The word now went forth that the coroner had come. There was a steady movement up the stairs a few minutes, and then the policeman at the door called out: "No more going up, gentlemen. The coroner will call a jury, and proceed to the inquest at once; and he doesn't want any bigger crowd than he's got up there now."

"There will be another pleasant experience, if we should be called as witnesses, said Eleanore, with irrepressible irritation.

"But we cannot," said I; "we have no knowledge of the affair whatever. Why should we be called?"

"We may not be, but I fear: and the thought of seeing that crowd again, is like putting one's aching hand back into the fire."

## CHAPTER XL.

An hour passed in which little was spoken—Mrs. Harding alternately weeping, groaning, and listening to the chance words from outside ; Eleanore sitting for a space, and then walking up and down in her impatience ; and I holding immovably my position by the bedside, where I was firmly anchored by the hand of our charge.

“How clearly one sees,” said Eleanore, at length, in such a country and time as this, that women are not made for men’s places, and could not fill them but in that perfect state of society in which there should be no wrong, rudeness, or selfishness—a golden age, in which government should be superfluous and labor unnecessary, where people should literally live under their own vines and fig-trees, with nothing to do but pluck and eat the fruit.”

“There are better reasons for that opinion than these experiences furnish,” I replied ; “but I should rather hear what they are doing up there, and whether the house is going to be cleared to-night, than the most eloquent discussion of that mooted question.”

“That’s exactly where it is, you see,” she said, smiling, and repeating the constant phrase of our English laundress. “If I were a man, now, I should know all about it, and be able to tell you ; but being a woman—both of us women—we have to stay shut up

here, waiting the good pleasure of those who may please to come and tell us."

While the inquest was proceeding, the general stir in the house had died away; and there was only the sound of moving feet, and the low hum of voices, from that room up stairs. It was but a few minutes to twelve, when there came a call at the door, and Mrs. Harding was wanted.

"For what?" asked Eleanore.

"To be examined before the coroner," was the answer.

A great effort was necessary to get her off, but at last it was effected: and she importuned me so piteously to accompany her, that I could not refuse. The officer assisted her up the stairs, and I followed. There were not a great many persons in the passage outside, but the room was crowded, and the ghastly, bloody corpse lay, just as he had fallen at her door, on the bed. Way was made for us, and I placed her near the window, where she could breathe, and have that hideous spectacle shut from her view. John was there, at the bed's foot, looking, if possible, more haggard, but less merciless than he had earlier in the evening.

"Now, which of these ladies is Mrs. Harding?" asked the coroner, blandly, rubbing his hands, and bowing to us both.

I thought he had little need to ask which of us was that unhappy woman, but I answered: "This is Mrs. Harding," laying my hand lightly on her shoulder.

"Ah, Mrs. Harding! Unfortunate business, ma'am; but these things will happen sometimes. We have to make the best of them, ma'am."

No reply, but a more deathly pallor and a glassy stare.



"Now, Mrs. Harding, will you take the oath? Put your hand on the book, ma'am. You promise, in what you shall state before this court and jury, touching the murder of William Harding, to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth—so help you God?"

"Yes," she answered, with a movement of her head, rather than any sound, though her lips parted.

"Kiss the book, ma'am."

It went to her lips, and then the examination commenced: which resulted, after a long and painful questioning—which, I must admit, was as mercifully and delicately conducted as possible—in eliciting the facts that Gray, as he now called himself, was on a clandestine visit to her; that he had made her acquaintance, on the steamer, the third or fourth day from New York; had been very kind to her, especially in getting across the Isthmus, where they had a deal of trouble; that on this side he had shown her every attention, and, a week or so before they landed, had proposed to her to go ashore with him at Monterey, and afterward urged her running away with him here—the first night they landed; that he had visited her four times in this house, and that she had promised to leave it and go with him on board the Stockton boat, next day, and that he was just about leaving her room, when Mr. Harding came; that the door was locked, and Gray opened it, saying, "He'll have to come in now, and I'll take care of him," or something like that—she could not exactly remember the words; that when Mr. Harding (she did not speak the word "husband" once) came in, he and Gray met face to face; and Mr. H., looking at him, said: "Who are you, sir? and what are you here for?"



raising his hand at the same moment and striking him ; that Gray returned the blow, she believed with his hand first, and said, " You can know who I am in a minute, if you want to ;" that they had a scuffle, first in the room, and Gray, being the more powerful, pushed Harding back, outside the door ; that then she did not see exactly what happened for a moment, but there were blows and hard words, and the next she heard was a dreadful groan and a fall, and then Gray stepped back, with the bloody dagger in his hand—she could not tell if that was the one—and said, " I believe I have killed the unlucky dog : but he fought like a tiger ;" and then Mr. John Harding spoke ; and she could not distinctly remember anything more, till the ladies came to take her down to their room.

As I said, this information was got with infinite difficulty, the examination occupying nearly an hour. When it was over, the coroner said : " I think, gentlemen, we have no need to go further in examining witnesses, have we ?"

The jury agreed that they were ready to render a verdict, and we immediately retired.

I assured Mrs. Harding that I had no idea she would be placed under arrest in the morning. She was so ingenuous, and gave such an uncontradictory statement, broken as it was, that I felt certain she would be exonerated from all guilt in the killing. But, then, what should she do, and where should she go ? These were questions not easy to answer—not best now to be thought upon. We needed rest, and another day would be better for such inquiries.

Eleanore was fast asleep, lying on the carpet, with a blanket and pillow. I did not mean to awake her, having my own key to enter with ; but the noise

aroused her, and she sat up instantly: "Is it done?" she asked.

"Yes, all done, I hope."

"And the verdict?"

"Not rendered yet, but just about to be. We can go to sleep now; the officer at the door said he would stay in the house all night. Don't let us talk; there is nothing new, and we want rest so much."

"I thought," she said, "you would get some blankets, when you came—you know you have the key of the store-room—and we could sleep here, giving Mrs. Harding the bed for the rest of the night."

But that little lady objected, and insisted on taking the floor herself.

Eleanore refused, politely at first, but her urgency at last brought out the blunt truth: "I would rather sleep where I am, than change the bed. Pray lie down, and, if you can, compose yourself to rest. I am very weary, and shall enjoy quietness more than anything else."

"You have some very hateful gifts," I said, feeling almost angry with her. "How can you—"

"Dear Anna, don't worry me. I am dreadfully tired, and my arms and shoulders are full of pains and soreness. Now, pray, let us rest."

This was *sotto voce* between us; and I, reminded by it of the battle she had fought, and the tremendous tax she had laid upon her physical strength to win it, forgave her at once.

"God bless you, dear child!" I replied; "I was forgetting that you had a right to demand nursing and petting, instead of scolding."

But she was already half-gone in the sleep which her weariness rendered irresistible.

## CHAPTER XLI.

In the morning, Mrs. Harding was assisted to her own room. John came in to see us, very much softened from the fierce demeanor of the evening, and evidently more than ever admiring the intrepid spirit that had braved and defeated him. Eleanore could scarcely raise her arms, and was at last obliged to send out and hire a working woman to come in for that day. There was that to be done up stairs which neither of us, if quite able, would have been willing to undertake; and so, we the more readily consented to the self-indulgence of hiring a drudge. When this was settled, and young Peters, who was still there, had gone for her, John sat down and poured out, but in respectful and more measured terms, his indignation and grief—mixing them up with earnest apologies for some rudeness he feared he had been guilty of last night. He said the funeral was to take place that day, at two o'clock.

“And what,” asked Eleanore, after he had said all, “shall we do with Mrs. Harding?”

“If you would oblige me so much, ma'am, as never to call her by our name, I would be thankful.”

“Well, Caroline, then—that is her Christian name, I think?”

“Yes.”

“What is to become of her?”

"God knows, ma'am; I don't, I'm sure."

There was a long silence, in which he looked troubled, as a man does who knows that something is expected of him, which he has not the grace to perform nor the courage to refuse.

"Shall I advise you?"

"If you please, though I can't promise to follow it."

"She is not implicated in this dreadful affair before the law, is she?"

"No."

"Then, send her home, Mr. Harding, to her family."

"She will be wanted as a witness, when he is tried."

"Yes, I suppose so. But do not set your heart too much on his punishment. He will get clear, I have no doubt. Nobody is punished here for anything they do. But I advise you earnestly, if she has not already means to return, to furnish her with them—your brother had money, you say—and, as soon as her presence is no longer necessary, to urge her going back."

"I will never speak to her!" said the man, doggedly.

"There is no need you should. It would be painful to both of you. But be a man, Mr. Harding, and open the way to self-redemption to her. She is very young, and will be, in all true senses, helpless and friendless in this dreadful country. There is but one fate before her, with the difficulties which now surround her, and that is such as one shudders to think of. She is not yet wholly lost, and be you the good angel to her future. Miss Warren and I will act with and for you; and ten years hence, if you both live, and she should be saved, how great will be the happiness of reflecting that you acted nobly, instead of revengefully, and



thereby saved, instead of driving to desperation, a poor, misguided woman !”

“ I believe,” he said, acknowledging, with a dangerous precipitancy, her influence, “ that you could bring me to do anything.”

At this speech they both colored, and Eleanore said, hastily: “ I have no wish or thought of trying what you could be brought to do, sir. I only appeal to you in this matter as my conscience bids me, in view of the ends before us, and as I would to any stranger so related to an unfortunate and helpless woman. Will you do it ?”

“ Yes ; but you or Miss Warren must explain why, and by whose advice. I don’t want her to understand that I did it myself. I loved my brother very much, and I don’t forgive her his death”—tears filling his eyes—“ though I do take your counsel about her.”

“ Miss Warren and I,” she answered, “ will do whatever is possible to further this plan. Let us know where you will deposit money for her, and I will send a friend of ours to see to her safe embarkation when the time comes.”

“ I don’t believe she will go,” he said, “ if this wretch gets clear ; and if she doesn’t, I’d kill them both if they touch a dollar of his. It’s not the money, ma’am—but I would burn it, or sink it in the sea, before she should see it, if she goes back to him !”

“ Yes, undoubtedly ; you could not contribute to render her infamous ; the object is to save her ; and if that cannot be done, I approve your feeling. She will have to go elsewhere to-day. It is not desirable to Miss Warren or me that she should stay here longer, for reasons which need not be named ; and in an hour or two, we will let you know how you can serve us in disposing her in some proper place.”

He looked at her, in a sort of helpless astonishment at finding himself thus called on to act in a manner so opposite to his feelings, but went out without speaking.

"We must arrange for her," said Eleanore, "before the funeral. He may be less disposed to aid us after. Now, will you go up, dear, and tell her it is necessary she should remove to-day, and ascertain if she has money, and if she knows of any place to go?"

To all which I came back shortly with a negative reply, and an imploring prayer not to be sent away destitute, among strangers.

"The Marsdens," said Eleanore, "we know nobody else—shall I go up and see them? I thought the reports in the papers would have brought Mr. M. down before this time. Are not they the best people to consult?"

"I think so. Only pray do not stay."

"You may be assured I will not, Anna, nor rest, now, anywhere, till this poor creature is safely housed away from us.

The people were filling the streets as she went out—a few on their way to church, but more to other places of quite different character. In a few minutes, to my great satisfaction, she returned, bringing with her Mr. Marsden, whom she had fortunately met near our house.

The story was told, Mr. Harding called into counsel, and it was settled, finally, that, in case Mrs. Marsden would consent to receive her, they should signal us from their upper window, by putting the red curtain outside, as they had more than once before done; and if she did not, then the good man was to return to us for further consultation. Mr. Harding agreed to deposit to Mr. Marsden's order money to pay her ex-

penses for two months, and her passage home after the trial was over, which it was thought must take place in that time. If she did not go, he said, Mrs. Bromfield and I might draw and bestow it upon any needy and deserving person we should find.

When they left us, Eleanore said : " Now I will go up and see that poor soul, and if she is ready, bring her down here. It will be less dreary than waiting up there alone. And I owe it to her and myself to atone, in some manner, for my almost harshness last night."

" Let me go, Eleanore," said I, " unless you particularly wish to. She may have some packing to do, and I think she would feel freer in accepting my assistance, just now, than yours."

" Very well," she replied ; " only do not stay too long, Anna. I must have a few minutes with her before she goes, and I feel persuaded Mrs. Marsden will receive her."

I accordingly soon had Mrs. Harding down stairs, when Eleanore received her at the office-door with some tender words of compassion for the utter misery written in her face, and led her to our bedroom.

" Poor child," she said, as she seated her, " I hope you are a little better than you were last night. I spoke with less tenderness to you then, than your suffering called for. Forgive me. I would not be harsh, but the dreadful consequences of your—delusion—appalled and shocked me beyond expression, and I was powerfully wrought upon, at the moment, by a sense of our exposure, through it. I am not often so harsh, and I shall feel happier if you tell me you do not cherish a recollection of my ungraciousness."

" Oh, Mrs. Bromfield," she replied, speaking with great difficulty, " do not say so many kind words !



They hurt me worse than the others! Oh, what would my poor mother say? Oh, what can I do?"

"There is nothing you can do, child, to repair the terrible wrong that has been done," said Eleanore; "but in the time to come, you can heal some of your own wounds, by doing right. It is not so bad as if you had shared the fearful deed."

"Oh, no, no! I never thought of it, though I was dreadfully frightened when *he* came; but I didn't know that Mr. Gray had a dagger, and I never thought of their hurting each other worse than with blows."

"But now," said Eleanore, "you see that he was a bad man, who went prepared for the dangers he might provoke."

She was silent for some moments, and at last faltered: "But, Mrs. Bromfield, he didn't mean to do it. He said so afterward, and I know he didn't."

"We will not talk now of what he meant," said Eleanore, unwilling to hear her vindicate the murderer. "We are making arrangements for you to go to a quiet house, to stop till the trial is over—at which, you know, you will be required to give your testimony."

"I don't want to," she said, choking, and looking with such piteous, tearful eyes at us. "I can't."

"But you will have to," said Eleanore; "and I am afraid you may be put in prison if you say you can't to other people. Be calm, now, for a few minutes, and let me tell you how it is."

And then she went on to tell her all that pertained to the case, and her part in it, avoiding all expression of opinion as to the probable results, but assuring her that it was in every respect better she should not shrink from what was demanded of her.



"But his life, Mrs. Bromfield!" said the girl, with ashy lips. "I wouldn't speak against his life for all the world."

"Poor child!" said Eleanore, drawing near to her and taking her hand; "poor child! Is it so, then, that you love this wicked, dreadful man? I pity you, indeed. Do you not see that it can only be wretchedness and shame to you, and every one that cares for you?"

"Nobody will care for me now," she replied, "and if they did, I—I could not go away from him."

Eleanore turned to me in despair.

"You should remember," I said, "that he has killed your husband."

"I never loved *him*," she answered. "I married him because my father and sister Elsie wanted me to, and I didn't know any better. I didn't want to come here, and I wouldn't, if they hadn't made me."

Eleanore rose and walked away, deeply pained and disheartened. I took her seat, and with all the eloquence of heart and tongue that I possessed, I expostulated, entreated, and warned, but all in vain. Nothing would shake her loyalty to this wretch; and she declared, at length, that if he were punished, she would share his punishment.

Eleanore was walking up and down the floor as she said this, and turning suddenly to her, she asked: "Do you dream of the awful fate before you, if you adhere to him? Have you any idea how cruel he can be—how he can shame and torture and trample on you, by-and-by? Did you ever hear anybody describe a devil? and do you know that a fiend would be merciful compared to what this man will be to you, when he is ready to cease lying and deceiving you? Did you

ever hear of hell? and do you know that it cannot, at the worst, exceed the torments you will suffer in the life he will lead you to? Imagine your good mother here, speaking to you, Caroline, and do not answer us, but think of what we have said. It is time you were going now, to the house where you will have a home for awhile. They are excellent persons, both Mr. and Mrs. Marsden, and they have consented to take you because Miss Warren and I have entreated them to, that you might have a quiet home, among good and virtuous people, till the time comes when you can see more clearly than you now do. I hope you will not trouble or grieve Mrs. Marsden, who will be gentle with you as a sister; and when all is over, I trust you will conclude to go back to your father's home. If you do, there will be money for you to go with, and our kind wishes will attend you. Antonio shall go up with you—you see, Anna, the signal—and I shall be very glad to hear that you are feeling and thinking better, after a few days. Good-by now.”

And we let her go reluctantly, feeling as if she were possibly plunging away to ruin as she went.

## CHAPTER XLII.

Eleanore and I breathed more freely as we watched her walking up the street, and at last she said : “ It is an inestimable thing, is it not, to be so safely and humanely freed of her—poor child ! But I have little hope of her future well-doing, Anna. Not that I think her actually base or depraved now—but her strong affection for this wretched murderer and seducer will carry her back to him, I fear, in spite of everything : in which case, we know too well the bitter lot before her. She will be degraded in her own esteem by that fatal step ; upon this will shortly follow his scorn and brutal abuse—and, ah, what an existence will be hers then ! ”

“ She seems to have been badly treated throughout, if her story be true—that she married to please her father and sister, and came here to please them, too, instead of following her own attractions. I think that is one of the greatest and most universal wrongs which woman suffers or does against herself, Eleanore—that trading in marriage—giving her freedom and self-respect for a support or a position, or feeling constrained to allow herself to be united for life to a man who is chosen for any reason but because, of all the world, he comes nearest her heart. This poor child already, young as she is, has been doomed, by that sin against herself, to immeasurable horrors and suffering.”

“ She is one of thousands, nay, millions of our sex,

Anna, scattered over all the globe, against whom this fearful wrong is daily perpetrated, in the names of prosperity, happiness, and love. I tremble for womanhood when I think how constantly it is outweighed in the balance against these poor, paltry shams and lies, and, going blindly into the balance, comes out, after a season, with eyes full open to its dreadful lot, struggling in vain against the fetters that have been thrown around it, and bleeding at every pore. It is fearful to consider what burdens we assume in the blindness of our ignorance, and have to bear through all our subsequent life, or to throw off with an effort greater, even, than our endurance. Consider for a moment how society treats a woman, who, knowing in her soul that she is shamed and tortured in her marriage, seeks to cast the yoke that becomes at last intolerable; and consider how men, high and low, from honorable Seignors to such miscreants as this, do almost ever regard one who takes such a position. Forgetting that Nature speaks in her bosom, as well as their own—forgetting that a slavery which they would loathe themselves for submitting to, may be as galling to her—forgetting that her soul, too, must grow, if at all, in freedom like theirs, how coolly and cruelly worldly men and happy women can set down such to neglect and coldness and scorn! They have, in the judgment of society, committed the unpardonable sin in asserting their self-respect, and they become, in consequence, fair targets for the sneers and the arrows of every heartless or scoundrel marksman who chooses to entertain himself at their expense.

“But do not ask me to say what I feel toward men who are capable of the baseness of deliberately casting a woman out of the citadel of her social relations. No



language which I could use would convey an idea of the execration in which I hold such, and the monster we call Society, when I see it smiling on them. If I thought my son could ever grow to a manhood so base as would let him deliberately set about winning a woman's love, careless whether it might be shame or glory to her, I could rejoice to see him buried a child. The highwayman or burglar is noble in comparison with such ! And yet there is no punishment or hindrance for these men, if they stop short of murder. In other countries than this the law would hang this creature for stabbing a man, but would scarce lay its finger upon him for the greater crime of destroying the poor girl. In England, if he were rich, he would be made to pay a price for the chattel he robbed the husband of, but everywhere society, with very scanty exceptions, would open as wide its arms to him after, as before the deed. Few fathers and mothers would hesitate to invite him, for their sons to emulate and their daughters to admire.

“It is the crying sin of our civilization—this against the love of woman. It hurls yearly into the dark ranks of the irredeemable, hundreds, if not thousands, of the best natures of our sex. Love is a woman's life and nobleness. Humble intellects, penetrated and vivified by a pure and self-respecting affection, are often the most beautiful and harmonious spirits in the circles where they belong. Women are called angels, and there is a truth at the root of that hyperbole, as of all others, for there is nothing nearer to our conception of the angelic than a loving, tender-souled woman. To draw her down to shame through this high attribute of her nature, is a treachery so base and damnable, that one continually wonders why the ages have not

stamped it as the one ineffaceable infamy of a man's life!"

"That is a question I have often considered," said I. "Why is it true that all you say may be, and is continually done, in all the countries of Christendom, and of the whole earth, for aught I know—an enormous and recognized sin—without any human penalty attached to it, or any that is worth so naming?"

"Because," she said, "society proceeds upon two opposite assumptions in regard to woman—one, that she is inferior to man, and the other, that she is superior to him. Both are true, too; but the inferiority—which is in the personal and lower life, and which will ultimately constitute her highest appeal to his nobility of soul—has been, and, alas! still is, the universal appeal to his perverted and degrading selfishness; while the eminence that he concedes to her in love and the whole affectional nature, is the theme of his poetry and the unsuspecting minister to his baseness.

"I do believe, though, Anna, that this wrong has had its day. I believe that women are receiving preparation for a clearer and truer development, and that shame will not henceforth be the fruit of their highest life to so many thousands of women."

"I would hope so," was my slow response; "but I confess I see no very decisive indications of that good time."

"Day does not dawn in a moment," she replied. "If ever you have watched the eastern sky in the hour when night was folding his dark pinions in the west, you have rather accepted the approach of light as an undemonstrated than a visible fact, so faint were its first advances. By-and-by came manifest gleams, shooting hither and thither; afterward palpable bars of illumina-

tion, which spread into a radiant whole at last, and the day was inaugurated. Our horizon has as yet only gleams of the coming time, but they are, I think, unmistakable, and whoever lives to see the twentieth century ushered in, will, I believe, find our sex on a vantage-ground of true freedom and self-sustaining development, which will prove the first step in such a social revolution as time has never yet seen.

“I feel a prophetic fire warming me, Anna, when I think of the future of woman. I am so entirely convinced of her superiority in the scale of being, and that, with the gentleness, piety, and love, which characterize her more angelic nature, she is to lead in the civilization of the coming ages, that my hope of her era is boundless.”

“Do you, indeed, receive that extraordinary doctrine, Eleanore? I should scarcely have suspected you of it. To my judgment, it seems to belong to minds of less reason and greater capacity of fanatical warmth than I have attributed to you.”

“That is because you misconceive the truth of it and its relations. It rests upon irrefutable proofs, both material and spiritual, which we have not time to consider now, for they are linked in a beautiful chain, which may be touched in every backward era, from this day to the creation, and the truth itself, coming to us, now is—contradictory as it may appear to superficial observation—the chief element in solving and harmonizing the mystery and discord of the past. It enables me to understand, better than ever before, the hard and bloody features of strife, revenge, and violence, which have come out upon, and made apparently hideous, the human career. The first ages of Progress were necessarily material; they were inevita-



bly man's—man's, as distinguished from woman, I mean: he being the material worker—the inventor, the discoverer, and the warrior; disposed in his nature, and well able by his strong body to carry his conquests into every kingdom where they were needed. In all this our sex was undeniably secondary and inferior; and if human progress were to be an endless succession of physical labors, inventions, discoveries, and wars, we should be doomed to remain so. But it is not; and whenever, by man's work on those planes, the race shall have reached a condition in which higher and gentler and more divine dominations are needed, these being woman's, she will come naturally and harmoniously to exercise them. And they will be more catholic and potent than man's have been, in so far as spirit is more diffused than matter, and love more irresistible than war."

"You do not claim, then, that women are superior logicians or more powerful reasoners than men?"

"No; but reason is not the most divine attribute of humanity, nor is logical power its most godlike development. Neither of these was the distinguishing trait of the divine Nazarene. Nor do I mean that they are superior in the executive capacities; nor merely in the intuitions, which men, however jealous of their sovereignty, universally concede to us; but I mean greater elevation in the scale of being—higher offices, and relations of greater power to the life which flows from and surrounds our own."

"Something—an inference, if not a conclusion—in favor of your argument," said I, "it seems to me, might be drawn from the state of things we see here—the swift and fearful degeneracy of these men, separated from the conservative and refining influence of women."



"Yes," she replied, quickly, "for no one believes that women of the same rank would fall thus, under like circumstances. Did it ever occur to you, Anna, that we *praise* a strong, rugged man, when we say earnestly and feelingly of him, that he is like a woman, or is womanly in his nature? We express, by the words, a noble manhood, with a woman's tenderness or love or endurance added thereto; but when it is said of a woman that she is manly, or like a man, how one's heart recoils! This, I think, is because we feel delight in seeing the higher embodied in the lower: but it pains us to see that the truest verdict we can pronounce upon the higher, is, that it is like the lower."

"Yet, Eleanore," said I, a little startled by what her statements would lead to, "there certainly are very few women who are, in elevation of life, in earnestness, and in the expression, either by deeds or words of the loftier sentiments, comparable to great numbers of men. You must acknowledge that, I am sure."

"Yes, with pain and grief; but it does not hurt my argument, because woman has not been acknowledged or proved in the position I claim for her. She has been always the slave of man—more or less abject, according to his condition, but ever the slave; permitted this liberty and denied the other; educated by his prejudices—warped and belittled by his ignorance: not criminally or cruelly on his part, but inevitably, because of his ignorance and darkness—he the active and she the passive agent of her own feebleness and degradation."

"And what," I asked, "is to make their relation different, now?"

"The light that has come into the world, Anna," replied my friend, "and that which is coming. We

have heretofore bowed to man's sovereignty because physical power has been the proof of superiority, and he has had the bone and muscle to assert and defend this for himself; while we have scarcely inquired whether it was the highest evidence of his claim, or whether the progress for which we hope could be the fruit of such rule so maintained. Man, first, laying the material substrata of life—woman, last, uprearing on these solid foundations of reason, science, and system, the beautiful ideals where truth and love shall dwell in religious harmony with us."

"Your ideas would meet with little welcome," said I, "in the world of men, or of women, either, I fear."

"But that would be no proof of their unsoundness, Miss Warren. There will be a certain displeasure toward them at first, I have no doubt, because a preposterous notion is entertained, since this question has arisen, that, whichever sex shall prevail in the war, the other must be humiliated by its victory. We have been wronged and injured by the supremacy of man, and he naturally distrusts us. He has not learned that they who are superior in truth, in love, and in real elevation, *cannot* enslave inferiors; as a man's best powers cannot enslave his baser appetites. But setting all minor considerations aside, see how much *more* the female principle is to all life, than the male. The relation and power of the one is momentary and undignified by any lofty sense of use and patient service to the coming being. Throughout the organic world, reproduction, which is the highest function of life, is the paramount law and service of the maternal principle. Beauty, which is the highest material expression of life, is generally its concomitant; and organic nurture

and development, which stand next to God's power in creating, are its chief employment and grandest happiness. The mother-bee produces all the innumerable young, and the drones perish when their very temporary office has been filled. The mother-bird rejoices through her long incubation in the happiness which is to come; and if her mate sings a sweeter song than she does, is it not that, by that lower performance, he may cheer and lighten her sacred one?"

"That is quite a new, and not flattering view," said I, laughing, "of Cock Robin and Bob-o link's sweet gifts."

"But it is a true one, Anna, I am sure," answered my friend, with undisturbed seriousness. "The highest instinct of all unprogressive life, it seems to me, is to preserve to itself the perfection which God has given it. The loftiest purpose that progressive life can entertain, lies beyond this: and both are intrusted to the mother. The father comes nearest to her power, and most entirely seconds it, when, by careful tendance upon her, he sustains in all her life, interior and exterior, the fullest vigor and most harmonious play; when he gives her conditions of health, freedom, and self-respect; surrounds her with the beautiful, the pure, and the noble; and, by his superior strength and intellect, commands the world for this creating mother, of whom he is the care-taker. Thus his position is secondary and ministrant to hers, which comes first after God's. I believe in this superiority of my sex, Anna, everywhere, from the highest to the lowest. Do not you?"

"Certainly, dear Eleanore. It cannot, I think, be disputed; but it is not often that one gets back of the conventionalities and errors of the ages, to take a clear



view from Nature's standpoint. In all the vexed and stinging discussion one hears and participates in, we are too apt to stop at our own door, or not to look beyond our grandmother's usages, into the past. It seems to me that no man or woman would reject this interpretation of God's purposes in regard to the sexes. It is too evidently true."

"Yet, dear, there is no practical adoption of it anywhere. If there were, all the freedom that their nature could use, would be at once accorded by all rational men, to women. They would not fear to remove restrictive laws from their statute-books ; on the contrary, they would become sensible of the wrong of ever having placed them there, and they would hasten to repair, by their just recognition of it, the injuries which the sex and society have both sustained in the ages that are past. The proudest achievements of man, in art, in statesmanship, in science, in discovery, in invention—in all that proclaims his civilization—can minister to no higher purpose in this life, surely, than this one of developing and elevating woman to true and right conditions for maternity. The noblest woman, in all senses, is the best mother ; as the noblest man is the best father, and the universe contains no legacy equal to that which such parents give to their children."

"But all women are not mothers, Eleanore."

"I know and lament that, dear friend ; but the fact makes no weight against the argument. It strengthens it, rather—for the woman to whom the power and joy of motherhood are denied, is, if possible, the more entitled thereby to all else that life can give her. Its richest riches, exclusive of this, can only mitigate that unfortunate lot. Is it not so, dear ? Would any advantage which you could reap in strife with the world—



any fortune, power, or distinction, still the demands of your heart? Dear Anna, I know how large a woman-soul there is pent up in this slender form, and I know how bitterly it suffers in this perpetual denial of its strongest instinct. But you do not the less demand all that I could enjoy or appropriate nobly in the exercise of motherhood. Because one calamity has fallen on you, I would not condemn you to all others—to a withered, narrow life, cut off from the sympathies, uses, and respects, to which all pure life is entitled. You call yourself an ‘old maid;’ but if women enjoyed the freedom and recognition I ask for them, there would be none or few such; and they, if good, would be objects of strong sympathy and earnest respect, instead of such feelings as are commonly entertained toward them.

“But I have talked you to tears, and we will say no more to-day on these subjects.”

## CHAPTER XLIII.

That day completed our second month, and Eleonore, in the evening, told me she was unwilling to commence on another, if we could see any quieter way of earning a livelihood. "I have been watching the papers lately, Anna," said she, "for anything that might offer a better position to us; and though I have not found it for both, I have faith to believe that it may come by-and-by."

"For both!" I said; "have you, then, seen something that would do for yourself?"

"No, dear, but for you, in to-day's *Alta*. Here it is, and if you think of it, you had better answer to-morrow morning."

It was an advertisement for a teacher in Stockton. Applicants would get further information by applying at that office.

"And if I should go," said I, "what would you do?"

"I would get a situation as governess, if I could—perhaps in some Spanish family." Her eyes filled as she spoke, but she brushed the tears indignantly away, and said: "I am not so weak as this makes me seem, but I cannot think of our separating, dear friend, without pain, and almost dismay."

"Nor I; and we will not. Something will come, if we are only a little patient. Let us remain where we are yet a few days, and be watchful."

"I told young Peters," said Eleanore, "this morning, that I did not think we should, either of us, wish to stay longer than till they could supply our places. You know we felt alike about it yesterday evening, Anna."

"Yes, and I feel so still ; but I am loth to look for an employment that will separate us at once, and leave you idle. I almost feel you could not do so well without me."

"And you are right, my dear, good sister ; I could not ; but I must not hinder your prosperity. Go in the morning, and see what you can learn about this place. Perhaps you could engage it, and yet have a week or a fortnight here ; in which case, we could remain a little longer without inconvenience. If it is a situation where you can be well paid for the labor you ought to be doing, instead of this drudgery, I could not be content to have you lose it for my sake."

So it was agreed, with a good many sad words, that we should, the next day, begin to take steps looking toward a separation of our ways.

In the morning, Mr. John Harding came to settle his account, and have some further conversation respecting Caroline. Eleanore told him that she had gone to the Marsdens, who would be prudent and kind in their dealing with her, and that she hoped a few weeks' quiet, under the pure and friendly influence of Mrs. Marsden, would restore her to her right mind, and prepare her to return to her friends at home.

He was of the opposite opinion, however, but made no warm argument about it.

Eleanore requested him to deposit the money he had promised for her service, to the account of Mr. Marsden, or some other person whom he might prefer,

as there was a probability she and I might both be elsewhere before it would be drawn.

"Are you going away, then?" he asked.

"We do not expect to remain here much longer," was her reply.

"Going to the country?"

"Perhaps so. We are not fully decided yet. In any case, it might be a serious inconvenience to either of us to feel any further responsibility in this matter. All that we can do in a friendly way for the poor girl, we will; but the business part can be better attended to by some one who is settled here. I hope you will not abandon the good you purposed toward her," said Eleanore, seeing his countenance change, "in consequence of this necessity."

"No; I promised you she should have the money, and so she shall—to go home with, if she wants to. But she won't do it; you will see that she won't."

"That is possible," said Eleanore; "but you will always have the satisfaction of reflecting that, so far, you acted right."

"So far!" he echoed. "Isn't that enough? What else could I do?"

"You could see her, Mr. Harding, and by a little gentleness of speech and manner, mitigate the pain and horror under which she now labors. You, more than any one here, could make her feel that she is not forever separated from all hope in those who have hitherto made her world. You could make her respect your nobleness, and lead her to think of some other refuge than among the guilty and outcast, to whom, I fear, her weakness now inclines her."

He heard her with silent amazement. "Really, ma'am," he said, after a pause, when she had ceased



speaking, "you surprise me. I should not have expected anybody to speak so to me about her. She ought, I think, to ask my forgiveness."

"She hasn't the courage," said Eleanore, quickly. "She is a child, overwhelmed and crushed by horrors she never before dreamed of, but which, if she is not very tenderly cared for, she may grow familiar with in the years to come. If you will permit me to advise you a little, sir, I would urge you to go to her and make her feel, that, though she has done very wrong, she is not a monster, and that return to the path she has left is yet possible. You should remember, Mr. Harding, that the great guilt here is a man's; I mean the first guilt—not that alone which struck the murderous blow—and that this young creature was thrown, by the injudiciousness of your brother and her friends, unguarded, into his power. If I could be utterly unrelenting toward any human being, it would be such a monster as he is, but not his victim."

Mr. Harding rose, and took a turn across the office. Then he stopped at the window, with his hands in his pockets, and looked out. At last he turned, and walking up to the desk, where Eleanore was engaged in making up the accounts, that should have been finished on Saturday evening, said, with his face slightly flushed and confused: "I will go, Mrs. Bromfield, because you make me feel that I must. Nobody else could, though. Where is the house she has gone to?"

She gave him the direction, and said: "Inquire, when you get in the neighborhood, for Mr. Marsden's house. Anybody there will show it you. And, pray, say some kind word to Caroline for me."

"And tell her," I added, "that, if it is possible, I will come up and see her to-day or to-morrow."

“There,” said Eleanore, after he was gone, “that is something gained for him, if it does not save her—of which, I think, there may yet be a hope. She naturally thinks of this miscreant, should he escape, as her only refuge and protection. This visit may draw her thoughts in another direction, and, with the helps she will otherwise get, *may* lead her to see the future more truly than she does now, and to appreciate more correctly her relation to persons. Now, dear Anna, I must send you off, for you must not fail to see what they want in Stockton—and get a little time to stay with me, if you can. Mr. Peters will be here by noon, his brother thinks. I shall speak to him at once, and then I shall feel free to go also, in search of other employment.”

By a rare coincidence, I met at the office of the newspaper the person who had inserted the advertisement. We had a talk, which seemed quite satisfactory to him, and was entirely so to me, and I engaged to commence my school a fortnight from that day. I would not say less, though he urged it, because I would not risk the necessity of leaving Eleanore, until there had been time to look about for her settlement. As it was, I returned very heavy-hearted, thinking of her, and not at all of myself. She was very much pleased when I told her what I had done, and we began at once to make the most of the time that was left us, by canvassing the possibilities of the future and reviewing the past.

When Mr. Harding came in the afternoon to take his leave, he expressed a great deal of interest in both of us, with thanks for our kindness—especially Eleanore’s—in having shown him what he ought to do. His visit to Caroline had made him a happier man. She was

very grateful for it, and Mr. Marsden had promised to write him sometimes how she went on, till the trial, when he should be in the city himself, and hope to see us again. He parted from Eleanore very reluctantly, and lingered till the last moment for reaching the wharf, in hope, as I saw, of an opportunity to speak to her alone. But her eye kept me there. She did not look at me once in a noticeable way, but I could not go out of the room till he was gone.

"There is a good deal of latent nobility in that soul," said Eleanore; "pity some congenial and more developed one should not cultivate and educe it."

"Yes," I replied, "and I think he would be quite willing to put himself in certain hands, that would do it efficiently."

"May be," she said, "but do not speak of it. I am weary of such experiences here, and of the thoughts they bring to me. They make common the most sacred things of life."

## CHAPTER XLIV.

Time went on, and the first week of my grace was gone, but not so were we. It was difficult, Mr. Peters said, to find women whom he could trust to manage everything as we had, and almost every night there was a petition for us to remain ; or, if I must go, then for Eleanore to stop, and have a servant-woman, of her own choosing, or a boy or man—black or white—Kanaka or Chinaman—anything that would answer best or please her, only if she would stay and manage and take care of the house. At last the urgency so far prevailed, that she consented, if he could not supply her place, to remain till the end of the third month, having with her the woman whom we had occasionally employed. And so, on Friday of the second week, I left her, to go to my future home. Thus I lost much of her daily experience.

But I have her letters, written at intervals of a few days or hours, according to the necessities of her soul, —narrating events, or breathing her beautiful fancies, or rising in fearless affirmation : the moment's mood being as faithfully reflected in them, as in her varying face it always was. There were greater extremes in her nature than I ever knew in any other. She was frank to a daring degree ; habitually and constantly so, except in the great inmost experiences of joy and suffering ; and these, when she willed it, could be buried so deep within, that those of her household



would never conceive their presence ; and even I found myself often forgetting them. She was courageous, as you have seen ; when need and occasion were, as unflinching in thought and nerve as the hardiest man. Unfaltering and fearless, she pressed impetuously forward to her object ; yet laid her hand as gently upon it, when she reached it, as the most delicate and sensitive girl. Her heart was a full fountain of the tenderest and most ecstatic love, yet with the firmness and apparent coldness of the least womanly woman, she pressed down and sealed it within her own bosom. Shallow people thought her hard and cold, when the inward fire of that life, smothered and checked by the strong will, would have blinded and scorched their weak souls, had it been permitted to blaze forth. Her letters seemed to make me even better acquainted with her than I had been. They showed me no new phase of the character I had seen so fully and variously proved, but they defined it more sharply ; they individualized more perfectly the admirable harmonies and contrasts which made her the rarest woman I have ever known.

I had left her but a few days—less than two weeks, I think—when the ever-dreaded calamity of that anomalous city, fire, descended upon them one night, and swept the house and most of its contents to destruction. Her loss was heavy, consisting not only of the best part of her wardrobe, but of all the precious mementoes she had preserved of little Harry.

“I am deeply grieved, Anna,” she says, in this letter, “for their loss. It seems a wrong to the dear child not to have thought first of what remained to prove his short life to us ; but I was terrified for Phil and myself, for you can have no idea of the fearful

rapidity of this destruction. The fire broke out two buildings from us, in the grocery, you know, below the restaurant, and although I was on my feet almost with the first stroke of the monumental bell, I could only, by its light, huddle some clothing on, and drag the small trunk, which stood nearest the door, down stairs, before the flames were shooting out of our upper windows. I left Phil for one moment, and ran back to the office, through the smoke and flying sparks, to get the money and a bundle of papers which Mr. Peters had left there the night before. But the corner of our bedroom was already on fire, and I could not attempt to move the heavy trunk. I had to fly down the stairs myself, to escape being buried. Of course I took refuge at the Marsdens', where I am now staying. Mrs. Harding also remains here, quiet and benumbed, it seems to me, but ever, I fear, leaning toward that accursed life that has blasted hers."

The next week came another letter, saying that Mr. Marsden had heard of a private teacher or governess being wanted in Sacramento, and she was to see the party next day. They met, but the dreadful vulgarity and ignorance of the man forbade all further thought of that. "I could never think of occupying a subordinate position," said Eleanore, "under such a head, and I fear, dear Anna, that this difficulty will meet me everywhere here; there are so few refined families yet in the country—so very few who are settled and ready to employ a governess. I never occupied such a position, and I do not know how I could suit my spirit to its burdens, under the best circumstances, but I should be very glad to try, with reasonable chances of success. Captain Dahlgren was right when he said that there

were few cultivated or accomplished women wanted here. I feel very much saddened and depressed at the prospect before me. The 'outlook,' as Carlyle says, is so short and dim and confused. And while I am waiting, I find myself remembering the good Swede's offer to us, and turning frequently to those older communities in South American cities. What would you say, were you to hear some day that I had gone to Chili or Peru? They are not so very far off, you know, and the social order in which women like us can best live and move, prevails there as it will not here in many years.

"Do you hear of Col. Anderson lately? Mr. Marsden told me he forwarded a letter to you the other day; but, like any other man, he did not observe the post-mark. I would hope that it was from him, except that there has been time enough for you to have returned an inclosure to me, and none has come. Did you receive a letter from him, and none for me? Tell me, and what he said. I am so very lonely and friendless without you. Friendless in the near sense, I mean, for good Mrs. Marsden knows nothing of the past, and so we cannot be confidential.

"Gray's trial is coming on next week, and our poor Mrs. Harding is almost beside herself—thoroughly roused from her stupor, and asking the one question that concerns her, by every glance of her eye and every change of position, when one enters the house or a foot-step is heard.

"John Harding wrote, two or three days after the fire, to repair the loss of my house by offering one with him. The letter was not well-spelled, neither was it faultless in style, but it was very manly and sincere,



and I wish it had been addressed to somebody whose heart it would have gladdened, as it might have a great many."

Before this letter came, I had sent her a note from Col. Anderson, and when her next reached me, it breathed the breath of rest and contentment in its first lines :

"Thanks, dear Anna, for yours, with what it contained. The Kohinoor would have paled before it. This will not hold much longer. He will bring me to confession by his own generosity, for one cannot resist that. Did he speak to you of going to Chili? He expresses some such purpose to me, and I wish to know whether or not you have possibly led him to it, by an intimation of my looking in that direction. I cannot conclude from his note, though it has been near my heart ever since I received it ; and I ought, therefore, to be informed of the spirit in which every word was written. Write, and answer me this question. I shall decide on something in a few days."

I had conveyed no hint to Col. Anderson that she thought of South America, and I said so.

"Then," she replied, "you have cemented anew the bond of trust between us, though it needed not that service. I shall go to Chili next month, and my only wish now, is, that you could leave your position and go with me. I have met in the last three days a lady who has resided four years in Valparaiso, and she assures me that we should have no difficulty in employing ourselves there as governesses or teachers. But I ought to tell you that the compensation would but little exceed half that you receive here.

"You have scarcely told me yet, dear Anna, how you find yourself—what is your school, and how and



where do you live? Have you any Eleanore to worry or help you? I sometimes fear I may have done more of the former than of the latter. But tell me—for I wish to know before I leave the land which contains you—that you are not going to be left socially destitute by my departure.”

I certainly had no one to replace her. I was too wise to look for or expect that; but I was able to describe myself as living very comfortably in a private family of New York people—a father, mother, and two young daughters, who were among my pupils—and my school as large, and made up chiefly of bright and interesting, though often rude and ill-bred children. “On the whole,” I said, “as good a position and as comfortable as I ought to expect, I suppose; and if I had never known you, I dare say I should be diligently compressing myself into it, in the full conviction that I ought to be content, and even thankful for it. But you have taken that religion away from me. I aspire to something better, and I long for communion with you, who have led me to it. I rest sometimes in the good progress of my pupils and in my hopes for them; but even then I lack somebody to appreciate and sustain me by the courage and life I have hitherto received from you. Dear Eleanore, since I have been here, I more than ever admire Col. Anderson’s firmness. Would it flatter you if I should say that sometimes, on a Friday evening, I am so tempted to take the boat and go down, that I have a painful struggle to keep myself here? A few hours, I fancy, would so refresh and help me. I have never known a person who had so much of that power, or felt so clearly in any soul its spontaneous flow. Tell me when you are going, for I must see you once, at least.”

In a few days came a letter, saying she had taken passage in a vessel which was expected to sail the next week, and they should expect me on Friday night. "Mr. Marsden will meet you at the boat, on its landing," she said, "that not an hour of our precious time may be lost."

I had already learned by the papers that Gray had escaped punishment, by the disagreement of the jury, but had been obliged to leave the city by Mr. John Harding, who gave him warning, *in the court-room*, on the rendering, that, whenever he should meet him in the town after that hour the next day, he would take his life if he could; and as he was sustained by a strong party of friends, the miscreant had been prudent enough to flee for the time. From Eleanor I had learned that Mrs. Harding, so deserted, had wilted down into a state of passive, helpless submission to whatever was required of her; and so they had sent her home by the steamer, two or three days after the trial was over—a more fortunate termination of her stay than any of us hoped for, till it came.

## CHAPTER XLV.

The rainy season was now at hand, which would be a new experience to us summer emigrants, not a drop having yet fallen in the four long months we had been in the country. There were occasionally cloudy evenings and nights, and Eleanore often referred to the pleasure she and Phil had in afternoon walks, now that the winds had abated.

“We go upon the hills,” she said, “or, when he is tired, I go alone and look at the sunset over the ocean, and think, with a heart-ache, of that solitary island where the afternoon shadows are lengthening on the sands, and where one falls that my eye will never more measure. I know, dear Anna, that he is not there. I see and feel him in a world of light and growth, where all is *living* power, beauty, expansion, and progress; where low conditions do not imprison, and darkness does not hinder or becloud his radiant soul. I feel that my child is there. I think of him in these relations, and am conscious that he is not lost to me in that grave; and yet I cling to the memory of it, because it is the one spot on earth that is identified with that beloved form. Harry whom my soul loves, and will rejoice in when we meet face to face again, is not there; but Harry whom these arms have cherished, whom these lips have kissed, and this heart of flesh delighted itself in, is yet there; and so I yearn toward it painfully, as I should

irresistibly toward the dear form, were it now here before me. I have suffered more from painful memories of that period in this idle fortnight, than in all the time we were together. I miss you sorely, and sometimes feel afraid to trust myself away in a foreign country without you, knowing that I shall not readily find one to fill your place in my trust and affection. And it is so necessary, dear, for me to be fully understood by some one, when I am otherwise surrounded by strangers."

I fully appreciated this necessity, for I had so often been compelled to interpret her to others, that I had come to regard myself as, in certain sort, necessary to her. And this feeling increased, on my part, the pain of our separation. I found myself often saying, mentally, in my unoccupied moments—now Eleanore is, perhaps, doing or saying something that I ought to be there to explain, by looks if not in words; people are so likely to mistake her in some way. It troubled me not a little, and made me often think seriously of forming some plan by which we could be together again; but this removal to Chili seemed to put an end to all hope of that. Beside, I said, she will soon have one there, who, when he has come near her heart, will take her from me wholly; and should I not then fall to the ground, overlooked and forgotten by both, in their great and sufficient happiness? No, I said, sharply reproving in my heart these yearnings to re-join myself to that high soul—no, you are to go on alone. The barrenness of life is to you henceforth—not its bloom in the sunshine of such affection as hers. She has insight where you are dull; she is strong where you are weak; she is large-souled, and still expanding, where you, in your solitariness, are narrow, and daily narrowing to your little life and its little future.



I was packing my traveling-satchel for my last visit to her, while I thus lamented and doomed myself. There was bitterness in my heart—I will not deny it—while these thoughts were cutting like a two-edged blade through its hopes and complacencies. Why should she be so much happier than I? I could not see where I had ever lived unworthily. My life had not been idle. It had not been a selfish one. I had cared for and aided others, all the way through it, to the limit of my ability, and sometimes beyond. I had not separated myself from the happiness and suffering of those who had moved beside me through the years of womanhood. I had dealt justly, and in all things preserved my self-respect. I had revered God and loved humanity. I had been in the main faithful to my highest religious convictions. Why, then, was I here, in the dark valley, and she there, far toward the summit of the mountain of happiness, bathed in its warm light and breathing its odorous airs, with health in her soul and joy in every motion? It could only happen so to us, I said, rebelliously, through the unequal distribution of life's first gifts—the powers with which we enter the fair garden that invites our young feet, where some find, as she has, endless paths of beauty before them, and others, as myself, only grim, desolate walks of toil and pain.

My soul was darkened in that hour. I exaggerated both sides of my picture. I dipped the brush of my memory in black, and dashed it rudely, again and again, across that beautiful golden light in my past, where the image of Herbert appeared and reappeared, smiling upon me. I obstinately turned away from the bright recollections of my cherished and revered mother; and would not, in that moment, suffer any slender streamlet of happiness to flow into my

soul from the thought of my noble, loving father, though he had treasured my peace, ever after Herbert's death, as tenderly as a mother treasures her young child. I would not see the blessings that had come to me, because here, on the other side, was a life so much richer and larger than mine; filled yet to the brim with strong and active purposes of growth; with broad and keen interest in the ideas and systems by which men and women are to ascend to higher planes of being; with ecstatic motherhood; and crowned, above all this wealth and brightness, with worshiping love—the supreme gift and the divinest joy of all. I could not balance these accounts, and I went on my way pitying myself, with something akin to contempt, and thinking of her in a spirit that I am ashamed to say was nearer to accusation than forgiveness.

The journey down the San Joaquin is, at best, not an interesting one; and, in my state of mind, it had no power to charm or draw me away from myself. The shrunken stream, flowing between banks of a dead level; mountains in the distance, covered with the sere harvest of indigenous oat; the plains or marshes, then dry, making their way occasionally to the river's edge, and all the near country shut out from view by the sunken position of the boat, crawling along in the bottom of the shallow chasm which contained the current—these were the features that chiefly impressed me during the short period of daylight that remained to us after we left Stockton.

At dark I went into the cabin, the air feeling damp and the clouds threatening rain—which came palpably down before we reached the bay, and was still falling when the boat came up to the wharf. Mr. Marsden stepped on board as soon as the plank was thrown out.

"I have brought you," said he, after our greetings were over, "india-rubbers and a large shawl. My wife and Mrs. Bromfield thought you might come without them : and also an umbrella. But it is very dark, and as I know every step, and you do not, over the rough way, perhaps you had better take my arm, and come under this one."

I felt wearied, from my emotions as well as loss of rest, and for once was disposed, if it were not too costly, to drive up the hill.

"What will they charge to take us to your house?" I asked. "It seems an ugly walk in the darkness and rain."

"More, I think, than you will be willing to pay. I will inquire, however"—and presently he returned with a hackman, who said he would take me for twenty dollars, and both of us for twenty-five.

"Almost a week's wages!" I said, to Mr. Marsden. "No, I can't indulge myself at that price yet. We will walk."

And I seemed to recover strength and animation with every step that brought me nearer to her, while Mr. Marsden was quietly letting fall some enthusiastic words of praise.

"My wife and I," he said, "are just beginning to feel what your friend is. We are plain sort of people, and do not understand her as well as if we were more like her, but we have both come to the conclusion that she is a woman of a thousand, and will be a real loss to us."

When I stepped within his door, I found myself clasped in Eleanore's arms, with tears and kisses falling on my face.

It was far past midnight, and Mr. and Mrs. Mars-



den soon retired, enjoining upon us, with friendly earnestness, as they went, to seek rest also.

"We will rest here, my own dear Anna," said Eleanore, when we were alone, drawing my weary head to her shoulder, and looking into my face. "There is more sadness than pleasure in these eyes," she added. "What is it? Tell me."

"Are you not going away?" I replied; "and is not this, in all probability, the last time we shall ever meet? Ought I to feel glad, even though I am here with you once more?"

Her eyes suffused while I was speaking. "I do not believe," she said, "it is our last communion together, Anna, though I do not see when or how the next is to happen. But we seem to belong to each other, dear. I almost think I did not feel your worth to me till we were parted, for I look in vain since for any other heart to answer mine, as this good, noble one has, so often and so faithfully."

"Oh, Eleanore," I said, "do not accuse me by a too generous estimate of my poor nature. Do you know it is capable of bitterness, and something so near to envy, that I feel reproached by your tenderness and warmth of heart?"

She looked at me in surprise, and then an incredulous half-smile stole over her wondering features.

"It is true," I said, "and envy of you, dear friend, too. Do not stop me"—seeing her about to speak—"till I have laid my wickedness all before you, and then I will hear your good words."

And I told her all I have already told you, but more fully, feeling myself drawn on to utter frankness and self-cleansing, by the kindly and trusting light that shone down on me from her matchless face.



When I had done, we were both silent. I was looking at the handful of coals and dying brands that lay before us on the hearth, and I waited for her voice so long, without hearing it, that I at last looked up, to see tears falling slowly from her eyes, in which I felt the light of happiness as much as the gloom of pain.

"Eleanore," I said, "do not weep for me. I am scarcely worthy of tears that flow so rarely as yours do."

"It is not for you only, but myself, dear Anna. You have summed up for me, afresh, all that I have to be grateful for, which one forgets sometimes, you know. I do not wish, however, to speak now of my riches, which are, indeed, great—with Phil, and that other, whom we need not name, and you, good child, beside some dear ones left behind us. Let them pass. But in the account you have given me of yourself, you have reflected the sad internal record, I suspect, of many a life, that does not, perhaps, once in all its years of duration, reach itself out as you have done to-day. You ask me how blessings can be so unequally divided between persons whose lives are equally pure, obedient, and faithful? You come to me for wisdom which I have not to give you. The sages and philosophers, the churchmen and schoolmen, the economists and statesmen, have failed, and do perpetually fail in solving this question. Each thoughtful soul, I suppose, in some grave, high hours, attempts the solution for itself, and perhaps penetrates the mists a little way, but is finally beaten back to the cold kingdom of mere question. Some impatient spirits have doubtless hurried through the portals of death, to get the answer which life denied them. But for me,

"The doubt *must* rest I dare not solve,  
In the same circle we revolve;  
Assurance only breeds resolve."

"And have you never, then," I asked, from all your large questioning and patient thought, drawn any satisfying light to your own soul?"

"Perhaps a gleam now and then," she replied, with the help of modern thought and research into the nature of our humanity. One thing I am clear about, and that is, that many lives are reckoned worthy and obedient, according to the world's best standards, which are truly something less. The world's standard cannot measure our obedience or happiness, dear Anna, when we rise by even a hair's-breadth above the world's wisdom and development. Then obedience becomes exalted faithfulness to something within, which the world knows not of; and to fall short of that, is a dereliction which stands first in the great statute-book of the soul. I know more of this sort of experience among my own sex than men, and I suppose the knowledge is common to most thoughtful and observant women.

"There are thousands of maids, wives, and mothers, in our country, who are deliberately and purposely belittling themselves, that they may remain in a certain measure, which is smaller than their nature demands—keeping down to the husband's level, or the father's, or the brother's, or the lover's. There are women who shun the thought, either printed or spoken, that would fledge their soul and send it forth to try its own pinion in the universe which the good Father widened and glorified, as well for them as for any. There are others, who shrink weakly from the high labor of development, though broad kingdoms, peopled with majestic forms of thought and beauty, flash invitation and encouragement upon them, when they will lift their cowering eyes to behold them.

“Yet all these are good women, often noble women—measured by the world’s standard; living pure lives, doing good, loving mercy, and, if it would not sound like irony, I would add, walking humbly. None but themselves, or some soul trusted as their own, can know how much less they have done and been than was required of them by that sacred voice and ‘light within,’ as our Quaker friends have it.

“What is the world’s standard to me, when I see beyond and above it, and know and feel in my inmost consciousness that there lies my path, and not here, in the way which is already beaten to flinty hardness beneath the thronging feet of them that hurry up to have their moral stature certified by the great clerk, Society? If I have a living soul within me, individual culture and growth, to the utmost limit of its capacity, can alone insure me peace and joy in its possession. If I sit down, stifling and compressing it, because use and custom require that I should, or because by rising I may agitate the stagnant levels of the life about me, I can but lay up bitterness for myself in so doing; and then, perhaps, I should come, in certain moods and hours, to compare my state with a higher and truer one, and accuse some undefined power, which I might call life, or fate, or nature, or if very daring, even God himself, of an unequal distribution of the goods.

“I do not know,” she added, after a pause, smoothing my hair, “that I have touched your case. Indeed, I believe I have not; but I have given you my best thought and light. It would come nearer to some other experiences, dear, because of those great chasms in yours which marriage and maternity, however inadequately they may answer our demands, do, in some sort, either close up or convert to flowering plains



around most women. Life is very beautiful and blessed when used nobly. Could we conceive of greater or more perfect happiness than falls to the lot of one born with organic soundness, full and harmonious endowments, enjoying freedom, and, in perfect measure, all the divine relations which God has appointed to the periods of maturity and age? I have often considered this, and wondered how the Church could so long have taught the degrading and destructive doctrine of the 'Fall,' substituting therein an arbitrary and narrow salvation by faith, for that glorious one which is only the fruit of development in noble and godlike uses."

"I rejected that long ago," said I. "I was taught it in my youth very diligently, and my mother died firm in that belief; but I rejoiced to see my father emancipated from it, and at peace, years before his death, in the Church to which, I believe, I led him. That is one large item in my past which I never recollect without a substantial feeling of satisfaction. But, Eleanore, come to my case. You have spoken clearly, and your words have tranquillized and helped me to cast off for the time this bitter burden. But tell me, now, what is left to me for the rest of life that I can cultivate into a flower which shall at least resemble happiness?"

There was another silence. At length she said: "There is always work, Anna: and by that I do not mean simply labor or employment, as the opposite of idleness, but work which bears the right relation to your spiritual life—the relation of educating and elevating either the intellect or affections, or both, which is better."

"But consider the difficulty of getting such to do," said I.



“Yes, that is a serious and oppressive thought to all whose work must bring them support—most of all, to an aspiring woman. But if you value growth before gain—and I know no gospel for the soul that does not—you will always be able to rescue some hours every day from your productive labor, whatever it be, for the acquisition of new thoughts or the carrying of old ones to their more ultimate deductions. In this way there can always be some culture going on, unless one is absolutely needy.

“Then, one grows to such a beautiful affectional life, through practical charities, which may be the work of every day. Where your money is not needed, your courageous word may be, your tender sympathy, or your helpful hand. Where there are not sick bodies there are often aching and burdened hearts, whose pain and weariness we can mitigate. But all this you have known and done promptly, during your whole life, I know, and yet there is a great pain unrelieved. Will you bear with me if I tell you, frankly, that it is the cry of your womanhood, which you have denied all these years. I do not believe in celibacy, Anna; and—pardon my plainness, dear friend—I respect any individual less, of either sex, who lives through the ordinary term of life unmarried.”

I could not altogether suppress the emotions which these words called up from the grave of past hopes and joys, and I wept.

“Forgive me if I have pained you, my friend,” said Eleanore. “I do not quite know your past, nor why you are now Miss Warren, instead of some good man’s beloved and honored wife, which you are entitled to be; but I feel that if you have consecrated yourself to some sorrow, such as I guess at, you ought to be roused

from that devotion, and see that while it is life which makes all demands upon you, life ought to furnish you, in some measure, at least, with the sources of strength and courage to meet them. Persistent love is, I think, the noblest of our attributes, and profound and lasting grief for its object is one of its most touching and beautiful expressions; but grief rarely kills; and, after awhile, back come the rushing streams of life, bearing to us, perhaps, but the ghosts of former hopes and purposes—yet, at least those. Old desires of doing and being revive; we find the same world, or its vivid semblance, about us again. It treats us as reality, having the same wants and needs as before, and perhaps shows us greater ones than we ever before felt; and then I hold it wise and righteous, when the pulses of the heart beat as formerly, and the affections return to its darkened chambers, to heed their demands.”

“He who could take Herbert’s place in my heart,” said I, “has never come to me.”

“You have loved and lost, then?” she said, inquiringly.

“Yes, many years ago. I was but twenty, and now I am past forty.”

“And have you not, ever since, felt a pleasure, and possibly a spark of pride, in the thought that you were devoting yourself to his memory? Have you not counted the years, sometimes, when you have indulged fond memories of him, and said, ‘So many, dear heart, have I consecrated to thee—so many have I faced the fierce, exacting world, alone, because thou wert, and are not’? I do not say, dear Anna, that you might have loved another, had you dispossessed your mind of this phantom of heroism. Possibly you might not, and that would be the hardest lot of all; but it seems to me

most probable, with so much life and health of nature as you possess ; and then, had worth and congeniality proved that you loved wisely, what a different life had been yours to-day !

“ I am persuaded, Anna, that it is better a woman should love, even though it prove to be unworthily, and marry, even if her hopes be disappointed, than ignore so much of her best life as she must in living singly. And if to the marriage be added the glory of motherhood, she is thereby victor over much pain and wretchedness. God is her ally in that, against the world. Ask any wife who has had the prayer of her heart answered, by the birth of a child to the man she loves, even though he be an oppressor and tyrant, and she will tell you that all her past wounds found healing there, and that she felt the universe had declared for her in the strife.

“ I do not know, dear friend, that I can do so true a thing for you in any other way as to help you shake off the delusion which has shut you from the kingdom of Love. It may be a vain thing to attempt, and may make me seem almost unworthy of the affection you honor me with : but I will say it, nevertheless. Look at the world of men and women and children, as far as possible, with your healthy, natural eye. Lay reverently aside that cherished memory, and, as life calls on you for service and exertion, demand of life where-withal for their performance. Try Nature's by your own, not by any imaginary standard, which is no longer within your true and living appreciation, and when you find one pure and noble enough, who can appeal to your heart, do not shut your eyes and deafen your soul, but see and hearken, with a rational purpose to receive the good that may come to you.”

## CHAPTER XLVI.

"This is strange talk to me from you," I said, sitting erect, but still holding her hand; "and, as if to rebuke it, there is the daylight creeping gently through that east window."

"Nay, Anna, not to silence, but sanction, as I hope your own heart does. Remember, I would rather you should die Miss Warren, than marry without loving. But I believe that might very naturally be an experience of yours yet, if you would free yourself of the past."

"Could I love as you do, and would you ask me to accept less?"

The bright color mantled her cheek and brow at these words, and a thrill of feeling shook her visibly, as she said: "Oh, Anna, do not ask so much! Is there one woman in thousands so blest? Even in my reasonable moods, I sometimes think there is none beside. I have at last written him, dear, and you shall see if I have done justice to both. Come up to our old room. Phil is there, and after you have read the letters, you may wake him. He went to bed reluctantly after I told him you were coming, and there will be deep rejoicing in his little heart at sight of you."

The letters were produced—first Col. Anderson's. "Small," I said, "to be of more value than Victoria's new diamond."



"Read and see," she whispered, "how bright it must have been to me."

"I wrote you," he said, "in September, Eleanore, under cover to Miss Warren, who acknowledged the receipt of my letters. I scarcely expected an acknowledgment from you, and yet I found myself for several weeks going to the post, or waiting its arrival with an interest I never felt before.

"You have not written, and I must not question but you are right, though I never knew another whom I would so believe in.

"Dear Eleanore, you will be mine some day, I know. I feel your spirit approaching me. Even your silence does not wholly conceal you: for I have said, If she were altogether indifferent or averse to me, she would not hesitate to write. She is too well-bred a lady and too much a woman of the world not to reply to an earnest letter from any man who was even

———"Level to her hate."

"So you see, dearest, that while I can hold you to nothing special or narrow, I hold you broadly to all that my heart desires; and if there is some woman's spirit to be first wrought out in independence, or some chastisement to be inflicted on me for a past offense, I will wait patiently for the one, and bear the other like a very lamb, for meekness. I only pray that you will not go too far, and that, when my term is ended, I may be apprised of it.

"I have received an application to go to Chili, and as I have very nearly completed what I undertook here, and am inclined to wear out time for awhile, with as many helps as I can get to that worthy end, I think I shall make a voyage thither during the autumn.

"Shall I see you on my way?

J. L. ANDERSON."

Then I took in hand her long-delayed, precious first letter. "Are you sending him your card,

madam?" I inquired, ironically, feeling in the humor to tease.

"Look and see."

And with the words there dropped from my hand a miniature head—a pencil-sketch of herself.

"Is it just?" she asked, as, surprised and delighted with its boldness, yet exquisite beauty and faithfulness, I continued looking at it.

"It seems to me your very self," I answered; "but in a mood that is not so common as those I am better acquainted with."

"I was not in a common mood when I did it, Anna."

"I see that," I replied, "in the eyes, which always tell the story of the hour with you."

They were wide-opened, thoughtful, steadfast, shining eyes, in which lay the shadow of a depth and tenderness as sweet and assuring as the soft gloom of a summer fountain in a dim wood. The rather severe symmetry of her face was relieved by the play, over one temple, of a single luxuriant fold of hair, which seemed to have slipped from its fastenings and to have been put in the sketch, as I have no doubt it was, in utter abandonment to the earnestness of purpose wherewith she had wrought it. It was the lofty, serious, yet tender face, I had seen a few times, when no conflicting emotions sent back the deep tides of the heart, of which it was a beautiful and comforting promise.

"It is better than any letter could be," said I, after deliberately examining it. "I could almost thank you for doing yourself so much justice at last. But I am also to read what is written, am I not?"

"It is not a lengthy epistle, and the trouble will not be very great," she replied; "but I have no wish

to press it on your attention"—making a feint to take it from me.

"Desist, O rash woman," said I, "and leave me in peace." And I went on reading, as follows :

"Were I to deny, true friend, either directly or in your favorite fashion, by inference, that I have suffered in your suffering, and hoped in your hoping, during several months past, I should soil my soul with a dishonest utterance—which I can never do.

"It is harder to suppress love's bounty than to lavish it ; and I fear I might have proved unequal to any measure of the heroism required to do it toward you, had I not been aided by

'Circumstance, that most unspiritual God,'

whose iron tread presses out, not alone sorrow or strength, or joy or feebleness, from the untried depths of the nature, but sometimes blesses us, darkly, in opening secret and divinest fountains of power, which we may not have before suspected, and which flow into the voluntary being like the spirit from above—so richly do they clothe and furnish it for the battle and the sacrifice that life may then demand.

"If it would have pained you never to have spoken those words whose remembrance is so dear to me, think not that I have any more escaped that condition of all conflict. And if now my tardy confession lacks the prodigality with which love makes its gifts, believe not that it is because of poverty or stint in what I offer, but only, that, in giving and receiving, I am the steward of the life-long happiness of two souls.

"Do not misapprehend me, thou unto whom, if dear hope deceive us not, I must, in time, become better known than to myself. My love hath, I trust, a root of greatness befitting its object, and is, therefore, capable of accepting any terms, however hard, by which it may be perfected in measure, and made worthy thy possession. I acknowledge it to thee in pride and joy, but it must be no outward bond to thee or me, till we



are further known to each other. The world must not assume the adjustment of our relations, till we see so clearly what we would have them, that it can only second our *wisest* as well as our most earnest desire in decreeing their perpetuity.

"Before this reaches you, I shall have sailed for Chili—the country where we shall meet, not long hence, to prove our fitness for the realization of the divine dreams and purposes that fill our hearts. I have but one prayer—that we may rise to the high worthiness which alone can enjoy their fruition.

"This head I drew for you this morning. If it has any merit, it is due rather to the inspiration of the purpose than to any skill in treatment, to which I have but slender pretensions. If it renders to you, in any degree, the heart-luxury of the hour I spent over it, I know it will give happiness to your spirit, which I shall be happy in remembering, after all the pain I have caused it.

"Phil must have his word before I close. His eyes dilated to their largest and brightest when I asked if he had any message to 'the Turnel.' He walked quickly across the room from his museum, to my knee, and said: 'Tell him I love him, mamma; and I do wish he would come and live with us again—in a ship, or a house.'

"You will not need be told how many loving recollections he entertains of you. If we could either of us lose the early ones, Antonio's daily faithfulness would rebuke us.

ELEANORE BROMFIELD."

"Stiff and cold in the announcement and close, is it not, dear?" she asked, after I had folded and replaced it.

"Somewhat so, I confess, in those respects, but otherwise quite reasonable and generous, coming from you."

"Do you think so? Then, I am afraid it may express too much; for you, I believe, exact as much for him as he would for himself."



"Not a word too much," I replied, concealing my satisfaction; "not a word too much, Eleanore. You have only enlarged his ground for the inference that you will ever be anything more to him than you now are. And that you certainly will be, or I know nothing of the laws of attraction. It is very well, with your views—perhaps necessary that you should not promise unreservedly; I am willing to think that it may be substantial ground which you have kept under your feet here; but you will as surely be Col. Anderson's wife as if you had engaged yourself unconditionally in that letter."

"But I will not be, Anna, till all the future is clear before us; till I have opened to him my inmost heart, and shown him every demand of mine that can affect our freedom toward each other. Will you post that letter to him the day after we sail?"

I promised.

"Then I must have one more promise; and that is, that you will join me in Valparaiso, if I find myself justified in writing for you."

"I shall do that without a promise, I fear, at no very distant day. I would go with you now, but that it would seem vacillating and weak—breaking engagements and giving up substantial advantages for what the world would call a poor reason—that I might follow a friend. Dear Eleanore, I shall feel very much alone when I know that you are actually outside the Golden Gate, 'in a big ship,' as Phil will say, heading away to sea. Darling Phil! Let me wake him now, that the daylight may show me to him. Put out the lamp. I want to see him study me in the dim light." And as this was done, I bent over, and pressing him in my arms, I spoke his name, and said: "Wake up, Phil, and see who has come."

Like a full-swelling rose-bud in purity and beauty, he lay straight upon the level bed ; for he was never allowed a pillow, "to distort his back or curve his shoulders," his mother said ; and now he threw up his arms, to clasp her neck, as usual, but I drew back, and let them close upon his own little bosom.

"Mamma," he cried, startled by so unusual a fact, "mamma, where are you?"

By the time the last words were uttered, he had opened his eyes, and they were now widening and widening, in a fixed and studious gaze at my face, which drew nearer to him as he looked.

"What's 'at—who's 'at, here, mamma, by me?" But in the same moment he made me out, and with the characteristic gesture of his mother, he dashed the hair back from his face, and reaching up, attached himself to my neck with such a clinging hold—bringing back thereby the recollection of old experiences of this sort—that I was fain to hide a tear or two which fell from my eyes.

"Is Turnel gone?" were his next words, as he sat upright. "I saw him here just now."

"No, my pet ; you must have been dreaming."

"I wish it wouldn't be a dream," he said, sorrowfully. "Couldn't you bring him, Miss Warren?"

"I haven't been where he is, Phil."

"Well, I wish somebody would bring him. I want him so much."

"I know who could bring him to-morrow, Phil. Shall I tell you?"

"ANNA!" exclaimed Eleanore from the window ; and I was obliged to resist Phil's entreaties, and promise him that I would tell the "Turnel," in my next letter, how much he wished to see him.

## CHAPTER XLVII.

The day of sailing was set for Wednesday or Thursday of the following week—"which is more likely," said Eleanore, "remembering our old disappointments of this kind, to be at the least a whole week later." I went on board with her and the Marsdens, to see her room, which was small, certainly, and very plainly furnished, but well ventilated—the chief comfort one can expect in sea quarters. She had had to supply her berth and toilet furniture, linen, towels, &c., and the expense of these, beside replacing her wardrobe after the fire, and paying her passage, had reduced her slender funds materially. I proposed, while discussing these points, to lend her some money; but she would not hear of it, and almost grew indignant when I urged it.

"Am I not going to leave you alone here?" she asked, "and you are no more insured against calamity of loss or sickness than I am."

And when I, in turn, urged the possibility that she might need before she could get a position, she still refused, but so kindly and tenderly that I was compelled to abandon the argument—but not the purpose. I asked Mr. Marsden to procure for me a fifty dollar coin, which I folded in a note and left in his wife's hands, to be put into one of her trunks on the last day.

Those two days with her were at once busy and idle—sad and happy. We could not see when or how

we were to meet again ; yet both, I think, held a sound faith in that event. I had to leave at four o'clock on Sunday evening, and we sent Phil to church with our host and hostess, and sat alone all that glorious autumn morning, talking and filling our souls with the tranquil beauty that steeped the city, the bay, and the country opposite.

"It is scarcely five months since we landed here," said I, "and yet how immense the visible change since that day. It makes us feel older to look back upon so crowded a record of past time ; does it not ?"

"Older in thought and experience," replied Eleanor ; "but in all that regards the physical life I feel more youth in me than I have for years before. This peerless climate has such wealth for the needs of the body, I think one must continue for awhile to grow young in it."

"Yes, I believe that myself, from all that I see and hear of the experiences of others beside ourselves ; yet I cannot say that I wish to live here. I have lost with the years and their hopes, the relish of adventure ; the recklessness and haste of this busy life jar upon me painfully, and when I am separated from you, I feel the lack of sustaining aid to rise above these frets."

"You will recover from this in a measure," she said, "after you become more accustomed to others, and turn more according to your old wont upon yourself. You have been a very self-sustaining woman, I think, Anna."

"Yes ; but now I feel sometimes that I have *only* sustained myself, and that that is, at best, but a negative work. You have opened my interior life and perceptions to the charm and beauty of growth, and for that I seem to need help—such help as you have given me."



“In small and poor measure, I feel, dear friend. I have been scarcely conscious of any such relation to you during our acquaintance, and if it is not an affectionate imagination of yours, I ought to be happy in the thought. But for yourself, believe me and take courage, you do not need the help you crave. With all your health of soul and body, with a clear perception of the ‘main purport and significance of life,’ you will not miss it. And then, too, a soul that is thoroughly known to us is ours, whether near or distant. It is riches, help, and strength; and this wealth, if we aspire to true aims, goes on accumulating for us through all the years of our toil. If we have found any inmost need of ours answered in another spirit, there is an inalienable treasure added to us, and I think it even matters little to our best life, in this high relation, whether death has come between us or not. If I were going to the kingdom of the departed next week, instead of another country here, should I be lost to you? If in this life I have been helpful, I could never be otherwise in another. I believe it is an eternal law of true relations, such as ours. The dead live to all spiritual natures when their names are forgotten—for, as Carlyle grandly says, ‘It is a high, solemn, and almost awful thought to every individual man, that his earthly influence, which has had a beginning, shall never, through all ages, were he the very meanest of us, have an end.’ If I live hereafter, and I can only live by being wholly and entirely myself, with all my affections, hopes, and interests, however they may be modified by a change of sphere, I should certainly be in some possible relation to you or any other friend whom I love. I cannot conceive of launching off into the future world, and severing myself from all the

interests and persons I have cherished and known here. It would be impossible to do this and preserve my identity. But if I lose that I lose my immortality. It must be another being, and not I, who does not love those whom I have loved. So the divine trusts, purposes and affections I have entertained here, must go with me and constitute a part of myself there, or the immortality would be a beggarly, naked gift, unworthy of God to bestow, or any developed human soul to receive."

"But what then," I asked, "of the undeveloped and depraved, who could carry no such divine consciousness with them?"

"What of them, dear? The same sad, mournful case that we see here—aggravated by the loss of all that they have called pleasure or happiness on earth. Conceive the sensualist, the miser, the man of external ambition, the pleasure-seeker in any direction, the being of any sort whose highest good has been material, turned adrift from the body through whose senses he has enjoyed this good, cut off from passion, from the power of external achievement, from the animal appetites, whose gratification he has lived to cultivate: no more lust, no more conquest, no more gain, no more idle pomp or display possible to him, and unfitted for anything but these. Can you imagine a keener hell than such a spirit must find itself in until it is developed and educated to a better condition? The inexorable fact of identity is, I believe, the most fearful penalty of such a life—a penalty which God himself cannot avert from it, unless he would break the law of cause and consequence, which is the central and pervading truth of the universe."

"Then bad or subversive relations between this

life and the future, may and must be perpetuated as well as good and helpful ones."

"Undoubtedly they may and are. Only bear in mind that everywhere in the dear Father's creation, the dominant tendencies are to good. Good expands and wars with evil all over the earth; first to contract and imprison, and finally to destroy it. Among the humane peoples this is the battle of every day and year; and the victory, in the long run, is never doubtful. We know in the morning what banner shall wave over the field finally—if not on the first night, then on some other that will come after. And if this be the law of this sphere—the lowest that we know—can we conceive of its being reversed in the higher ones? Good and bad men strive together here to accomplish their opposing purposes, and I have no doubt the same conditions pass over to the spirit life; but in the end the good unquestionably triumphs there as here."

"If this comfortable view be the true one," said I, "it would help many millions of unhappy souls to receive it. What light it would throw on hidden and unaccountable tendencies which we find in the hearts of men."

"You can scarcely, I think, over-estimate its value to our human life," replied Eleanore; "and its clear and unmistakable coming in these years, proves another sublime and uplifting truth—the fitness of progressed souls to receive it. We are justly proud of our discoveries up to this time, of our inventions and the emancipation they are effecting; of our active humanities, which are reaching to embrace all nations; of our expansive energies, which are searching out and reclaiming the uttermost lands; of our fearless analysis and keen inquiry, which are leveling the barriers that bigotry,



prejudice, and even science herself has reared in the ages that are gone, and making one the hitherto divided territories of our thought and knowledge; but all these seem to me only the fitting and beautiful foundation on which this crowning truth shall plant itself between the earth and heaven. Do you find anything herein," she asked, "which your faith and reason reject?"

"I am in conflict, Eleanore, with respect to these very things. There is a strong conservative vein in me, with a passable capacity for progress too, I believe. The new appeals to my interest, but I do not readily turn away from the old, wherein my hopes and trusts have been garnered."

"Nor need you, dear, in this case. Here is no dogma which conflicts with one you have before received. Here is no arbitrary assertion, contradicting another arbitrary assertion which you have before trusted. It is philosophy and religion wedded, which have before been blindly and bitterly divorced. It is love translated by wisdom—light falling from higher and purer eyes than ours, upon the clouded fields of life—bloom and radiance descending into dark and rugged vales of fruitless belief, faith stealing noiselessly into the infidel soul. O Anna, I feel inspired at times with all sorts of courage to carry this light to the souls of men and women. I suppose I should once, with this zeal, have made a missionary, and gone off to some remote, benighted people, to teach them the little I knew; but now I long more earnestly to bring to developed minds the truth they are prepared to receive. You do not think me straying, I hope, from the quiet paths wherein I have won your confidence."

"No, dear Eleanore, for you have said much of this before, and by your expressed thought, sent me a long



way toward these conclusions myself. But am I to infer that you accept in their length and breadth the views of which these seem to be a part? Would you be willing to be called a Spiritualist?"

"I should be willing to be called by any name that would truly express my belief, and by none more willingly than one which should convey to myself and others the assurance that I had sought and received the highest and clearest light that has come to us on the grand questions of the Future. I accept the alleged phenomena, so far as I am acquainted with them, as altogether in harmony with what I believe of human capacity and spiritual power. But if I rightly apprehend their bearing, the most they can do for me, is to confirm and clear foregone conclusions."

"Then you do not think them of such vast importance as most persons do who give any heed to them."

"I believe they may import much to our religious life. What could fail to do so that should be *proved* to be absolute truth, bearing upon it so directly and powerfully? But I think also that in a few years their occurrence or non-occurrence will be matter of far less consideration than it is at present. For there will then have been developed the truths of which they are, at most, but the sign or vehicle, and having brought us those, they will sink into comparative insignificance. It is the fate of the phenomenal portions of all mixed subjects of our investigation. The history of one is that of all; for material phenomena, however they may differ in other bearings, have always the common office of developing laws to man. There is always a period of war before the laws are fully demonstrated; but when that is done, the facts which before centred all attention and provoked all bitterness, are quite lost

sight of by advanced minds. If you want an instance, think of the excitement which attended Spurzheim's progress in this country, and Gall and Mesmer's in Europe. Yet now all intelligent persons accept the laws of phrenology and of animal magnetism, and you could scarcely detain an enlightened audience while you should demonstrate the one or the other by the most startling facts. And so be sure, dear Anna, all these wonders that we hear of, and which now fill the broad foreground of this subject, will retire as the thought they appeal to is more and more developed, and after a time we shall scarcely hear mention of them among intelligent persons, while the ideas which are their flower and fruit, will carry sweetness and nurture to all quick and hungering souls. And as more exalted souls among us place themselves in harmony with conditions which we shall understand better with the lapse of years, higher teachings will come. The ascending planes of reason and feeling will widen and brighten before our vision, and we shall receive of those uplifting and refining influences, what our imaginations scarcely shadow forth now. Oh, I behold majestic continents and blooming islands in that Future to which I look for humanity; fresh kingdoms of thought; mountain chains of rugged purpose; and aspirations which shall rise above our present conceptions as those pure white clouds yonder float above the reek and impurities engendered by the change and decay that are going on below them. Do not tell me, dear friend, that I am fanatical or extravagant. I feel this as clearly as I feel a Future beyond to-day. It has been the hope and the faith of souls rising heavenward, ever since Ideas and Facts accumulated into the aggregate Learning, whose mysterious touch unlocked

and expanded the inner life of Magi and Seer, and warmed the far-reaching ambition of the early man of science. The atheistic Savan is the product of our late day of material investigation. His period will be short—for materialism will be more readily displaced from the mind instructed in the works of God, than from one chained by the dogmas of Theology. But I see I am tiring you, and our talk has outrun the preacher's—for there come the people from church."

At that moment Phil, who had been picked up below by Antonio, came rushing into the room with a boisterous joy, and so ended our last serious and elevated conversation, till we should meet again.

## CHAPTER XLVIII.

There was yet dinner, and about three hours' time before I had to make ready for starting ; but the one was over, with pleasant chat, cordial invitations, and some awkward attempts at joking on the desolation to which I was about to be left ; and at last the hours were also gone, and, satchel in hand, I went, with heavy steps and a heavier heart, down stairs, where Mr. Marsden stood awaiting me.

As we turned into Kearney Street, I caught her parting signal. "And that," I said, sadly, "is the last I shall see of her—forever, perhaps."

But my faith and the remembrance of hers rebuked my doubting heart. I put a few dollars into Mr. Marsden's hand, with special instructions how to spend it in presents for Phil and comforts for their voyage ; and when we reached the boat, I went by myself, and sat down to indulge my feelings. My utmost faith did not promise me another such soul. I had lived forty years to find one, and I could not hope that the future would be richer than the past. On the contrary, I saw its poverty more plainly, as the bitterest fast is that which follows feasting.

How weary and dull was the passage home—the sleepless night—the arrival and the opening of school next morning. I seemed then to be working merely to live. All through the day I could not raise a hope that



overleapt the visible and near boundaries of my being. I had parted with so much, that there seemed nothing worth considering left. The people about me, at other times tolerable or even pleasing for an hour, were now intolerable. I was like a despairing lover, and I thought at night, as I walked about my small room, how much strong life must be required in the soul of man or woman, to come out of such a conflict victor. I thought of Col. Anderson, and this thought gave me a feeling of relief, for I could sit down and write to him, and pour myself freely out, without dread of being thought absurd or foolish.

I told him all that had passed; how Phil inquired for him, and in what an awful tone I had been prohibited from naming the person who could bring "Turnel" to him; how Eleanore had commanded me to send him the letter I inclosed; and last, how I lamented the loss of such a guiding, luminous soul, and felt in my heart I must follow her when reason and duty would suffer me.

Though, according to my promise, I could not send this letter for several days, the writing was good for me. I slept better for it, and woke in the morning to find in myself more resistance and courage than the evening had promised. I began to think of her letters, though it would be long before one could come, and even—so elastic is the struggling soul—to turn at moments to that hope of meeting we had both talked so confidently of realizing.

But I shall not hinder you with myself and my petty affairs, for the two and a half months that intervened till I heard from her. When the great, generous letter came, I felt *almost* as if she were herself there, speaking to me—it was so like her. She began with:

"Dates are my abhorrence, you know, Anna, and you are not to expect another through this whole journal, unless I should be happily inspired with one some day on sitting down to write. This is our fifth day out. It was very rough the first two, and poor Phil and I suffered. We missed our old shipmates and attendants sadly. There is no Ching or Antonio here. By the way, I must tell you that poor Antonio, when we came away, actually broke down to tears, and drew some from me, too. He has been so unfailing in his kindness and service, and so entirely modest—claiming nothing but the privilege of being useful—that I was moved at parting from him, and at his distress in separating from Phil. He declared he would have come with us, if only he had known it early enough to have asked the Colonel! What did this mean? I was very glad, then, that I had avoided saying anything to him, or in his presence, about going, till the day before we sailed. When he left the ship, he told Phil he would come to Valparaiso and see him, by-and-by; and I should not at all wonder at his finding us there some day—sailors wander about so, you know. There are but two persons on this side of the continent whom I should be more grateful to see in a land of strangers.

"But I was telling you the first days were very rough. And how miserable we all were! Next to my room, on the same side, are a merchant and his wife, from Valparaiso, Mr. and Mrs. Rowe; Maine people, but long residents of Chili. Mr. Rowe is a silent, dignified man, with a touch of pomposity in his manners, and a refined and most vigilant courtesy. He is fifty, I should say, and at least fifteen years older than his wife, whom he loves and watches as I do Phil. She is a woman with a naturally noble heart, I am sure. It is declared in her countenance and bearing. She is bright and clever, as Yankee women are apt to be, but much above the *smart* level they are so proud of. She has the repose and polish of a well-bred woman, with something more than average culture in certain directions. On her book-shelves, of which she offered me the freedom yesterday, I found a few volumes of

choice old and modern literature ; books in which style goes before purpose, and elegance is perhaps a little more earnestly courted than truth : but not one of the characterizing books of this generation, except Currer Bell's novels—none of the progressive poets—no new philosophy of life or nature—none of the master-thinkers.

“ But she was reading ‘ Jane Eyre,’ and her husband, she said, was trying to interest himself (think of that,) in Shirley ! You will see now how stately and courteous we shall be—how we shall discuss books and men, much, I fancy, as people inspect anatomical museums : admiring the polish, order, and arrangement, but finding no *heart*.

“ There is one other lady, but I have only had a passing sight of her, going, with the help of a gentleman, to her room. From the finical, elaborate external I then beheld—fluttering head-gear, ornate dressing-gown, and wide laces—I do not look for much internal life. But I may be disappointed. Sensible and genuine women do sometimes go fearfully in debt to such accessories—I wonder with what result, on the whole, to themselves and beholders.

“ There are but two other passengers—both Spanish gentlemen—Senor Pedrillo and Don Rafael, I hear them called. I have scarcely seen them, except to distinguish the portly, middle-aged Senor, from the handsome, melancholy young Don. You shall have them another day. Phil wishes he could see Miss Warren to-night ; so do I.

“ ——— That mark, Anna, indicates that this writing is on another day—next days, as Phil says ; all days after any certain one that he remembers, are next days, you know, to him. Well, this next day is rainy and windy, so you must patiently decipher what follows, and distribute the extra strokes of the w's, m's, n's, and u's, as best you can. The ship and sea are both in such an unfriendly mood, that I do not know if I should write at all, but that I love a victory, and there being no larger one possible, I accept this.

“ Our Don Rafael is a Troubadour, misplaced by



about four centuries. Oh, that you could hear his guitar, when the evenings are still, and his tender voice—it is really a very sweet, though rather a wailing tenor—singing of love and heroism! He has abundant raven curls, a clear olive color, an exquisite mustache, and a most patrician foot and hand. Don Rafael, I think, must take high rank among Castilian beaux, but as he speaks very little English, and I no Spanish, we are not likely, I fear, to furnish each other very correct data for nice judgment in these matters. He is punctilious in all manner of politeness to Mrs. Brent—her, to wit, of the elaborate toilet, whose husband's partner he is. He elevates courtesy toward her into an art, and devotes himself heroically to its cultivation. At table, on deck, in the cabin, at the door of her state-room, with solemn face and grave gesture, he informs her, 'Madam, I am your servant; honor me with your commands.' And you will see the courage with which this is done, when I tell you that she sits down in the cabin, arrayed in brocade and diamonds, awaiting dinner, and actually horrifies our little convention there, by cleaning her nails! You think now it is sweetly done with a little gem of a knife, which she twirls so deftly in her jeweled fingers, that we have to guess at what she is really doing; and you are, perhaps, impatient with me for noting so trifling and pardonable an impropriety. No such thing, dear Anna. She draws from her pocket a bowie-knife, with a spring in the back; presses it till the blade flies open, and then she has in her hand a weapon, at the very least six inches long. With this elegant instrument she proceeds to the duties in which Lord Chesterfield instructed his son so carefully, and generally prolongs their performance till dinner is placed on the table. But Don Rafael would go overboard, I think, before he would let those thunderous eyes of his (did you ever hear of such eyes?) emit a ray of surprise or wonder. Don Rafael faces the bowie-knife, when seats are to be taken, and solemnly offers his arm for the step between her and her place, with a true air which says, 'I suffer no thought, still less comment.' I admire this in him very much.



"You may say it is suggestive of that old story of Cervantes', who put heroism and gallantry on horseback, and carried them to the wars, to prove themselves against the world; but I like it. One so seldom sees among us this sort of social courage. What young American exquisite could bring himself to such thorough and sustained politeness to a vulgar woman? If he were constrained to it by her fortune or position, he would protest by looks, shrugs, or gestures, to all beholders, that he understood and scorned it as much as they could. Be sure Don Quixotte was a representative man.

"—— Our Captain is a harsh, unpolished person, whom we scarcely see except in passing him. He sits at the lower end of the table, which is not a long one, certainly: but that position cuts him off from us socially. Mr. Rowe occupies the seat of honor, and as it would not do to place the rich Mrs. Brent third on either side, Phil and I are seated next to Mrs. Rowe, and opposite the bowie-knife. Next to me is the Senor Pedrillo, who speaks tolerable English, and has facts and anecdotes, but no thoughts. Our property in these, such as it is, falls chiefly between Mrs. Rowe and myself—the husband occasionally, in our chats, tugging at the cable by which he keeps her safely anchored.

"We were talking of 'Jane Eyre,' after she had finished reading it. She liked the book, but was a little timid about Jane's declaring herself, as she did, to Mr. Rochester, in the garden.

"'What would you have had her do?' I asked. 'She thoroughly respected her own sentiment toward him. It was delicate, sacred, and womanly. Why should she not, under the circumstances, express it?'

"'It was so unusual.'

"'Yes,' I admitted, 'but not therefore necessarily wrong. We ought to distinguish between what offends the sense of custom and the sense of nature.'

"'Certainly; but she believed it was in the nature of woman to be sought, rather than to seek. Did not I?'

“ ‘Undoubtedly; that law was written too plainly everywhere, to be mistaken. But in the position portrayed in “Jane Eyre,” I did not conceive it to be infringed. True, Mr. Rochester had not declared in words that he desired Jane’s love, but he had expressed it plainly otherwise; and had piqued her possible sentiment for him, quite enough, I thought, to entitle her to speak. If he had been a coxcomb or flirt, and yet had succeeded so far, as, being a true man, he had, in winning her affection, it would have been her grief and misfortune to have disclosed herself to him. But such things often happen to men, and heartless women deck themselves with conquests as foolishly and meanly as he could have worn hers, had he been unworthy her confidence and courage. I like just that in the book,’ I said, warmly. ‘It is a true and honest word from a woman for her sex. I thank her for it.’

“ ‘If she confessed her love before she was properly asked to,’ said Mr. Rowe, taking a fresh turn on the cable, ‘I think it was indelicate and—unworthy—of—her—sex.’

“Now, you know, dear Anna, that I do sometimes warm unduly, especially in strife with pretentious fools. I felt a hot flush go over me—stupid, was it not?—and I looked at him, but did not speak on the instant.

“ ‘I meant no offense, Mrs. Bromfield,’ he said, in a ponderous tone of apology.

“ ‘Oh, I have taken none, I assure you,’ was my reply. ‘You have not read the book, I think, by your own remark, and therefore cannot know whether you really differ from me or not.’

“Of course Mrs. Rowe had nothing more to say on that subject, and so we went to common-places. But I really like her. If only she wouldn’t fold the pinions of her mind so meekly under the breast of this overshadowing—

“—— Perhaps it was fortunate, Anna, that I was called away by an outcry from Phil at the very last word. You will never know now which of the terms in natural history, that would have been in some

measure adequate to my feelings, I should have applied to our respectable and praiseworthy Mr. Rowe. If ever you undertake a eulogy of me, either before or after my death, never write me as respectable or praiseworthy. I despise them both, dear. If there is nothing to be said of me but that I am respectable, or of my work but that it is praiseworthy, I pray that both I and it may escape comment, and so be blest, if not any otherwise.

“I was going to tell you, however, that to-day I asked Mrs. Rowe if she knew the lady to whom I am taking a letter of introduction, and on whom my hopes chiefly depend, in Valparaiso. She is a Spanish lady, living just out of the city, and very likely, my acquaintance in San Francisco thought, to employ me herself, on her introduction. To my great gratification, I found that Mrs. R. knows and esteems her highly. Her husband holds an important office under the government, and in social position they rank among the first families in the country. So far, therefore, I am favored above my expectations. I wish I may find the promise of my advent there realizable, because in that case I should probably sooner turn away from my good fortune to my best. But I studiously avoid indulging thoughts of that.

“——— Dear Anna—foolish, care-taking sister—how could you do it? I told you I did not want the money, and here, to-day, I have found it, where it was smuggled into my trunk. You ought to be scolded soundly, and I ought to do it with a relish; but, somehow, when I think of your pains-taking and persistency in this thing, I find my eyes dim, and I say, ‘The dear, tender soul, I will not accuse her of her too great goodness.’ But, in truth, you ought not to have done it. I shall feel worried till I hear from you, lest by some calamity you may have been made to regret your generosity. I shall be rich enough some day, I hope, to enjoy the luxury of repaying it as I wish. Then you shall see. But, ah, that future! what a prodigal it is! what a debt is always accumulating in it to the present and past!



"Poor, darling Phil, is chiefly dependent on me in this voyage, and he sometimes complains of the lean-ness of his fortunes in that respect, in very touching style. Last evening, for instance, he was resting on my knee, as I sat up on deck (we are in five or six degrees south latitude to-day, and it is, of course, very warm,) when he said, suddenly, but very confidentially: 'Mamma, I don't love this Captain—do you?'

"'No, darling; but he is a good Captain.'

"'Well, then, why don't he talk to us, like Captain——?' (you remember the inimitable sound which represents to him that good Dahlgren); 'why don't he, mamma?' he urged.

"'Because, Phil, he is not so kind a man.' I did not know what else to answer the child.

"'And he don't have so good mens on his ship, neither,' said he. 'There isn't any Turnel here, nor Mr. Darf, nor Antonio—nobody but you, mamma dear, that I love.'

"'Why, my darling,' I said, 'Mrs. Rowe is very kind to you, I am sure.'

"'But I don't love her, though.'

"'Isn't that a little naughty?' I asked.

"'No,' he answered, with the utmost non chalance. 'She don't make me.'

"That will do, I thought, as I took him closer to my heart. He has the true stamp on his child-soul—only it must be carefully wrought out by generous training, to make it nobleness instead of selfishness in the man.

"Dear little Harry had already, I think, shown signs of right growth in his affections, and I have little care for Phil, except that he, perhaps, is more decidedly like myself, and that I know how near I can, and sometimes, I fear, do come, to being willful and selfish in their indulgence or denial.

"I have been sad all day, and am almost irresistibly inclined to weep this evening. The burden of the past descends heavily on my soul, at times, in these tropical airs and sunsets, which are so like those we breathed and saw in our days of suffering. The



thought of that unapproachable grave is very sad to me, dear Anna, notwithstanding my strong hold on the future: for the affections of earth cling to earth, and are only uplifted in the hours of our highest victories.

“—— It is a long time since my last writing, dear friend, and we are now, it is thought, within a week or ten days of our destination. It begins to seem a momentous thing to land in a foreign city, alone, and look for a home among strangers. I do believe, Anna, that it was not intended women should be alone. If there were one here now, whose strong arm would fence off the bustling world, and surround me with peace and trust for this strife and anxiety, how different would life look!

“Mrs. Brent asked me this morning, when we were speaking of our arrival, if I had friends in Valparaiso; and when I answered no, she asked further: ‘Are you going to settle there?’

“‘Possibly,’ I replied.

“And I suppose I ought to prize the testimony she immediately bore to something in me—it was not my fortune certainly—in giving me her card, and a pressing invitation to visit her: or was it possibly that she might display her house, which she said was *very elegantly furnished*? Her husband had bought two of the beautifullest *statters* when he was in France the last time, and she had one in the hall and one in the back parlor.

“—— Three days more, they say, Anna; and I confess to some trepidation. Oh, that you were already there to welcome me! It is such a weary thing to be alone. Phil is in good spirits and health since we have left the very warm latitudes, and in joyful anticipation of going ashore; Mrs. Rowe tells me that I can get into a good American boarding-house, at a very moderate expense; trifling indeed, it seems, compared with our California scale of costs; and it had need be, if I remain long unemployed. Your loan is a blessed comfort in my greatest anxieties—though still I scarcely forgive you the clandestine manner of it.”

The next date was from the Hotel du Nord, on the day of her landing :

"I have been here only two hours, dear Anna, but the mail for Panama closes at one; it is now past twelve, and I cannot let you wait a whole fortnight longer for these sheets.

"Of course I have nothing to say but that the first impression of the city, as I have seen it between the Mole and this house, is very different from San Francisco; and by all the difference pleasanter to my feelings. I contrasted this landing with ours there. Nobody stares; nobody rushes against you; there is the due proportion of women; the houses do not look like the work of yesterday; the irregularities are suggestive of other things than extreme youth and newness; and, in short, I have made up my mind to like it. I shall drive out this afternoon to pay a visit to the Signorita Senano, and, as I have so many first things to do, I shall say adieu, dear Anna, till a fortnight hence.

ELEANORE."

"Phil is at the window, quite captivated by the gayly-dressed women and the 'queer men.'"

## CHAPTER XLIX.

Now there must at least a fortnight pass before I could hear of her again. Col. Anderson's first note to me after the news of her sailing, was an unbroken rejoicing: "I would so much rather meet her," he said, "in an older country than this; she belongs to a mature society; and, poor and unimportant as Chili is, its cities have the social features which age alone can give. I have, happily, some friends of influence there, and you may judge I shall feel a pride in showing them such a woman as Eleanore, were it only as an acquaintance. The work which I am asked to put a hand to there, may occupy me, if I undertake it, two years or more; and I think I see the finger of Providence, as a revered clerical friend of mine would say, in her preceding me. I fear she never would have followed—the unmanageable one! I shall be only a short two months behind her."

I was glad of all this, yet I felt I should be much more alone when he was gone. In their happiness, should not I be forgotten? I asked myself, with a momentary return of the bitterness which Eleanore had treated so wisely and lovingly in my last visit.

My school increased rapidly, till I was obliged to seek a larger house and employ an assistant. I was prospering, but I was lonely and sad, and yearning for the companionship that had uplifted and enlarged

my nature, more than I fully knew till I was deprived of it.

I wrote to Col. Anderson that Eleanore had asked me to come to her if she found it advisable, and that I should be ready, I believed, any day after six months were passed.

I had resolutely determined to abide by my present interests for that period, with close economy, and then to secure what I should have accumulated at loan, where it would increase rapidly and safely, and follow my heart. So much punishment I would endure; after that, it should be something else.

Col. Anderson wrote me the day he sailed from San Francisco in high hope :

"I have undertaken many voyages," he said, "in the course of my life, but never such a hope beckoned me as now. Oh, Miss Warren, if by any chance it could be again destroyed, never ask for me. Farewell. You will next hear of me either as the happiest or most hopeless of men. J. L. A."

Eleanore's next letter was her Journal continued. She had visited Signorita Senano, and received some encouragement that, in a month or so, they might wish themselves to employ a governess. They had one now on trial, but doubted if they should like her :

"And I thought the doubt very irrational," said Eleanore, "when she passed through the room. A dowdier or more lifeless looking creature I never saw so far from home. I am ashamed to say she was a New Yorker, too—lymphatic, careless in her person, and possessed of but one single charm that I could discover : an exquisite complexion.

"My conversation was carried on through an interpreter, the nephew of Senora, who had been at school in Baltimore, and returned about two months before.



When I asked if they would employ a governess who could speak no Spanish, I was assured that they desired one who could not or would not speak a word in their house but pure English. 'We wish our children to become perfect in your language,' said the Senora, 'and we think that the best means of securing our object.'

"Then—thought I—the governess will have no trifling task, if the children are to be turned upon her hands, and all her casual talk with them is to be instruction for a special object; and her time will hang heavily, if she is to speak no English but to them.

"I inquired of the youth if any one in the house spoke it beside himself, and was told his uncle did, but not very freely. When I left, I was to call again, at my convenience—in two or three weeks, if I did not engage elsewhere.

"The incumbent of the position I aspire to has held it but four days, and they wish to give her a fair trial, which Senora justly thought could scarce be done in less than a month.

"Phil, who had stood by my knee during the interview, and, between the strangeness of the house, the confusion of tongues, and the grave, impressive manner of the speakers, had been unable to understand the purport of anything, trotted gladly out by my side when I had taken leave; and, after we were seated in the carriage—which is a large, clumsy chaise, with a driver's seat in front, called here a *veloche*—he delivered his opinion uncalled for, in the sententious words: 'I believe those folks are naughty folks—don't you, mamma?'

" 'Why, Phil?'

" 'Betsause they look so dark—and they don't laugh any.'

Three days later :

"I have left the hotel, dear Anna, and am now very nicely established in the boarding-house I mentioned. We have a beautiful, large room, overlooking the harbor and city—not so precipitously as ours at the Marsden house, but very charmingly; and if I had only

you coming and going, and work enough to pay the way, I should rest well for awhile. I hope some note or letter is on the way to me, dear, with yours. Has *he* written to me at San Francisco, possibly? And will you order the letter here, if he has? How I should be gladdened at sight of it!

“—— The first delight of this country to my eye, Anna, as it would be to yours, is the lavish profusion of its beautiful flowers. They riot everywhere in the fertile spots—upon the low hill-sides and in the little valleys, where the treasure of the rainy season, which is yet scarcely over, remains longest. Wherever a foot of earth has seed dropped upon it, or a root set, there is a plant sure to grow, and such flowering as it does you never saw. Do you remember the dear little song for children, ‘Wildwood Flowers,’ which I sing sometimes for Phil? It is bubbling from my lips all the time I am walking here, when we get beyond the pavements.

“As yet I have only seen the surrounding country from the city, which lies along the seashore and rambles back among the irregular, barren red hills that shut it in, in the queerest ways imaginable. I have seen some of these little suburbs, populous with children and donkeys, and washerwomen who never employ fire in their cleansing processes, and who set themselves quietly down by some stream, and seem to me to be depending chiefly upon time to accomplish their tasks, so very unhurried are all their movements.

“The whole people are cursed with contentment. The chief amusement of all who can afford amusement off their own feet, is riding—think how my skill will avail me—and they claim that they have the finest saddle-horses out of Arabia. Some of them, certainly, are beautiful animals, but their beauty is less prized than their ease, fleetness, and endurance. They are truly wonderful in the last-mentioned quality.

“Phil and I are very apt to walk out in the clear, breezy mornings, over the grotesque, lawless hills, or to the open beach of the great blue,

indolent sea. They say it can be very fierce when the wild north wind comes down upon it, but it has worn a perpetual smile to us. It lies along the shore, just palpitating to the dalliance of the wooing air, and registering its tides upon the pure white sands—the impersonation of grand repose. Phil says it is such a nice sea, and he hopes it will bring Turnel and Miss Warren, some day.

“We get indifferent oranges, but delicious strawberries, in the fruit-market, which we visit almost every day; and here is also the *chirimoya*, a fruit of exceeding richness and indescribable taste. More delicate than a cream custard, it has the flavor of the strawberry, pineapple, and peach, blended into one, and enlivened with the subtlest of the Indian spices. It is an apple which Eve might have been forgiven for tasting the second time. This fruit comes from Peru, and is not abundant: a fact for which one cares less, than if other fruits and vegetables, which might be almost called such, were less plenty than they are. Phil’s favorite is the sweet potato. Led captive by that esculent, he has given in his allegiance to this republic, and would look calmly forward to spending his days here, if we had you and the ‘Turnel,’ or perhaps either of you.

“I met Mrs. Rowe yesterday, who showed a genuine pleasure at seeing us, and inquired where she could call on me. She told me she had visited Senora Senano, the other day, and found her looking anxiously for my second call, not knowing where to find me, but earnestly hoping I had not engaged to any one.

“So the lymphatic girl would not do, and I can have the place. Shall I go, I wonder? I think I shall, not having seen any more satisfactory person among four who have answered my advertisement for a situation.

“You will see most strikingly the difference between this and any of our North American cities, in two facts. There are but two book-stores here, and three newspapers, all of which, put into one sheet, would



not equal one of our large ones. Two are printed in Spanish, the other in English, and they furnish a population of almost a hundred thousand.

“—— I was interrupted yesterday by a call, which proved to be from my patron and future employer, the Senora, accompanied by her husband, who, it seems, is sufficiently interested in his children to steal a moment from public cares to choose their instructor.

“I was glad to be able to speak directly with him; and, not to fill my paper with details of all the solemn questions and answers, and interpretations to Madame, which could not much interest you, I will tell you at once that I have engaged to go to them at the end of ten days—to have a servant at my own and the children’s disposal, and a large room for my own and Phil’s exclusive occupation, when not engaged with them.

“The young people are three in number—two boys, of ten and eight, and a girl of seven. These people seem to believe in the saving presence of children, for when I spoke of Phil as a possible difficulty, they came nearer laughing than on any other occasion, and protested that he would be as welcome as their own.

“So now I am independent again, I shall take in large measures of peace and rest in the next ten days. By the way, they insisted on my pay beginning at once, and we quarreled with grave politeness for five minutes, making set speeches at each other about it, but at last I prevailed.

“I wish now, dear Anna, that you were here in the next family. What delightful talks we could have in these moonlit nights! They are as bright as we ever saw in California, and the flowers bloom more abundantly, making the air faint with their blending odors.

“This morning a card of invitation came from Mrs. Rowe, who will receive company to-morrow evening. Of course I sent an excuse—not a polite, but a real one: thanks for her consideration, which was felt as



most friendly and kind, but I could not enter a circle, where, very shortly, I should have no place. I do not mean to be patronized, Anna, and though it may be there was no such feeling in this good lady's heart, there would be in that of the next woman who should perhaps make up her mind to invite me. I can see that the social lines are sharply drawn here, and I will not be the one to break into the sacred inclosure of good society. Therefore you will get no gossip in my letters."

A month later came this :

"My last letter, Anna, was taken to the post too late, and came back to me at evening. It was of little interest, and therefore I reserve it. It merely announced to you that I was then but a few days here, and just getting through the preliminary steps of my reign. Did I do wrong, I wonder, in not telling these people I had never filled such a post before? I certainly do not understand its details as I should if I were experienced, but I believe I shall, nevertheless, be able to do them service which will be an equivalent for the salary I receive.

"I am more than thankful that my pupils interest me. Pedro, the eldest, is a bright boy, with a full measure of childhood in him—hearty and jolly; astonishingly so, I thought, till I saw the mother in her family circle, unbent from the awful dignity of reception; and since that pleasant sight, Phil feels much more at home, as well as I. He has even met her half-way, and suffered a kiss or two. Francisco, the next, is a graver and more thoughtful child than Pedro, with a finer organization in all respects, firmer and more compact body, and superior head. He takes decidedly to me, and will improve rapidly, I believe.

"Clara, the daughter, is a nice, quiet little thing, very affectionate and clinging, drooping about her mother and brothers, when they are near her, and regarding Phil and me occasionally, with her soft, liquid eyes, as if she would like to be assured that we were

among the number upon whom she could venture to fasten. She has the Spanish slowness in trusting, and her mother tells me she did not get accustomed to my predecessor so as ever to approach her without constraint. I hope I shall do better with her.

“—— I find myself rather a tutor than governess here, Anna. My labors are chiefly confined to the school-room, and when I have done with the children there, Josepha, our maid, is very apt to take them all away where I do not see them again till dinner-time. I let Phil run quite freely, since he seems very happy among them, and a child of his years can have no better occupation, for at least half his waking hours, than running and tumbling on the earth. To be sure he comes in an example of dirtiness that is fearful to behold, but that is soon remedied, for we luxuriate, Anna, in the abundance of washed clothes. They come from the laundry three times a week, white and pure as snow, well ironed, and every manner of garment starched throughout. Think of the lavishness of this proceeding. I allowed myself a little pricking of conscience about it at first, thinking that the laundry woman would perhaps be over-burdened by my self-indulgence in this respect; but Josepha smiled when I conveyed the idea to her, half in Spanish, and half in the few words of English she has picked up in the school-room and elsewhere, and told me that there was *mucha mujer*—I can never forgive the Spanish that ungraceful term for our woman—in the wash-house. I made a journey thither shortly after on pretense of searching for Phil and Clara, who were missing at the moment, and had the satisfaction of seeing there two great, jolly, contented-looking women, working easily through the task before them, with a young girl of thirteen or fourteen, the daughter of one, to do the lighter parts. The wages of these servants are low, and household economy is a problem which has not yet, I think, invaded the peace of the Spanish brain, anywhere in America. You remember that Spanish family we used to see at the Marsdens, and how little the item of expense was

considered by them. Well, these people show the same indifference to it in a greater degree. So I have discharged my mind of all concern in the direction of the laundry.

“—— The Casa Senano, where I sit at this present writing, stands in a dear little emerald valley, sparkling with gardens, and hung upon the verdant hill-sides with roses, and flowering vines and shrubs, whose fragrance falls down with the evening dew, and blends with that of our more stately cultivated beauties. The want I feel is of forest trees. Here are only shrubs, large or small. The house is of the common style of Spanish American countries—an adobe—of a single story, with deep corridors, darkening the rooms, and severely parallelogramic in form. I believe a Spaniard could not have an addition made to his house. If compelled to enlarge it, he would either tear down and build anew, or put detached rooms near the old one.

“Our school-room is a modern branching out of the Senano estate in this fashion—a large apartment that would be ample at home for thirty scholars; its walls very smoothly plastered, and not less than thirty inches in thickness. There are in it but two or three articles of furniture beside the few in daily use; yet its naked walls and wide vacant floor have really never looked barren or cheerless to me. The light and the pure air; the odors of the garden which surrounds it, and the babble of the slender brooklet that falls over the root of a dark, leafy olive, before my window, are all so beautiful and friendly that I cannot feel the place in the least degree desolate. I furnish each table every morning with a tiny cup of flowers, and my own with two, one of which consists of rose-buds only. La Signorita walks in once or twice a day and looks happily over her little ones, strokes Phil’s curls with her gentle matronly hand, and giving me a bright glance, passes out. I like her, and I think she likes me possibly a little, apart from the contentment she feels in my management of her children; but I see little of her elsewhere.



“There is often company at dinner, and I generally on those days take mine with the children. Sometimes the guests are all Spanish, and then I don't mind sitting at the table—for I am not expected to speak or understand; but at other times there are American or English visitors, and these I prefer not seeing.

“There is to be such a company to-day, and I have asked La Signorita to send me and the children out for a drive to the Zorros, a little blooming valley five miles from the city, where we have been twice in the family coach. You would laugh to see this vehicle, Anna. It is a sort of Noah's Ark on wheels; the hugest, most lumbering, heavy, ill-conditioned, groaning thing you ever saw put to any use. You would laugh at the sight of it, and still more to see me get gravely into it, followed by all these dark-eyed children in their fullest glee, and go rumbling and creaking away, behind a pair of fat philosophical mules, with a nondescript *hombre* mounted on one, and whipping both with might and main. A more ridiculous *tout-ensemble* than we are, in the run-away pace he at length gets them wrought up to, you could not find in a year's journeying, I am sure. Here is Phil come to tell me ‘coach ready, mamma. Put on my poncho.’

“——— When I came back from the ride yesterday, dear Anna, I was surprised on entering the house to find a party of gentlemen just issuing from the dining-room. We had been gone four hours, and as dinner was just about to be served when we left, I thought they would be assembled in the smoking-room, as I call it, though I suppose it would be a drawing-room anywhere else, and therefore I was a little startled on dashing in my usual headlong way, into the broad hall, to find myself suddenly almost in the middle of a group of men with flushed faces, some of whom regarded me with bold, impudent looks, and actually hindered my instant progress to the door of my room. They were following their host, who had already entered the apartment he was leading them to, and was therefore not in sight when I raised my eyes to look for him.

“‘C'est Madame la Gouvernante,’ said one, in a voice and speech not of the clearest.

“‘Madame ou Mademoiselle?’ asked another; but I had reached my door and closed it just as the last words were uttered, and so did not hear what brought forth the great laugh that instantly followed. Something I was sure that it was better I had not heard, for I was already flushed and blazing with the looks and tones which had failed to provoke their drunken mirth to that degree. I stood a moment before I could remove my bonnet and shawl, and thought how I should like to launch a look and half a dozen words at the boldest of them, a snobbish looking creature named Byfield, all hair and beard, who had planted himself directly in my way, and compelled me to go aside to pass him.

“I had seen this man two or three times before at the house, and had more than once been secretly enraged at civilities he had pressed upon me, and which I would gladly have scorned, but for want of an excuse to affront a guest where I was a dependent. But this was his first open rudeness, and though his miserable head was doubtless a little turned with the wine he had taken, I now reflected with a rage which shook me all over, that his previous overtures had perhaps been preparing the way for something of this sort.

“I had to go out again immediately to look after the children and get Phil in to prepare him for bed—for the moon was already outshining the faint golden light in the west. As I passed the open door of the apartment where they were assembled, I heard a voice say, in drawling, affected tones, ‘Dayv’lish taking eye, Hamilton, isn’t it?’

“I did not hear the reply; but my heart-beat sent arrows along my veins at the words. There is no other door to my room; so that I am obliged to pass and re-pass this one of the drawing-room, every time I enter or leave it. It is the only annoyance of the sort that I feel here; but it was never serious until this time—for I had never before met a rude visitor in the house.

“After Phil was in bed, I stole softly out, thinking

to pass unobserved into the garden, and walk off the unhappy excitement of my mind. They were still smoking, and I suppose drinking; but I did not turn my eyes to see. I passed, flying rather than walking, out at the open door, through the small yard, and into the flower-garden surrounding the school-house. This is a spot where I have always been free from intrusion. No stranger ever enters it, and even the family seem to hold it sacred to me and my pupils. My heart was very full of wounded pride and pain, and intense longing for the presence of the strong and manly soul that would make good my position against these light speakers. After two or three turns up and down the clear path by the brookside, I sat down and leant against the trunk of the olive tree, where I could hold my hand in the little stream and toy with its pure, cool current. I believe I should have been weeping but for the kindly presence of this unconscious companion of my loneliness, when a voice startled me, and looking up, I saw beyond the shadow of the branches, that same face, with its hair and mustache, which had most palpably affronted me within. 'Fine evening,' he said, advancing slowly; 'dayv'lish fine moonlight here, for tender hearts.'

"I did not speak. It was not so much, perhaps, that I thought it wisest to be silent, as that I could not. All the life in me seemed to be gathering itself up for a deadly thrust. He came very slowly a little nearer, just under the low boughs, and hesitating there, said, 'I saw you leave the house, my dear, and I thought you would be glad of some company. Come, take my arm, and let us walk about a little,' and he reached his hand down toward me. I did not move a finger; but I spoke, and my first words were, 'Leave this garden, sir!' They were delivered like rifle-balls, I know—for I felt as though if each one were a deadly weapon, I could have hurled them at him the same. He seemed to be thrown back a moment by them; but his impudence soon rallied itself again, and he bent slightly toward me, saying, 'Ah! now don't be so savage on a poor fellow, that hasn't seen such bright eyes or such



tempting lips since he left England. Come into the light at least, where I can see you, if you are going to fight;’ and he actually touched my shoulder with his vile hand, which I instantly spurned, with a shudder that I now feel again, in thinking of it.

“‘Touch me again at your peril, base, unmanly wretch,’ said I. ‘Are you so low that you do not know a lady from a wanton? Leave this garden at once, or I will call on some gentleman to put you out of it!’

“‘Call, then,’ he said, laughing thickly. ‘I don’t think any of them will come.’

“‘But there are servants that will,’ said I, and perhaps it would be more fitting that such as you should be handled by them.’ I felt a little nervous after his defiance—for the thought flashed across me, the other guests may be gone, or, though I had never before seen anything like intoxication here, they may be too drunk to heed my call. But in a moment I reflected that however this might be, the servants could be relied on, and were nearer to me than the others, and then I determined to remain. I wished to feel that I could repel this insulting intruder, and not be driven from my place. As I kept my seat, he also sat down at a little distance from me, arm’s length, perhaps.

“‘Come, my fair Sylvia,’ he said, ‘let us be a little more social and pleasant. The world goes on all the same; it is better to enjoy the hours as they fly,’ and he began to sing, in a low, thick voice, broken lines of some of Moore’s most execrable songs. I drew up my handkerchief and struck him sharply with it across his mouth. ‘Be silent, sir!’ I said, ‘and hear me.’

“‘Certainly, with pleasure. Now you are growing reasonable.’

“‘No nearer,’ I said, seeing that he was inclining to move toward me. ‘This inclosure,’ I continued, ‘is set apart for the use and pleasure of your host’s children and their teacher. No one beside ever enters it but upon necessity, and I came here to-night, feeling insulted and unhappy, in the house, where you and your band of drunken companions were assembled. I

came to be alone; but you have chosen to invade this privacy, and you choose to remain, although you know that in doing so, you outrage my right and my choice, and because I am a woman, with too feeble an arm to hurl you to the earth and throw you over the wall afterward, I am compelled to leave you here, in a place that will be made hateful by the recollection of your presence in it.'

"I rose with the last word, and walked with a quick step through the gate and into the house. They were talking loudly as I passed the guests' room, and I heard the names of parties and party-leaders, mixed with praise and censure, all going on together, till I closed my door behind me.

"Oh Anna, how humiliated and outraged I felt. How much I needed a tender and strong soul to come to me then, and how self-accusingly I thought of the one that might have been my shield, and of the grand strength and sufficient protection he would throw around any woman whom he should see wronged. I heard but little more of the visitors, and after a long watching and thinking by the open window, I at last went to bed as the light of the setting moon began to stream in across the banks of gay-colored and odorous flowers before my window."

## CHAPTER L.

This letter made me anxious. It seemed an evil omen thrown across her path. I knew better than she, that depraved, base men rarely come off worse in such an encounter, without seeking to avenge themselves in some way upon those who have defeated them. I dreaded that there would yet be consequences of this meeting, of which she did not seem to dream. But whatever may happen, Col. Anderson will soon be there, I said, and she will not then lack worldly wisdom and protection. A whole month went by before I received another letter. I grew very anxious, and could not shake off my fears, and I counted the time yet left to the term of my probation, and even thought of the possibility of going to her before, if it should seem needful. I became more and more convinced with every passing month how she had grown into my heart, like a daughter or cherished younger sister; and as I had neither, and stood almost alone in the world, I determined upon adopting her in place of both, and thereby stilling the conflict of mind I sometimes suffered at the thought of abandoning personal interests for my attachment.

At last it came—the looked-for letter. And true and well-grounded enough had my fears been! This was written all under one date, with due observance of the formalities of place, year, and day. It was even



addressed to me as "Dear Friend." I was startled by a glance at this unusual physiognomy of her first page, and thought something must have happened, surely, to have brought her to all this.

Here is what she said after the "Dear Friend":

"I did not write you by the last mail, for I had only that to tell which would have pained you to read, could I have commanded myself to write it. But I think it would have been almost as easy to have held one of my hands in the flames. I hope you have received the letter I sent a month ago, else all I shall write now will be a riddle to you. Assuming that you will understand it, however, I shall go on to relate the sequel of the affair, which began, and I then thought, ended there.

"You will remember the person named Byfield, who was referred to there. Well, I have seen him once since, and that is likely, I think, to be the last of our acquaintance. He followed into the house after I came from the garden that night, and before he left it, threw out to his companion, Hamilton, some insinuations of having had a 'delightful half-hour in the garden with that demmed fine crechure, the governess.' An old American gentleman, who was present and heard all, afterward told me the whole story. At the time, he knew nothing of me, and only heard his boasts with disgust toward himself—not knowing, however, but they were true. He and Hamilton talked it over—they were the young men of the party, and perhaps felt an obligation to sustain a reputation for wickedness becoming their years—and whether or not the latter was deceived, or merely lent himself to Byfield's baseness, they kept it sounding till it reached the ear of the dignified Senor Senano, whose dignity was that evening increased by the wine he had drunk, and the consciousness of playing the host to a party of prominent men—important persons in the political field.

"Senor Senano, after a week's meditation, communicated the unpleasant tidings to his *cará sposa*—I can

be pleasant about it, now, Anna, for I have fought my way into clear sunshine again—and she, with the circum-spection that became a mother, and with something of shrewdness, too, which I do not quite envy her, watched me through another whole week in profound silence, the two trying my equanimity at table, occasionally, with a chance mention of Mr. Byfield.

“I do not at best live near to these people, Anna. They have trusted me fully, and with apparent satisfaction, in the management of their children; but I see very little of them except at table, where the husband exchanges solemn courtesies with me, and the wife smiles and utters two or three sentences during the meal, in mixed English and Spanish, to which I respond, measuring my speech by hers, and there we stop. But in these days I felt something like the shadow of a cloud in a chilly day, when you court the sunshine, fall between me and them. I thought—perhaps the political currents do not set right; the husband is anxious, and the wife participates his cares. The idea did not once occur to me that their changed demeanor had anything to do with myself, and if it had, I should not have dreamed of this particular affair as connected with it. I had been insulted grossly by a guest in their house, but had defended myself as efficiently as words and scorn could do it; and the possibility of the outrage being turned to my injury, was quite beyond the reach of my unsuspecting thoughts.

“On the morning, however, after the week’s suppression of herself, Signorita Senano came into my sitting-room, with her nephew, who had been absent during my whole stay, and formally requested a private interview with me. As there was no one present but ourselves, I signified my instant readiness, supposing she wished to say something respecting the children.

“Judge, dear friend, of my horror, astonishment, and rage, at finding myself the subject of an accusation so dreadful. When it was stated, I could only utter the words, ‘The base liar!’ which she understood or guessed from my face and eyes, may be, without interpretation.

“ ‘He was my husband’s guest,’ was the dignified and cutting reply.

“ ‘If he were your husband himself,’ I said, rashly, ‘he would be no less a liar, saying that. Oh, Madam,’ I continued, seeing her looks darken at this, to her, unusual demonstration from a woman—for these women are respected only so far as they are watched, and therefore do not dream of our daring self-respect—oh, Madam, this man is false and base and unutterably mean. I will tell you.’

“ And I did, all, word for word, Anna, as well as I could remember, just as it happened. My face gave edge and keenness to the stolid interpretation of my words, and she at last promised to bring him and Hamilton to the house once more, and give me the opportunity to meet him face to face. I had to entreat hard and long for this, but I prevailed, and you shall hear how the meeting came off.

“ They were specially invited, with the husband’s consent—which I thanked him in my soul for giving—for the third evening from that of this interview. It was to be an after-dinner visit. Heaven only knows what they expected, for the invitation was the rarest of possibilities. But whatever they anticipated, it was something very different from what they found. One could not fail to see that. La Signorita gave up the conduct of the affair to me, only undertaking to receive them till I should appear; and Don Alexandro, the husband, had, I think, but an imperfect idea of my purpose, till it appeared before his astonished eyes. I had fretted so intensely in the interim, that I believe I was, and still am, lighter by many pounds than I was a fortnight ago.

“ When the gentlemen were announced, I was in my own room, and I waited there a few minutes, that first ceremonies might be over in the parlor and my courage drilled for the encounter. Then I entered, and pausing just within the door, near where Mr. Byfield sat, nursing alternately with great complacency his leg and his beard, I said: ‘This, I believe, is Mr. Byfield?’



“‘Yes,’ was the answer, with a strong stare of astonishment—genuine, made-up English astonishment.

“‘And this Mr. Hamilton?’—turning toward that gentleman.

“‘Yes’—with a modified stare, followed by a black scowl.

“I then closed the door, and so seated myself that it could not be opened without my rising; for I saw, Anna, that this was just the man to run from my attack, on the plea that he would not be insulted by a low creature—a mere governess.

“‘Both you gentlemen,’ I said, as I was doing this, ‘were guests of Senor Senano, at a dinner party, some days since. Mr. Byfield, have the goodness to look at me, if you please; what I am going to say will particularly interest you. On the evening I speak of, you first faced me, a lady, who had always shunned you, very rudely, in the hall—here, between this and the next door; afterward you followed me, when I went away in the private garden alone, and basely insulted me—so basely, that, had any man been near, not to say a gentleman, or friend of mine, you would have been knocked down and tumbled into the water, as you deserved to be. You repeated the insult, when I repelled you with all the energy that language and a burning indignation gave me; you touched my shoulder with that vile hand that now lies upon your knee, and I spurned it with such an involuntary shudder as one feels when a loathsome reptile crawls upon the person; and when you sat down not very close to me—by your brute strength keeping the place I could not remove you from—I left you, with a scorn which I then thought could not be exceeded, but which your base falsehood about this meeting has multiplied a hundred-fold. Is not this true, every word?’ I asked, rising, and walking quickly toward him, my hands involuntarily clenched at my sides; ‘is it not, sir?’

“‘Yes,’ he rather gasped than said. His face was as bloodless as my own by this time.

“‘And can you, with truth, say one word to my injury, touching that dastardly deed of yours? Did I

not come in as untainted and blameless as you could wish your sister or your wife—if there is such an unfortunate woman in the world—to come from such an encounter?”

“‘Y-a-a-s—I believe—though—’

“‘And you acknowledge that the boasts you made, and which it sets my blood on fire to think of, were false—were they not?’ and with the words, I compelled him to look into my eyes.

“‘Y-a-a-s—just a—bit of—joking, you know.’

“It was all done very quickly, Anna—not occupying one-quarter, scarcely one-eighth of the time I am writing it to you, for the man, you see, was so arrant a coward, morally, that he surrendered at once, and certified his own meanness in the most damning way. I could scarcely stand when it was over, but I braced myself afresh for a moment, and turned to Mr. Hamilton—who sat, looking both paler and blacker than before.

“‘Sir,’ I said, ‘you have heard your *friend’s* confession. You also heard, and, if I mistake not, circulated his falsehood. I ask you now, as a gentleman, loving justice—as a man, recognizing the claims of those who are wronged and unable to protect themselves—to do me justice in this matter, at least as far as you may have done me injustice. Senor Senano, I will see you when these persons have taken leave.’

“And, with a bow to La Signorita, I left the room, and rushed to my own; but oh, dear Anna, what a battle I had fought with myself, as well as with that base creature! I shivered from head to foot, though the evening was warm. Chill after chill went coursing along my relaxed nerves, indicating to what tension they had been wrought. I sat down and folded a large shawl about me.

“Presently I heard their feet and voices in the hall; then they were gone, and in a moment La Signorita tapped at my door. When I opened it, she stood smiling, and actually took both my hands in hers. This was approval I did not at all expect. It melted me at once from my previous purpose of leaving them.

She invited me to the parlor, where Don Alexandro also shook my hand, and said: 'Very good—very good; you have one strong heart, Signorita. Very lady.'

"I looked inquiringly at him, not knowing exactly what the last words might mean.

" 'Very—what you call it?—lady—lady—'

" 'Ah, lady-like, you mean,' I said, more pleased at that than anything else they had said.

" 'Yes,' he replied, 'very lady-like. We like it much.'

"I was so glad not to have offended their taste or forfeited their respect for me as a conventional woman, that I sat down and told them, like a pleased child, how hard it had been for me—how cold I felt at first, and still was, as my hand proved; and how, before the kindness of this moment, I had determined to leave them as soon as I had proved myself clear of this bad man's accusation; but now, if they desired it, I was disposed to remain.

"So it was all settled, and I went to my bed with a happier heart than I had possessed for many days, but a dreadfully weary body and brain.

"I have been here now almost two months, and I begin to look for Col. Anderson with every ship. In your last letter, you said he wrote that he would be scarcely two months behind me. How soon will you come, dear? I shall want you as much after that momentous event as before; for to whom shall I tell all my happiness, if you are not here?

"Phil sends a deal of love to you, and he has just brought, he says, a great lot from Clara, who has heard of you, and believes that she should love you very much.

Ever your faithful

ELEANORE."



## CHAPTER LI.

I read this letter many times over, and fancied I could see Eleanore extorting, with her daring eyes and intense gestures, that degrading confession from her cowardly defamer.

He had spread it, too, I'll warrant—said I to myself; mean men love to crown themselves with lies, if their base deeds are not sufficient; but she will not know the outside reports till some one is there who will be a medium between her and the world she does not enter.

I felt certain that my next letter must bring me news of Col. Anderson's arrival, and I waited more impatiently for it, I believe, than for any of the preceding ones. It came at the fortnight's end. Her heart was over-ruling this writing, I thought, for here was neither date nor address :

"He is coming this afternoon," she began. "How he found me out, I do not know; but two hours ago a messenger came to the house, requesting to see Mrs. Bromfield. Josepha was dispatched to the school-room, and as she tripped in, she said, '*Hombre*-man want you, Signorita.'

"It gave me 'such a turn,' as our Mrs. Brown used to say, for I have been looking hourly for him the last three days, though I had not seen his name in the passenger lists. I was foolish enough to think it must be himself, and so it took me several minutes to pre-

pare myself for the sudden meeting. I was only thinking, it is true, with my hands idly folded; and I do not know of what I was thinking; but at last I went, quite deliberately, taming my steps as I moved, with many recollections of our short and varied acquaintance, and ready for—I know not what line of conduct, had he, indeed, been there; when, just as I entered the hall, I confronted—whom do you think, now, dear Anna?—whom but Antonio, with brimming eyes and both hands outstretched to grasp mine.

“The poor boy! It was a great proof of my hearty feeling toward him that I did not frown upon his beaming face for being his, and not another’s. We shook hands; he asked for Phil, and I sent him to the school-room, after he had delivered his note, with the proud and happy words, ‘From my master, Col. Anderson.’

“The envelope contained his card, with the words underneath the name: ‘Will call at four, if agreeable. Antonio will wait a reply.’

“I sat down to write it, requesting Josepha to look after the children. I said it would be agreeable—not much else, I think, beside that; but that was enough, was it not? Think what a state of mind I must be in, dear Anna, and do not expect me to write now.

“ELEVEN O’CLOCK IN THE EVENING—He has just gone, dear, and I am wishing that, instead of these peaceful, contented people, I had some of the miserable and suffering of the earth about me, that my happiness might overflow into their desolate souls.

“I got through with the lessons early, and sent the children away with Josepha, keeping only Phil at home, for Antonio had promised to come out in the afternoon and take him a walk. I told Signorita that I expected a visitor at four, and would like her to assign me the drawing-room or parlor to receive him in. It should be the parlor, she said. I dressed myself in a black silk, with a collar of broad lace, and that white head of Rafael at my throat—the only ornament about me. I restored my hair to the fashion I wore it in—how long ago it seems now!—on the

Tempest. I gathered bunches of the sweetest and loveliest flowers—fragrant petunias and heliotropes, nodding at me with their sparkling, violet eyes; regal lilies and fuchsias; and pansies, whose purple and delicate beauty both contrasted and blended with the meek grace of the lily of the valley; verbenas and geraniums, and queenly rose-buds, and some odorous orange and lemon flowers; and set all but one tiny vase, of the most beloved ones, in unobservable places about the room—for I love sometimes that fragrance should come to me, like the white May leaves', from

“ ‘Blossoms out of sight, yet blessing well.’

“ And thus I cheated myself into preparation, instead of waiting, till my watch told me I had but a few minutes left. Then I sat down to compose myself.

“ There were horses' feet: I looked up, and he was at the gate; the next moment the door opened, and we stood face to face.

“ I spoke first: ‘Dear Leonard!’

“ ‘Dear Eleanore!’

“ There was a long silence. ‘No reproof awaits me now, I hope,’ he said, bearing his hand heavily on my shoulder, that he might look into my eyes, which were dimmed, like his own, with the mist of deep joy; but the next moment I was folded more closely to his bosom, and I heard, softly breathed, the words: ‘Art thou indeed my Eleanore, or a phantom, like the soulless and voiceless one that has mocked me so long? Is it a dream that I hold thee thus—thy breath upon my cheek, and thy bosom-pulses treasured in the hollow of my hand? Speak, and reassure my doubting soul.’

“ ‘It is no dream,’ I whispered, ‘but such a sweet reality as proves our Father's utmost love.’

“ ‘Thou art, then, my own, Eleanore?’

“ ‘And thou mine, Leonard.’

“ ‘Kneel to God with me,’ he said, reverently. And we knelt.

“ Dear Anna, what a prayer was that he uttered! Every word so distinctly and deeply spoken, that my ear waited for its utterance, and my soul treasured it among the things never to be forgotten:



“ ‘O dear and beloved Father whom we adore, it is thou who givest us all blessing, and all capacity for enjoying it. For the inestimable gift with which thou hast enriched my life, read in my soul, O Father, the thanks which cannot be uttered. For the one life which is henceforth ours, be the praise thine, who hast formed and united the two. In our great happiness, may we be tender and compassionate to souls less blest ; and as thou art thyself love, and hast given this, thy highest attribute, to ennoble our earthly life, grant us that worthiness in receiving, which alone can give purest joy in possessing. And be thou, just and holy Giver, above even the precious gift, evermore adored !’

“ My amen was a living response to this heartfelt thanksgiving and prayer ; but my own soul had also its petition, and I drew the strong, encircling arm, a little more closely, while I uttered an inmost aspiration for a life not less noble than the noblest ; not less pure than the purest imagination of our hearts ; for a life so faithful, that it should embody the ideal of our souls, and be one in harmony, while in individuality each should grow into the perfect stature of the man and woman living near to God and to all good.

“ ‘And thus we are wedded before Heaven, Eleanore,’ he said, as we rose. ‘It is enough so for the present. Sit here, now, very near me, that, seeing, hearing, and touching you, I may keep myself assured till I am grown familiar with the thought of having you mine. I knew I should,’ he added ; ‘said I not so in my last note ?—that which brought me this precious sheet, and this symbol, which has spoken to me of you every hour. Ah, Eleanore, if you could know the comfort of heart it gave me—’

“ ‘I think I could have appreciated it,’ said I, demurely, ‘if the opportunity had been afforded me ; but I have had no such comfort.’

“ He detected me in the tones of my voice, and said : ‘Silence, you queen of the unmerciful ! I will have not so much as a word of your badinage, till I have been heard myself.’

“ And then he told me very seriously of his suffering until he wrote that first letter. ‘I was inspired to

do that, I believe,' he said; 'for your silence made me victor over all your—pride, was it? If you had not loved me, you would have answered my letter, would you not, dearest?'

"'Yes; courtesy would have constrained me to speak, where love made me dumb,' I whispered.

"'And when did this precious experience dawn upon you, ungracious one?'

"'I knew your step,' I answered, 'weeks before that daring and ill-mannered salute on the Tempest. I remember words spoken by this dear voice before I dreamed it would ever utter such precious ones to me, as it has. You came to me with power to take what I could not withhold, dear Leonard.'

"'And why was I so long denied this sweet confession?'

"'Because you could not be trusted with it,' I replied.

"'Eleanore! Do you doubt me so?'

"'Not in any wise to wound or pain you, my beloved. I do not doubt the true heart of man beating in this bosom; but I feared it would claim too much of me if I confessed its power. I wished to come freely to you, Leonard, without so much as a silken thread of gratitude, or obligation, or dependence, to draw me. I loathe all bonds but such love as we have for each other, and my heart bade me wait till such an hour as this, when we could forget everything but the deep emotion in each which seeks to enfold the other.'

"'I see it was worthy of thee,' he murmured, 'so to chasten and distill the love that blesses us. All that I have suffered is repaid; I have no word of chiding, such as I meant to shake thee with. Thou knowest our treasure better than I, and how it could be brightened.'

"'But I cannot tell you all we said. It is very common to call the talk of lovers foolish; but I believe the love-talk of any two souls will be their best and deepest, if it ever rises at all above the personal. I am sure there was little foolish talk between us; but there were often silences that were voluminous in meaning.

"'I am growing,' said Leonard, breaking one of

these pauses with those inimitable tones of his, 'to a sense of my wealth. When we are not speaking, my soul is hovering about and absorbing you with infinite joy. Do you understand? Do you feel how the sudden assurance of this hour taxes all the capacity of my life to take it in? Sudden prosperity and success have made men mad ere now; but my new treasure is of another sort, and I grow strong and clear in appropriating it; quiet and thankful, as a man might emerging from the doom of darkness to the glory and beauty of the day. Dearest Eleanore, we are stewards of a great trust. Our life must be rich in good works to repay the munificence of this dealing with us.'

"'Good works ought to be the testimony of all happy lives,' said I; 'but some good work must have preceded this happiness, Leonard. We could not possibly be to each other what we are, except we were in the main a true man and woman, with just purposes and some right aspiration, which is as well the fruit as the seed of righteous doing.'

"'Ah! with you,' he replied, 'I know those pages of life are bright and beautiful; but since I have known you, my past seems an unblooming waste—a succession of idle, though not, thank God, in any worse sense, misspent years. You have so appealed to all there is of good in me—so shamed my apathy by your enthusiasms—so shattered my armor of self-complacency, that I feel myself a naked soul in the world, having yet, after thirty-four years of life, to seek wherewith to clothe myself. Is it any wonder I take refuge here? Dear heart, lead me and guide me henceforth.'

"The last words were whispered on my cheek in a voice of intense emotion. I was deeply moved, Anna, by this earnest prayer of that strong soul, and more painfully by my own sense of inequality to his generous conception of me. I did at the moment the best thing I could see to do. I raised my head from his shoulder, and said, 'Nay, but you will have your full share of that to do also, Leonard. I am as perverse as the winds, and as obstinate as the rocks. I am sometimes harsh and ungracious, even to those I love best.



I am unforgiving to meanness, and occasionally I am sorely tempted to do some daring thing, just to prove to myself where the kingdoms of propriety and impropriety, of right and wrong, of tenderness and cruelty, do actually join. Dear, steady soul, keep me from all this,' I prayed, mocking him, and looking from my own misty eyes, deep into the half-puzzled and half-smiling ones that were fixed on me.

" 'It shall be a compact, then,' he said, 'and when I fail in all other means of performing my part of it, I shall do it thus.'

" 'It will be a shame,' I said, 'because Nature has given you a strong arm, and me a weak one, to imprison me with it.'

" 'Ah!' he said, 'you say that; but there is more *power*, Eleanore, in this soft slight hand which I could crush in mine, than in my whole frame. Strength, which is mine, is narrow and special; power, which is yours, is broad and universal.'

" 'You shall depreciate the man I love no more, sir,' I said. 'I will not hear it. Come into the garden with me;' and I walked by his side, Anna, with hypocritical quietness, looking demure and meek, I suppose, when there were pride and victory enough in my breast to have defied the world. When one has such a soul to flee to, dear, independence does not seem to be worth so great a struggle after all.

" I showed him my school-room; but he was less interested and pleased with it than I expected him to be.

" 'How long,' he inquired, placing himself at my side, 'dost thou intend to occupy this house?'

" The question was adroit and somewhat embarrassing. I thought for a single moment of evading it; but I did not, and looking straight into his eyes, I said, 'till I go to yours. But let us not speak of that to-day.' At that moment I heard the dear Phil's voice, and my heart smote me greatly for having forgotten his right to share my happiness. As they drew near the gate we heard Antonio explaining that "Turnel" had come on that horse, and the gleaming eyes and dancing feet of the child reproached me afresh. He looked to-

ward the school-room, where we stood in the door, and with a great flood of feeling rushing visibly over his face, he started forward. Leonard met him at the gate and picked him up, dusty as he was. Such a meeting, and such fervent kissing. Dear Anna, it moved me almost more than my own happiness. He brought him in and placed him on the little table which Phil calls his, and in the torrent of question and answer that followed, I, standing apart still at the door, have in mind only this: 'You won't go away off any more, now, will you?'

"'Ask mamma if I shall,' was the answer. But I was there before the answer was fully spoken, and putting my lips to the fair forehead of the man, I said, 'There now, Phil. Do you think he will go away again?'

"'No, mamma, we love him. Don't we?'

## CHAPTER LII.

"It was almost sunset when he rode away, saying that he would return at eight and bring an old friend with him, whom he wished to introduce to me. I was glad to be alone for a little time, to calm the sweet tumult of my heart, and from the riches of those hours to select a few of the gems that were to pass into its imperishable treasury. I was sitting, dreaming over my happiness, when I heard Phil urging Antonio—poor, almost forgotten Antonio, whose presence at any other time would have commanded my most grateful notice—in, to see me. I looked toward the front door, and there they were, Phil tugging at his hand and literally dragging him within.

"‘Yes, come in, Antonio,’ said I. ‘I have scarcely seen you. Come in and sit down. I must have a talk with you about San Francisco.’ The boy dropped upon a chair near the door, and in the moment’s silence, while I was recalling myself to the earth and to unenchanted life, Phil said, ‘I did tell Antonio, mamma, that you love Turnel, and he’s going to stay with us now. Isn’t he, mamma, dear?’ looking anxiously into my confused, frowning face.

"‘We shall see, darling,’ I replied, not able to speak harshly to him—not even to reprove the wounded, doubting soul which looked earnestly into mine out of his eyes.

"Antonio felt the awkwardness of the position, as keenly, I think, as I did, and gazed steadily upon the ground. In all probability, I thought, the child has told him the proof of his belief—nothing more natural, in the joy of his open heart than to do it, and so, justified by a sort of necessity, I made Antonio the first confi



dant of my happiness, by answering Phil's question in the affirmative, and then adding, 'You will remain with Col. Anderson, I hope, Antonio.'

" 'Yes, Madame, long. He like me. I more like him, and Master Feelip and you, Madame. I have so great joy,' he said, stepping forward and falling on one knee before me, and kissing my hand. 'You all so good, so love—you be very happy, and I happy, too, Madame.'

" 'You have a good heart, Antonio,' said I, moved to tears by the poor fellow's simple words and earnest tones; and more, perhaps, by the sad recollections they summoned from the past. 'You will not speak of Col. Anderson and me to any one, till—till—'

" 'Me understand, Madame. Me never speak; me talk not much—speak not much anything to strange man.'

" 'That is right. Come to us when your master can spare you, and take Phil out, and we shall always be glad to see you. You may go now.'

" 'Thanks, Madame; I take Phil one more leetle walk in the garden;' and they went off, leaving me alone again.

" But I was destined not to reach an island in the violet sea I was floating on yet, for Senor Senano came in the next moment, and asked me, after a deal of ceremonious talk, if Col. Anderson would return this evening; and when I, blushing like a fool, I suppose, said, 'Yes, at eight o'clock,' he was much pleased, and said he wished a few minutes' speech with him.

" 'I will claim him only one very little moment, Signorita,' he said, with a smile which I have no doubt he meant to be arch, but which was sardonic, rather. He appeared to have some guess of my good fortune, which, I suppose, they were entitled to, from the length of the visit he had already paid, and the quick repetition of it.

" When eight o'clock came, Phil was not yet asleep. He wished to see the Turnel for a good-night kiss, and seemed unable to understand why he should not come to his bed there, as he had often on the island, and some-

times on shipboard. Poor child! the proprieties had not yet walled him in.

"When I heard that footfall, I said: 'Now, Phil, I must go. Good night, darling; you shall see Turnel to-morrow.'

"His lips were quivering as I kissed them, and his eyes were moist with irrepressible tears.

"'I want to see him to-night, mamma,' he whispered.

"'But you can't, dear Philip. Now be a good boy, and lie still and think of him till you go to sleep.'

"I hastened away to receive my visitors, and to my glad surprise, found the friend was no other than the old American gentleman, whom I have already mentioned as acting a friendly part by me in the affair with that wretch, Byfield. Col. Anderson had not told him my name, and when I entered the room, he was no less pleased, I think, than myself.

"'I am glad you two are acquainted,' he said; 'for though I know but little of you, Madam, that little has convinced me you will rarely find a soul more congenial to your own than my old and dear friend's here. We were together at Bombay, and afterwards in Mauritius, and now here we are at the antipodes of those places; but in all my wanderings, I have not met the man whose hand it could give me greater pleasure to clasp.'

"It seemed as if so much must be said by Mr. Hedding, and no less would serve the occasion. Of course I must reply, too; and I did: that I was glad to hear an 'esteemed friend' so highly spoken of by a gentleman whose opinion and judgment I had such warrant for trusting—and so on. 'But,' I added, 'perhaps our friend had better not be further burdened with his own praises at this time.'

"I was the more impatient of long speech, because I heard—and I could scarcely believe my ears as I did—Phil roaring at the top of his voice. The sound came softened to us, by the heavy walls, but I had left the doors ajar, and there was no mistaking the cry, or the direction from which it came.

"I rose to go to him, apologizing by reference to it. I knew what he wanted, and, looking at the tenderness expressed in Leonard's face, I did not wonder the child's heart demanded him so keenly.

" 'He is crying for a good-night from you, Colonel,' I said. 'He begged for it before I left him, but I hoped he would be reconciled to sleep without it. Shall I bring him in his wrapper?'

" 'Certainly. Phil and I are too old friends, and have seen too much hardship together, to be divided now by a mere matter of ceremony.'

"I pinned up his long night-gown, therefore, put his feet into a pair of tiny slippers, which Antonio had given him in San Francisco, and sent him tripping along before me to the parlor.

"What a hilarious meeting they had! How they rejoiced together, and gave and received tossings up, and laughed and talked, and finally parted with a long hug and kiss! And Phil was so thankful and happy and quiet, when he again laid down in bed, that I could not reprove him for crying, nor wonder that he did it. I felt that I should behave more unreasonably, perhaps, if I were denied the pleasure he had asked for.

"I invited the Senanos to see my visitors. La Signorita was not well, and excused herself. She had a handkerchief bound about her forehead, and was keeping company with a violent headache; but Don Alexandro came in, and after saluting Mr. Hedding, was introduced by him to Col. Anderson.

"Some general conversation followed the introduction, and then the Don asked for a private interview with him, to which Leonard assented, and they repaired to the drawing-room.

"During the quarter of an hour's absence, Mr. Hedding informed me—volunteering the same—that his friend had been sent for by a company of capitalists, who had taken a heavy job in hand in the southern mining district, with an incompetent man to conduct it. 'I knew Anderson was on this side of the globe somewhere,' he said, 'and as he was not here, there was but one other place where he could be, so we wrote to



California for him ; and I am glad he has come ; for if any man could save us, he can.'

"I could ask no questions—such as whether this business would take him permanently from the city or not, nor how soon, nor how long. Much as I wished to know, I kept quiet on these subjects, and merely acknowledged by my remarks an ordinary friend's interest in what he had told me.

"When Leonard returned, unaccompanied by the Don, I begged, at the risk of having some woman's curiosity imputed to me, to know how he had found us so soon, Mr. Hedding having said that he had landed late last night.

"‘I accidentally met a friend at the Hotel du Nord,’ he replied, ‘who told me where you were.’

"There was a glance of intelligence between him and Mr. Hedding at the moment, that piqued me ; but I would not recognize the meaning look. I talked of his voyage, of California, of you, dear Anna, and any other of the thousand things which help people to conceal themselves in speech. It was not late when Mr. Hedding drew a large, old-fashioned watch from his pocket and said, ‘It is my time for going home. Do you walk now, Col. Anderson?’

"‘Not yet, sir, if you will pardon me for letting you go alone.’

"‘I beg you won’t mention it. I am a little ancient in habits as well as years, Ma’am,’ he said, ‘and am never, willingly, up beyond my stated hours. If I had the same reason for forgetting my rest that my friend has,’ smiling toward him, ‘I dare say it would be different.’

"‘I can say nothing so kind as to wish you may have, some day,’ said Leonard, drawing near to me—his countenance beaming with the frank affection of his heart.

"‘Ah! Thank you. No, it doesn’t belong to us old men,’ he said, and with the words his face lost its playful gayety. ‘Good night. God bless you both.’ And with a cordial clasp of our hands, he was gone, and we were alone again.

“‘You will pardon me, I hope, my own queen Eleanore,’ said Leonard, folding me in his arms. ‘I was like Phil, and could not part from you to-night with the eyes of a stranger upon us. Have I trespassed by remaining?’

“‘The social usages are very arbitrary here,’ I replied, ‘and adapted to low natures, as all arbitrary rules of action are; but they will no less have to be observed by us, I suppose. If I must affront society, Leonard, I would rather do it in a great than a small thing. Therefore—’

“‘Yes, I see. Therefore I must not sit with you a half hour, though to do so were the greatest and purest happiness I could know. Then, Eleanore, do not chide me if, even so early, I think and speak of that time and relation which will remove all hindrance to my coming and going. I cannot lose you any more, dearest. Life is too short, and time, so freighted as ours, too precious to be lost in these poor conformities. Is it not so to you as well as me?’

“‘My heart,’ I replied, ‘rebels as deeply as yours, beloved, and I ask your strength to aid me against my own weakness. Ah! though you smile so incredulously, I am weak, as I fear you may find in the coming days; but there is no time to prove it to you now.’

“‘I shall have to leave the city soon, Eleanore.’

“‘For a long time?’

“‘Some weeks, at least—perhaps months.’

“‘This was a heavy thought to come so soon; but while we talked, the time was passing.

“‘Dear friend,’ I said, ‘there is much to be understood between us yet, that we take not the future at disadvantage. Let me see you daily while you are here. My school-hours are from ten to three; so there is a long morning of delicious peacefulness in the outer world, and all the evenings, after four. Remember, you are not to rob me of one of them. No invitations to late dinners shall you accept but at peril of my displeasure.’

“‘This school could not possibly be given up, I suppose?’ he said.

“‘On no account,’ I replied, ‘at this time; but I am detaining you. Good night.’

“‘Good night, Eleanore. I suppose you are right to send me away; but I almost wish you had not the strength—or the weakness—to do it.’

“So he went, Anna, and I came in to write you, and I have reached the end of the letter and the night together, I believe; for there is a cock-crow from the yard. You will not receive another such epistle in a year, from  
ELEANORE.”

I felt great pride and satisfaction in this letter, and not a little concern also that everything connected with the happy events it foreshadowed should come and go harmoniously. I had a strong feeling that I ought to be with my friend, and I almost wondered, sometimes, how she got along without me. Nearly four of the six months I had engaged to stay were already gone. The rainy season was far advanced, and the country a glorious spectacle from sea-shore to mountain-top—a miracle of verdurous and varied beauty. I felt so much life and health in the sunshine and winds, the rains and the dry days were each such a joy to soul and body, that I now wished we were all quietly settled again in that land of health and plenty; and I began to inquire if it would ever be so. I should go to her there—that was certain; but should we not all return again? I spoke a good deal of this in my letters; but if it was ever referred to in hers, it was so vaguely and generally as to give me little satisfaction. She seemed equally indifferent to all places, in the possession of wealth that would enrich any.

Her next letter said she was alone. Col. Anderson had gone on his contemplated journey—had been gone a fortnight, and she had heard from him but once.

“The barbarians,” she added, indignantly, “having



but a semi-monthly post, and that not the most reliable, between this seaport and their richest mines. We settled nothing definitely as to the future, Anna," she continued. "He thought he should not be absent more than three weeks at this time, and as so many are interested in his return—Don Alexandro among them—I hear his name daily coupled with wishes for his coming, which I echo away down in my heart.

"Phil nearly took to his bed upon it. I never saw a young child mourn so inconsolably as he, for 'Turnel' and Antonio. After the pleasure of the daily visits, walks, and drives, he seemed unable to bear their loss, and indignantly asked me, 'Didn't I love 'Turnel,' and say he was going to live with us?'

"I am writing, though, to tell you something beside all this. Mr. Hedding paid me a visit a few days ago. He is fully informed of our engagement, and as pleased with it as if one of us were his own child, and he told me that on the morning after his arrival from California, Col. Anderson was sitting at breakfast, at the Hotel du Nord, among a company of gentlemen who were entire strangers to him, Mr. H. himself not having been present, when his attention was attracted to a little group, in earnest conversation, at one end of the table. They grew louder as they went on, till at length one of the speakers, striking his hand decisively upon the board, exclaimed, 'By Jove, I say she was right, and I'll maintain it!'

"'Hurrah for Huntley, the champion of the Yankee school-mistress!' said a mischievous fellow among them.

"'If she is a Yankee school-mistress, she's a true woman, I'll swear, and I admire her pluck.'

"'So do I,' said a third. 'Byfield was always a coward and scoundrel, though he has fought two or three times with devilish good luck. It must have been capital to see him finished and actually sent from the country by a woman, who never, as far as I can learn, has left the house she lives in. Have any of you ever seen her?'

"'No, no,' was answered by the voices of the party,

to which Col. Anderson was now giving the keenest attention, unobserved by them.

"‘I never saw her,’ said one, ‘though I have dined at old Senano’s three times lately, and, since this affair, have kept a sharp look-out for anything feminine—except La Signorita—but in vain.’

"‘Hamilton, who was invited there with Byfield, told me all about it,’ said another; ‘and he said her speech was as direct and trenchant as a Toledo blade, and that he’d rather face a six-barrel revolver, than have to stand what poor By did. And the best of it was, that it was done as gently and quietly as a lady would entertain an agreeable visitor, but with such eyes, he said, as he never saw before. Ham, I believe, was quite captivated with her.’

"At this moment Mr. Hedding said he entered the room. He did not at first see his old friend, but, walking toward this party and exchanging salutations with them, one said: ‘You are a guest at old Senano’s, occasionally, are you not, Mr. Hedding?’

"‘I have had the honor of dining with him a few times,’ he replied.

"‘Have you ever been so fortunate as to see there the heroine of the Byfield tragedy?’ asked the mischievous young man. ‘That is what these gentlemen wish to know. We are all fresh from the mountains, yesterday, except Hall, and Huntley, who has thrown down the glove for this modern Rebecca. If one of our artists could get a portrait of her now, and exhibit it, he’d have the custom of this whole party.’

"‘Nobody attends to your raillery, Brydges,’ said Huntley. ‘It falls everywhere, and hurts nothing.’

"‘And I can tell you, gentlemen,’ said Mr. Hedding, ‘that if you saw her portrait, you would see the picture of a noble woman. She comes from my State, and I am proud of her.’

"‘Can’t you contrive to show her to us? By Jupiter, I should like to see the woman who could make a man eat his words in presence of others, as she did—and do it, too, without noise or tears: that’s the miracle! I should like to be introduced to her.’

“ ‘She doesn’t receive visits,’ said Mr. Hedding.

“He was touched upon the arm as he spoke, and looking round, there stood Col. Anderson at his elbow—a commanding figure and presence which arrested their conversation till the two moved away to an unoccupied part of the room. Presently they returned, and the stranger was introduced to Huntley, but no one else, and then they walked away. ‘And when we had reached his private room,’ said the old gentleman, ‘the Colonel took Huntley’s hand, and said: “I am under great obligation to you, sir, for the service you have done a lady this morning in that room. The person of whom you spoke is an acquaintance of mine, and no approval that you could express would exceed what I know to be her desert.”’

“ ‘And that was the way he found you, ma’am,’ added the good Mr. Hedding. ‘He inquired for Byfield, whom it proves that he knew years ago at home, but that gentleman was safe out of harm’s way. He couldn’t stand the fire which your defeat of him provoked, and being an idle vagabond, with nothing to do and money to spend, he went off to Panama, I believe.’

“I am glad, dear Anna, that Leonard heard so favorably of this mortifying affair at the first. It might have reached him in some less pleasant manner, and been a source of pain or chagrin to both of us. Very delicate and considerate in him, was it not, to leave it to me whether it should ever be mentioned between us?”

Four days later: “Leonard is confidently looked for early next week. I do not know how long he will stay, and sometimes I feel doubtful whether or not I shall stay behind him. I have come to think lately that it would be very pleasant to live down there in the mountains, which he describes as very grand and imposing, and have him coming and going many times through the day. I am talking foolishly to you, I know, but one must be sometimes allowed to do that. You shall hear from me after his return, and then I



will tell you if I think I ought to ask you to come here.

"Do not think, dear, I want you less than I once did. No, but more; for I could speak so freely to your good sense and honest heart of what I am now obliged to suppress, except in these fragmentary, poor letters. Think of all the meetings and talks I have not even alluded to, in which we are daily becoming better known to each other, as you will be glad to hear, to my perfect satisfaction.

"Thine, without change, ELEANORE."

"Did I tell you," she adds, in a postscript, "that the weather topic is enriched here by the additional item of 'shocks'? We had a sharp one two days ago, but I was less alarmed by it than I thought I should be, from all the talk I have heard about them."

## CHAPTER LIII.

Her next letter was a month later :

"I did not write by the last mail, dear Anna. I had so much to think of, and was so little decided in regard to many important things, that I could not speak clearly to you. Oh, that you had been with me, dear child, in this time! It has been a period of great joy and great struggle with—myself. I have long had at the bottom of my heart a heroism—perhaps *the* one of my life, so far—and I have lived it within the past month. But I will proceed to narrate at once :

"Leonard came, a day or two later than we expected him. He was very much absorbed, for nearly a week after his arrival, in receiving and making proposals, estimates, plans, and so on. He spent an hour with me the first evening, and one or two every morning, during those busy days. That was little to see of him, but it was enough to convince me how earnest, manly, and straightforward are all the phases of his character, and that he is not less reliable in his relation to these men of business than to the woman who loves him.

"He also dined here on one of those days, when the company consisted of about twenty persons, and occupied a distinguished seat, with me at his side, devoting himself in so marked a manner, but without a visible sign of the sentimental lover, that any possible freedom of thought which might have been indulged about 'the governess,' must have been frozen at its source. He introduced but one of the guests to me—Gen. Blanco, the revolutionist, who was both gracious and respect-

ful; and as we ladies were about leaving the table, he half whispered: 'I shall join you very soon. I cannot sit over wine with these men, under the same roof with you. So look for me at the earliest moment that I can excuse myself.'

"He soon came to the parlor, and, after saluting Las Signoritas in the stately style suited to the Spanish drawing-room, seated himself by me. I had previously vowed that my first free word to him should prepare the way for the subject I had pondered and dreaded; and now, that I might not be defeated by my own fears or his speech, I said, hurriedly: 'I wish to have a talk with you, Leonard; but as what I have to say requires calm consideration, it will be better to wait till these negotiations are closed, will it not?'

"'Yes; but I hope there is nothing unreasonable or impracticable coming, now. I see in your face a shadow, Eleanore; its color varies like the auroral sky, and I know your heart is fluttering there like a wild bird caged. Walk in the garden with me, and tell me what brings all this. Now, what is it, heart's dearest?' he said, when we had gone beyond the first range of flower-beds. 'Do not hesitate to walk here with me. They all understand our relation—all, at least, who know or care anything about us. I explained to Don Alexandro this morning. He was very polite, but said it needed no explanation to him and La Signorita. They had eyes and hearts.'

"'I am glad you have done it,' I said; 'it relieves me of some embarrassment I have felt all along, but scarcely wished to put my own hand out to remove.'

"'Was that the substance of the shadow that lay here, and here, but a moment ago?'

"'There was none there, foolish one,' I said.

"'There was, Eleanore; I saw it plainly. Never think to deceive me with those eyes and lips, that I know every shade and motion of, as well as the painter of his picture. Come, I must have the word before I go to those men. You told me you were sometimes perverse and obstinate, and asked me to treat you for those symptoms; and I showed you how I would do it,



when other means failed. Now you cannot loose my arm till you tell me something of what is on your mind—and if I cannot get speech from those lips, I will have something else. Do you see now how I have all the advantage?

“‘Yes. You would scarcely be a man if you didn’t take and boast it, too.’

“‘Ah, that sharp tongue!’ he said; ‘but it shall not win your freedom, though it were a hundred times sharper. I said I would have speech or something sweeter from those lips. But I will silence them if they utter another so saucy a word. Now beware. I know that something keen is burning to leap forth, but the instant it comes, I shall seal them. It is allowable in all warfare to silence the enemy’s guns when you can.’

“‘I *was* silent, and after a moment, releasing me, he said, seriously: ‘Tell me now, dear Eleanore, not what the thing is you have to say—for that we have not time—but if it will affect our happiness or relation in any degree. Is it anything new? does it cloud the future in which our hopes are gathered? Come here, close to my heart, and tell me.’

“‘I could not say clearly either yes or no, but after a moment I whispered: ‘It is something requiring great courage on my part, dear Leonard; the exercise of that will be the greatest pain it will cost, I hope.’

“‘You alarm me,’ he said. ‘Is there anything in your history, my own high-hearted Eleanore, that it ought to cost you so bitter an effort to tell to *me*?—to me who love you so entirely and inevitably? Oh, dear child, you know little of my love, if you dread to tell me anything that can possibly have been a part of the experience of such a soul as yours. I know its elevation and purity, as I know that nature, in her inmost processes and workings, is worthy the God who ordained them.’

“‘You mistake me, Leonard,’ I said, laying the generous, encircling hand more closely to my heart; ‘you mistake me. It is not of my history, but my thoughts and opinions, I wish to speak to you.’

“ ‘Thank God!’ he exclaimed, fervently. ‘I would not have your memory darkened by a pain that I could not soothe or banish, for the treasure of the earth; but if it is only the opinions which this busy brain has been working out—only those—I shall come to hear them as I would to drink a bumper of wine of cypress. Every thought and sentiment of yours I have ever heard, dearest one, has penetrated my soul, as the subtle spirit of the purest wine penetrates the brain—kindling life, feeling, lofty purpose, and sublime hopes.’

“ ‘But what I have to say now may affect you differently,’ I said, wishing to cloud the brightness of his confidence a little. ‘My sentiment toward you partakes strongly of worship—for your completeness of manhood and warm and spontaneous soul-life. The earth you walk upon becomes consecrated to me; the air you breathe more ethereal and divine by your presence in it. I have found in you, dear idol of my heart, that other life, which nothing can ever separate from mine, and it is another world to me since. Time, life, death, and eternity, are changed by this relation of my being to yours. But I will carefully cherish all that can glorify this. It is not enough for me that it *is* and *must* be, let what will happen to us in the outward; but I will have it so rich and perfect, that our days shall come and go with rejoicing, and life shall be a perpetual feast—but so wisely and delicately enjoyed, that it shall not pall upon us. In love, Leonard, you shall find me the veriest epicure. I will be so dainty and nice in its entertainments, that no one of them shall ever be felt as unwelcome. I will strew its blooming paths not only with the joys that God sanctions, but with the denials that highten all pleasures. I will so care for your happiness and my own, that the flight of years shall take from us nothing which time is commanded to leave, and that our hearts, becoming more firmly united by all the high respects and observances that exist between the man and the woman, shall never be less alive to the beauty of the same between the husband and wife. It is of such things, dear Leonard, that I wish to talk to you, in some undisturbed hour,

when your heart is tranquil and your thoughts serene. Will you come to hear me?

“‘Will I come!’ he echoed, drawing me closer to his breast. ‘Will I open my eyes to see the splendors of to-morrow? Will I suffer my ears to drink in the melodies of winds and waters, and birds and happy insects? Will I breathe the odors wherewith our dear God hath freighted the embracing airs? Then will I come to thee, Eleanore. And call no more on that high courage, which as much as anything else in thy soul hath riveted fast its fetters on mine. For in all these things thou speakest to me as one inspired. Therefore fear not to utter thy inmost thought, dear Eleanore. I hear the sounds of movement within. One sweet kiss before I go from thy sphere to the earthy one—a long and trusting kiss to chase away the last vanishing mist between us.’

“I was unutterably happy in that moment, Anna; happy in having followed my highest convictions; happy in the assurance of a cordial and serious hearing of all I had yet to say; and more than all, in the exceeding tenderness and purity of the love expressed in that parting.

“‘I shall see you no more till to-morrow,’ he murmured; ‘and this is the adieu which will be visibly conveyed by-and-by, by clasped hands only. After three days I will come for that audience. Make thy heart light, meanwhile, for it can contain no thought or emotion, I know, which thou shouldst shrink from uttering to me.’

“I lingered long enough among the flowers to dry the happy dew that had distilled into my eyes, and tranquilize the strong pulsations which seemed to have passed from his bosom into mine, and then I also entered the house, went to the parlor, and, for the first time in the presence of strangers, there sat down at the piano. One of the ladies had been playing, and very well, too—we had heard her in the garden—a beautiful piece from *La Ceneventola*, and the music still lay upon the rack. I looked at Signorita, who invited me, by her eyes and nodding gesture, to go on.



“I believe I was inspired then, Anna, if I ever was. I struck a few chords—carelessly, as in our youth we sweep the strings of the heart often, with rash and blind hand; but the right voice did not come till I had wandered over the keys several times. At last I found it, and in the finding, I quickly forgot all else, but how I could satisfy my soul with the wealth of sounds. My thoughts ran backward from the rich and flowery present, but *there* was sadness which I resolutely turned from, bringing myself by soft and lingering touches on the minor keys, away from the grief I dared not let into my heart—away, to the blooming fields and towering mountain-crests, where my joys and triumphs now lie. I lived in it, dear, as I had just lived in other high communion, and I was as unconscious of time in the one as in the other. When I came to the end, pouring out that last experience of my soul, there was silence after the prolonged notes of victory, and I became suddenly conscious of being surrounded.

“Presently the words, ‘Inimitable! superb! glorious!’ and so on, came to my ears, and I heard myself praised for what I seemed to have been rather chief auditor than performer of. Mr. Huntley—the champion, as he is sometimes jokingly called, came to my side, and with some words of unmeasured warmth, expressed the pleasure I had given them all. There was a general murmur of voices and movement, and I wondered that Leonard did not appear.

“‘We should like to hear something else, Madam,’ said Mr. Hedding. So skillful a hand must have many such pleasures in its gift.’

“I did not say, of course, what was true—that it was the soul, and not the hand, that had furnished the last; but feeling constrained by the request and the waiting presences, I laid a piece of Mendelssohn before me, and played it. It was mechanically done, and not very well, for my hand needs practice sadly, except when the spirit moves it; and when it was over, the men, with thanks, again withdrew to their segars, politics, railroads, and mines, and we were left alone, as I

thought, till I heard a step, and felt Leonard bending over me.

“‘I have never heard you touch a piano before, Eleanore,’ he said, speaking low; ‘but, tell me, what was that wonderful first piece?’

“‘It has no name,’ I said.

“‘Then it was an improvisation. I thought so—it spoke so clearly to my soul. I could not come to you at the moment—the music moved me too deeply. Do you play much in that way?’

“‘Not much in any way,’ I replied, ‘since I left home.’

“‘I remembered then, Anna, playing at Mrs. Holman’s, and how you recognized the expression of that performance; and I told him that I had played so but once before since I had known him.

“‘This is a pleasure,’ he said, ‘I never dreamed of enjoying with you. It has taken me by surprise. We are apt, perhaps, to undervalue the musical taste and culture of Americans; but I would not shrink from comparing that performance with one of the same character by any unprofessional artist in Paris or London.’

“‘It is rather a gift,’ I said, ‘than a power—which in music must be the result of a talent, as we call it, richly cultivated. Apart from something like this, I make no pretensions. I am not a bit of an artist, Leonard.’

“‘We might differ about that,’ he said, ‘if there were time; but we left an important question suspended in mid-discussion, when you summoned us, and I must return to my part in it.’

“So ended the evening, dear Anna; and you ought—indeed, now, you ought—to be more thankful than I fear you are, for being so faithfully remembered in these full and happy days. In my next letter, you will have that long talk and its results, so far as they are discernible at the writing.

“Do you often consider, dear, how foolishly we speak of the effect of ideas? We talk with a person for the purpose of introducing certain thoughts and

feelings into his or her life. We spend an hour—may be two or three—and we go away at last, disappointed and disheartened. When we speak of the interview, we say, ‘I tried to show a truth to that soul, but without avail. My words fell upon ears of stone.’

“Shallow lamentation! We sow the seed, and expect to see the bloom in a day. We will not patiently look along the line of stormy or tranquil years that stretch before, to see how, by-and-by, in some unexpected hour and place, there shall spring up a sweet flower, or a clinging vine, or a vigorous young forest tree, to testify to our righteous husbandry. I believe no word spoken for truth is ever utterly lost. It will germinate somewhere in the kingdom of life, and add to it beauty or strength, or both.

“Phil, hearing your name frequently mentioned so affectionately between Leonard and me, has actually taken to teasing for you lately, and he has entered into treaty with Clara, I believe, to join him—so that almost every day I am questioned, entreated, and sometimes positively worried by the little rogues, about you. Will you come, dear friend, when the time you named to Leonard is expired? If you should desire it, you could have this situation, or another as good, without difficulty; but I shall claim you for my own for awhile, wherever I may then be. How would you like the mountains for a few months? At any rate come, dear Anna, when you feel you can.

“I am invited now very frequently, since it is understood who I am to be, by-and-by. Even my good, Mrs. Rowe made a point of sending for me from the school-room, at her last visit, instead of, as before, leaving her card, with my name written upon it.

“I have not been out yet, nor do I intend going at present. Leonard does not worship society or position, and when I say, ‘Shall I go this evening here or there?’ he says with his tongue, ‘By all means, if you like to, Eleanore’: but with his eyes he says as plainly, ‘Will it not be so much happier being by ourselves here?’ And I always answer to the eyes, and not the tongue. Yours ever, ELEANORE.”



## CHAPTER LIV.

"The three days are gone, Anna," she said, in her next, "but the arrangements spin out through two or three more, I suppose, and as I see him every day, I let times and events take their course.

"On Sunday last we went to the Protestant chapel. It is not quite lawful to call it a church—the Romish Church refusing to recognize it for that, and the government, in suffering it to be established, actually refusing to it the proportions and general architectural character of sacred edifices. It is a low, one story wooden building, on the hill in the part of the town mostly occupied by foreigners: painted brown, and looking more like a rambling, lawless cottage-house, than a building for religious worship.

"The congregation was small, but there was a large proportion of cultivated, refined faces among those who composed it. This is a British naval station, you know. There is an English war vessel of immense size lying in the harbor at present, and several smaller ones are always kept here or cruising on the coast. This brings a good many cultivated men and a few families into the English congregation; and then there are physicians, lawyers, merchants, and travelers—an undue proportion of the latter, just now, on their way to California.

"The services are conducted by a minister who is not called a Rector, or Vicar, or Curate; but a Chaplain. He is a slight, pale, intellectual looking man, with a gentle, kindly face, which greatly won us. His sermon was both earnest and polished; but its staple was drawn from the past, where, according to the doctrine;

of his church, are garnered man's hopes of salvation. The good man is stifled, walled within his creed, and dare not rub off the mold of the ages, lest some of his piety should go with it. Leonard and I agreed, walking homeward, that however honest and good and pure it was, the day for such teaching was passing away. It is observable, I think, everywhere—here, as well as at home, that it takes less hold on the mind than it used to. People sit and hear of awful judgments, and penalties, and wrath, and ruin; but, dear friend, they don't believe them! And I respect them for it. Leonard laughed at my remarking how comfortably this little congregation, which does not, I suppose, contain many progressive people, took its damnation. The people looked complacently at him who was showing them what they deserved, and would certainly get, if God's wrath were not averted, and seemed, by their placid faces of assent, to say, 'Yes, that is right; it is quite according to the canons; but on the whole, we will not disturb ourselves—at least not now'—when, if they wholly believed what he was saying, the most fearful demonstrations could not have expressed the agony they ought to have been in.

"We concluded that the indications from all quarters showed that the gospel of fear is going out, and the gospel of love coming in; and that teachers who would remain teachers, will have to change their direction hastily by-and-by, or find themselves left aside from the great moving current as obstructions instead of helps.

"It is one of my most substantial causes of thankfulness that Leonard, who has such a strong religious life, is emancipated in it. We have agreed, while we remain in this country, to be preachers to each other.

"It was arranged on this Sunday, that we should go out on horseback on Monday afternoon, I beginning my lessons an hour earlier for that purpose. It is not allowable in this country, on account of the low moral condition, I suppose, that any unmarried man and woman shall go out together alone. Suspicion is thus elevated into a social institution, which cannot be set

at naught, without loss of caste. So Mr. Huntley, who is really a most noble fellow, and who commends himself anew to me every time I see him, was invited to invite somebody, and accompany us. We started at two, and were out till nine, dining at a tavern about ten miles hence, which is much resorted to, and riding altogether about thirty miles. It was one of the pleasantest days of my life, dear Anna. Leonard loves the natural world as much as I do. He is enthusiastic about skies, landscapes, and forests—sensitive to certain airs as I am, and can take a long holiday by the sea-shore, or on the mountains, or in the forest, with as keen a relish of it and all its accessories, as any soul I ever saw.

“His life is so healthy and active—thoughtfulness tempering and elevating all enjoyment into a sort of religion, which may be grave or gay, according to the outward genialities of the time and place, that he is one of the most delightful companions, apart from his near and sweet relation to me. I find him so esteemed among the men to whom he is known. No excursion or party of the best is complete without him; yet Mr. Hedding told me confidentially that he never participates in or approaches their occasional dissipation; never does nor says himself, or encourages in any other what the presence of the purest women would forbid—a high test of character, I take it, Anna, in a man of the world, as he preëminently is.

“You do not know how much all this encourages and assures me. For though I should love him no less were he in some respects less complete, yet I feel in these many and beautiful sides to his life, a wealth of resource and promise for the future, which I can scarcely estimate to you. If only now the life is spared to us to enjoy all. But I am talking of him instead of what I saw. It is not that I love nature less, but—you know the rest.

“The roads here are often only mule paths, leading through cañons and across ravines that look inaccessible from the hills whence you are obliged to descend into them. The horses are curiously trained to gallop



up and down the roughest paths. A timid, or even a prudent rider, would hold it expedient, joining such a reckless party as ours was, to settle his temporal concerns before leaving home; for certainly, many times in the course of the day, one fancies there is but an inch between him and broken bones. Yet these splendid creatures never miss their footing in a whole day of such rashness.

"Great varieties of the cactus were in bloom upon the barren hills, and beautiful verbenas, fuchsias, pansies, moccasin flowers, geraniums, and low vine roses sparkled in the valleys below them. Everywhere we saw the chaste oleander, the showy laurustinus, and the sweet honey-suckle—every shrub a mass of flowers, so healthy, luxuriant, and gay, that they made our hearts glad with their gladness. We rode through this blooming wilderness, sometimes bending to our saddles to escape the sturdier boughs, and again standing to breathe, and gaze from some open hill-top, upon the country spread below us—the prodigal vales of beauty, and the fields of young wheat, set in the red of the arid hills.

"But to me, Anna, the grand feature of the day's show—that which made me often silent with wonder and pleasure, and a wish to be there, alone with Leonard—was the snowy Andes. There they lay, stern and silent, along the north-eastern horizon—their ancient heads reaching into eternal winter—their bases girded with the tender beauty that surrounded us. Aconcagua, the giant of the American mountains, piercing the thin blue air above us for five miles, made even his huge brother look comparatively diminutive. How the terrible grandeur appealed to my imagination and my heart. Alone, with that spectacle before me, I should have knelt in silent worship of the power that could fashion it, and in grateful love of the Beneficence that had placed it there. I never long for the strength and freedom of a man, but when such a scene, which only a man's foot can fully explore, lies before me. What a pleasure, what a long rapture, to climb to the top of that hoary mountain—what ecstacy, looking down

thence upon the far-off world, to bathe the soul in that misty solitude by day, and drink in its starry mysteries by night! I realized there the life that said of itself:

“‘Where rose the mountains, there to him were friends,  
Where rolled the ocean, thereon was his home.’

“I became a poet within, when gazing on this scene, and felt, more keenly, I think, than ever before, that they are among the happiest of earth’s children who can find harmonious utterance for such emotions as pained me in my cold silence. It was a high question then, which my soul could not get answered, why feeling should so immeasurably exceed the power of expression.

“I asked it of Leonard, when we were riding by ourselves in the evening, and the answer he made was the only selfish one I ever heard from his lips: ‘If you were a poet in speech as you are in heart, Eleanore, I fear you would be too far from me.’

“—— Yesterday he came out after dinner, for a whole uninterrupted evening with me alone. ‘I am clear now, dear Eleanore,’ he said, as he drew me to his heart. ‘All the worldly care for to-day, and for many days, is gone at last. The morning settled it, and now we are our own again for a time. Antonio is coming to take Phil for a ride, and I want you all to myself, for this whole evening, for that formidable talk which was so dreaded a week ago, or if not that, any other, in which this soul can come to mine. I am longing for your voice and words, after these tiresome days of business.’

“‘Happiness like ours, dear Leonard,’ I said, ‘is a great and beautiful gift—is it not? How I pity those who never know it. It would now be such a weary thing to attempt to wear out life without you, when even your coming lights up all the present, and fills every corner of my heart with music and joy. There is a question you have wished sometimes to ask me, I know; but would not because of your womanly consideration for me. Is there not now? And I looked clear into his frank eyes, which did change and falter a little before mine; but he sat without speaking, and I said, ‘Shall I answer without being asked?’

“‘Yes, if you know what it is, witch.’

“‘Then I will. No, I never loved before!’

“He started, and involuntarily dropped the hand he was holding in his. ‘Were you then ever capable of marrying without loving?’

“‘Yes; but not without believing fully that I did. And I was blest above everything, but this present lot, in being able entirely to respect the man whom I called husband.’

“He picked up the abandoned hand and carried it to his lips. ‘You were then a fortunate woman, Eleanore. My knowledge of life has convinced me that that is very rarely the case with men or women who make the mistake you did. And, dear heart, how many, many there are of them!’

“‘Yes, more than we dream of till we search below the surface, whose lying smoothness conceals the unrest, the loathing, and even torture, in which many proud hearts wear themselves into bitterness, or depravity, or stony coldness.’

“‘I escaped such a fate myself, years ago, Eleanore; ‘very narrowly escaped it; and though I have many times been most devoutly thankful for that fortune, I never did so rapturously appreciate it as when first I heard these lips pronounce my name, and felt them yielded to me in that kiss which sealed the tacit promise of our hearts.’

“‘And this blessedness,’ said I, ‘which is so rare and dear to us, is worthy all nurture, is it not? Amid all the offices and duties and pleasures of the life we are entering upon, dost thou see any to compare with those which may preserve to each of us in the other what we may rejoice in to-day?’

“‘Nothing comparable to it, my queen.’

“‘It is of that I would speak; and, Leonard, I prove my exalted estimate of thy manhood in what I am about to say; wilt thou accept my earnest and plain word, as a like testimony to my womanhood?’

“‘All thy speech is that to me,’ he replied, bending, with a fond, caressing movement, over me—the more tenderly, I suppose, to remove the hesitancy he felt yet lingering in my mind.



“‘We are so apt,’ I said, ‘to measure acting and speaking by conventional standards, that often the honest soul lacks courage to do and say the highest or most unusual right thing, from dread of this; and women have so long accepted, in the sacred relation of marriage, a position which ignores their individual life and freedom, that I feel I risk the perfectly candid, unprejudiced judgment even of a soul as large and free as thine, in asking for any other; but I must be heard, with whatever consequences, on this subject, which so nearly concerns us both; I must speak from my heart, and may God give me power to reach thine.’

“I sat erect beside him, holding his hands and looking into his questioning eyes, which were fixed unwaveringly upon mine. ‘I could not, dear Leonard, accept the position I have named; and feeling that, it is every way an obligation of mine to say this now. The position of my sex in these, as in all other matters, was fixed ages ago, when the external life and its capacity in material power were at once the proof and measure of right; and it has been only very slowly modified since, even among the best peoples; laws are more friendly to us than they were; custom does not rivet her fetters upon all souls with so merciless a hand as she was wont; and society, seeing woman prove herself in many and various ways worthy her pretensions, looks with more toleration upon her than formerly—hopeful signs for us of transition to a truer and larger life. But in attaining so much, some of us have conceived the desire for more; and thou, who hast adopted into thy heart one of these outlaws of the old, shouldst see and know whereto her heart and mind will tend, when she shall have entered wholly within the sacred circle of thy love.

“‘I see, dear friend, in other phases of it, perhaps, and in less measure, as my acquaintance with the world is narrower, the same disappointment of human hopes and affections in the institution of marriage that you lament. I see ardent love dwindle, perish, and change, by slow degrees, through the lapse of years, when not more quickly, into coolness, indifference, and

finally loathing. Ah, how one shudders in contemplating this change! What uncounted ages of agony must have been endured by those who have passed through it! I see men held to the family, as an institution, by the whole body of family ties, rather than from deep, personal love to the wife and mother. I see women—and this is to my heart the most painful sight—all the delicate bloom and spontaneousness of life crushed out of them—spiritless, abject, narrow, because of the impoverished inner state—held to the family by the maternal ties alone, their weary feet beset with the cries and needs of imperfect, ill-conditioned offspring—and so wearing out life, and welcoming the near approach of death, when all the external or world-seen conditions with them are brimming with hope and promise.

“Oh, Leonard, this is the crowning outrage to which we have been doomed—this of compulsory maternity. Many a woman who would be blest as the mother of two or three children, wears out her existence in bearing and rearing a large family. She could have bestowed care and culture upon herself and them, in the first instance; now she is unable to do either. She had power, life, health, courage, in ample measure, for the few her heart would have prayed for; but these gifts are poor and stinted in the many. She would have *grown* in all the experiences which of right ought to be hers as a mother, had she exercised that holy power in the spontaneous freedom of her own nature, only; but she *dwindles* under the constraint and burden that are laid upon her. She would have preserved the health, beauty, and geniality of her youth, and they would have lighted and sweetened her declining years; but she is now the enfeebled shadow of herself. Her children are born of her material being alone. They lack the wealth of spontaneous love, courage, hope, reverence—beauty which should be theirs—the legacy of her highest spiritual life to them. They are imperfect beings, wanting magnanimous trust in God or man; wanting generous faith in life; wanting the inner strength which alone can bear the aspiring soul firmly and brightly above the storms that bend and darken it—above its own errors and

sins, making it feel that it is greater than any deed—dearer to God than any vengeance.

“‘Ah, Leonard, herein is great wrong done to humanity, as well as to us. Do not doubt it. The mother who so directly and inevitably acts for God to her children, should have a godlike freedom in her action.

“‘We cannot blind ourselves to the mournful truth that there is a frightful usurpation of low rule in the nature of man, and that woman is often the victim of this misrule—woman in what we call virtuous and honorable life, as well as those unhappy ones who are equally our sisters, and who were once somewhere equally beloved as we are.

“‘Our life is a compound gift, dear friend—a union of the finite with the infinite—and any not base relation of two beings must partake of both. We love the person of our friend, whether of our own or the opposite sex; we clasp the hand or kiss the lips with a pleasure proportioned to the intensity of our affection, which is the infinite fact. And I believe no relation can be true and lasting, glorifying those who sustain it, in which the spiritual does not predominate. I would have mine to thee stand high above all possibility of harm from the material. The noble form on which I look with pride as well as love, shall no wise cloud or hinder the soul I am seeking in thee. I would not have one of its demands jar the spirit-harmony which makes thee now the most welcome object to my eyes and soul that the earth contains. I would not have the delicate bloom of our love irreverently or carelessly brushed away by the usurping sense, for all else that life can offer us.

“‘And is there need or excuse that it should be? Hath not the dear fatherly and motherly God widened and filled, with a divine munificence, the circle of our happy experiences, that, when all are brought to distill their essence into our souls, no one need be repeated to satiety? Have we not pure spiritual love, which would make the thought of thee, wert thou altogether gone from me, a deep and lasting joy? Have we not parental love, which comes into the soul of man and



woman as the sun's warmth to the unfolding flower? Have we not thought, and its various expression? aspiration, with its sacred fires? achievement, with its rich contentments? self-denial, with its satisfying rewards? hope, with its promises? faith, with its yearnings and victories? nature, with all her glory and tenderness? art, with her splendors? knowledge, with her attractions?—and shall the soul so provided for descend to the slavish, withering indulgence of mere sense—substituting that for all or any of these high joys?

“O dear friend and hope of my life, I know thou art not a sensualist! It is not written in this face, which I look unshrinkingly into, because manly, healthy thought and emotion answer me there. It has not perverted the currents of thy noble nature; nor shorn thy spirit of its delicate outgrowths toward the high and the pure. But I would have all this remain so in thee and me in the years that are before us. I would ask that perfect respect shall continue between us, and be carried into all the details which make up the sum of life; that my personal freedom toward thee be kept as inviolately my own in after-time as now; and so, when our children—the offspring of thy glorious manhood—shall bud and blossom in our house, there shall reign in both our bosoms the proud consciousness that each life there is the free and unstinted gift of our whole natures.

“‘Canst thou accede to this?’

“A light, half-grave and half-smiling, had been slowly dawning in his eyes while I was speaking the last sentences. It had cost me a great effort to say all this, Anna, and much—very much more that I have now forgotten; for I did not know how it would be received, even in his large, unjealous heart. But I was very happy, when I ceased, to be drawn to his bosom, with words of infinite peace and comfort.

“‘Come to my heart,’ he said, ‘with all thy demands. In our perfect love be found the guarantee of their satisfaction: in that and in somewhat here’—laying his hand upon his breast—‘that would shrink from

enslaving the meanest creature, and that would rather see thee, beloved, dead and hidden from mortal eye, than feel that one of the high desires which make thee what thou art had been violated. There have been true and noble men in all time, Eleanore—rulers over themselves, and not tyrants over others. Dost thou believe there are some such yet? and wilt thou trust to having found one? I claim no less than that high character, dear Eleanore, though I should, perhaps, live years without finding the time and occasion to assert it in words. Do not think me a braggart, dearest, for saying so much. Dost thou want other assurance, or will this supply its place?

“When next I spoke, they were true, heartfelt words: ‘*I am at rest with thee.*’ I dared not be conscious of demanding so much that might not be looked for, without declaring it frankly; now I trust thee entirely.’

“‘Thanks to thy fond woman’s heart for those words, and the light of the soul in those confiding eyes, that sanctions their meaning! I were baser than the basest to betray the trust so given. But now, my own, have I not purchased the right to be heard and heeded? I also have somewhat for thy hearing. Shall I speak?’

“‘Go on, mocker,’ I said.

“‘Well, then, thus runneth *my* speech. There is a wild and wondrous region of country, about a hundred miles hence, to the southward, to which I have bound myself, by solemn contract, to repair, at the end of ten days from this date. Am I to go alone? Tell me,’ he urged, when I did not speak, ‘will you go with me, Eleanore!’

“‘Yes, Leonard. I will cheat myself by some vague notions of duty, because you are not going to live in luxury, into the delight of sharing your life. It will be very hard, and rough, and miserable—will it not?’ I said, piteously.

“‘Very,’ he replied, with answering wretchedness of tones. ‘Very. It would be a noble piece of self-sacrifice to go down there, and mitigate its hardships.’

“‘Don’t be impertinent, sir,’ I said, ‘nor ironical,

or you shall find that I have a clever hand at correction.'

"I dare be sworn you have. It would poorly second such eyes if it were not; and I think I remember the day when you could have used it on my unlucky ears with a relish—could you not?"

"Ah, yes, I could; and the more, because then I loved you, rash, graceless man."

"Did you, Eleanore—did you? How that confession endears you to me! And yet, how she fronted me," he continued, "with the look of an angry goddess, ready to annihilate her poor worshiper!"

"You wounded my dignity, sir, by that unmannerly kiss."

"Then, I will heal it now by a mannerly one. There! Will that leave us clear scores for future skirmishing?"

"He was in the mood for bantering, and I let him go, to his heart's content, thinking—there has been enough of solemn talking and thinking, to make play the wisest and happiest change. Nevertheless, dear Anna, I felt sad, as I always must when there is reference to our experience on the Tempest. At any chance mention of it, my mind takes in for the moment all the anguish in which it terminated; and at this time, in spite of myself and my best efforts at deceiving him, I grew sadder in heart, with the gay words on my tongue, till I saw I must be overcome by my feelings, or break through them by a great change of thought.

"Leonard," said I, astonishing him out of all propriety by the sudden and startling question, "when shall we be married?"

"Heaven only knows, if you do not," he replied; "have you not just promised to go with me at the end of ten days? If you let me name the day, it will be nine before we have to start."

"Then you can't do it, sir," I said. "I had a passing fancy to try how far you could be trusted with a power that I shall exercise much more wisely."

"Seriously, Eleanore, my queen, I should like the day, for certain good reasons, which come from my



head purely—and therefore I hope will weigh with you, if those of the heart would not—to be as early in this short time as you can afford. I wish Mrs. Anderson to receive visits in the city a few days before she goes to the mountains with me, and I wish to have one long day's ride with her, unaccompanied by caretakers. I have promised myself the pleasure of showing her, all alone, the beauties of the Val de Duc, and some mountain-views that will be new to her. Will that tempt you, or must I plead further?

"Will three days in the city suffice for the dignities of the occasion?" I asked.

"'Four would be better,' he replied, demurely.

"'I believe you are deliberately entrapping me,' I said.

"'Be watchful, then,' was the provoking answer; 'for when I have fairly caught you, farewell to your debating of times and seasons. All shall then be mine—all!'

"'Three days in the city,' I repeated.

"'Four,' he reiterated, 'and one for the ride, and another to make preparations. That will give you three whole days after this to—to look your fate in the face. With my help, I think you can sustain them—but do not ask for more. You gave me the question: I have decided it. Come, now, shall it not be so? Dear Eleanore, he whispered, 'if there is no good reason against it, let it be as I have said. My judgment as well as my love asks it, and methinks I have waited long enough.'

"'Very long, sir! It is scarcely a year since first we saw each other.'

"'It is fifty,' he said, 'by all computation that I can make. It seems another life so long gone in the past, when I did not love you.'

## CHAPTER LV.

"So it was settled, dear Anna. It was yesterday, and I have to-day and to-morrow—for he cheated me at last out of a day, as I discovered by his laughing in my face, this morning, when I was counting on my fingers, to settle it all definitely.

"‘You lost a day in your reckoning, Eleanore,’ he said, ‘and it will have to come off this end of the time, because, you see, it can’t be lost at the other.’

"‘I never will have faith in you again,’ I said. ‘You are no better than other men, who think it clever to deceive a woman.’

"How much I need you now, Anna! Only think of my going through all these days amongst strangers—not a woman to whom I can speak. La Signorita would be kind, and is, as far as her power goes; but that does not meet my want. I want an English tongue, and a soul like yours, dear friend, to move it. Leonard is hurrying matters along, though not helping me much, by setting Phil to inquire if I am going to get a papa for him; and he came in just now from the garden, where they had been walking, shouting with laughter at Phil’s hot resentment of having anybody for papa but him. The argument had grown a little warm between them, and Phil, wanting help to sustain his view of the case, rushed headlong into the house, to get final authority upon it.

"Isn’t Turnel Annerson going to be my papa?’ he asked, with flushed face and angry eyes. ‘Isn’t he, mamma?’

"‘Not unless he behaves exceeding well and carefully for the next two days, Phil.’

“‘He will, mamma—I believe he will,’ said the poor child, anxiously.

“‘But you are angry with him, Phil. Do you want him now for your papa?’

“‘Yes, yes, mamma dear. I’m angry *because* I love him.’

“‘There’s a precious off-shoot from the mother-tree,’ said Leonard, gathering us both into his arms, to Phil’s great joy and contentment.

“We are to be married on Tuesday morning, at the Hotel du Nord—receive a few visits that day, and the next, take the promised ride. There will be present only Messrs. Hedding and Huntley, and the Senanos, old and young; the latter having entreated me to ask permission for them to go. The good little creatures seem really very much attached to me, and look quite sad, for a moment, when my going is mentioned. Don Alexandro and La Signorita both bid me say they hope you will come and take my place. They like ‘Americanos’ very much, they think, now.

“I shall hardly be able to write you again, my dear sister, until I am in the mountains, but I hope your next letter will bring us news that you are to sail before the steamer following this will reach you. It would be such a delight to have you see and know my happiness, without being obliged to relate it to you.

“Thine, as ever, ELEANORE.”

“P. S.—Leonard stands over my shoulder, having this moment come in, to see that I write you about coming. He says, when you arrive, you are to ask for Mr. Hedding, at the hotel I have named; or, in case of his absence, which is unlikely, for Mr. Huntley; and these gentlemen will be instructed how to send you comfortably to us. You are to come there first, remember, and after a long visit, I may consent, if you desire it, to your looking for something to do. I can’t endure to think of its being more than two months yet before we can see you, unless you come by steamer, which would be attended with some trouble and risk of delay, by reason of the change you have to make at Panama. Adios, dear Anna!”



When this letter came, I was in San Francisco, making preparations to sail, too full of interest in the voyage and its issue to be capable of much in anything about me. The Marsdens were as kind and helpful as ever. Their school had passed into other hands, and they were living in the lower part of Bush Street, which had already grown from the desert of a year ago into a thoroughfare.

The third day of my stay with them, as I was sitting at a front window, I saw a man, carefully wrapped up, walking slowly by their house, whose bearing seemed familiar to me. Afterward I observed him, again and again, pass and repass. He was evidently very feeble, and walked with his face so covered that I did not make him out till I placed myself in the door one day, and looking closely at him, saw that it was Mr. Garth. I was too much pained and surprised to speak instantly, and he had passed by before I could decide that I ought to have stopped him. When next he came—and he seemed to have regular times of going out—I spoke to him from the door, calling his name.

He turned and gazed at me for a moment, and then, approaching, said: "Is it Miss Warren?"

"It is," I replied; "and I am very much pained to see your poor looks."

"I have been very ill," said he, "of fever, in the mines, and now I believe I am dying."

I invited him in, and his pale face blanched to a still more ashy hue when I told him, in answer to his inquiries, that Mrs. Bromfield was then no longer Mrs. Bromfield, but Mrs. Anderson, living in Chili, and that I was going to visit her.

"I am glad to hear of her happiness," said the poor

invalid. "Anderson is a noble fellow, and worthy of her, I believe—which is saying a great deal, Miss Warren, of any man. But I can't help feeling it bitterly, sometimes, that I should be left to fall to the ground alone. I had no right, I know, to hope to interest her; but one cannot always measure one's deserts correctly. I am not dying of unrequited love, though, Miss Warren; don't think it. I held up and went on very well, till I was imprudent enough to expose myself by working in my brother's place, in the water, on the Middle Yuba; and that brought all this on—that, and being treated by some of the murdering quacks who infest the mining regions."

I often saw him afterward, in the few days of my stay, but he seemed to decline very rapidly; and when I sailed, carrying kind messages to our friends, and some beautiful presents to Phil, whom he yet remembered with the old affection, I thought he scarcely could survive a fortnight. So sadly perished the scholar and gentleman.

## CHAPTER LVI.

I was more fortunate than either of my friends had been in their passage; arriving early on the thirty-ninth day from San Francisco, I landed and went in haste to the Hotel du Nord, heeding nothing—scarcely noting the strange aspect of the foreign city, and anxious only to find one or other of the gentlemen who had been named to me, and get on the road as quickly as possible to my dear Eleanore, and her husband and child, all whom my heart longed to embrace. I sat in the public parlor half an hour, which seemed as long as half a day would at other times, waiting, while a lively Chileno girl was searching, or pretending to search the house, for Mr. Hedding. I thought it must be large, and the man must have strange habits, if it takes all this time to ascertain whether he is within or not. At last I said to myself, I'll just step along the passage to that room where the chatter is going on so incessantly, and see if anything can be learned there. I knocked at the door, and when it was opened, three servants, two girls, and a waiter, with a white apron before him, presented themselves, all olive or between olive and brown in color.

"Mr. Hedding," I said, speaking the name very distinctly.

"Usted quiere?" said the man. I did not know what this was; but assuming that it meant did I want



the person I had named, I answered very emphatically "yes." Then in the universal *si si*.

"Bueno," said he calmly, "Yo lo busco."

I went back to the parlor and waited again. Still he did not come, and losing all patience, I returned to the door, where, upon tapping once more, I found the same parties social as ever.

"The man," I said, and seeing I was not understood, I spoke the name again, and bethought myself to put a shilling into the fellow's hand. It changed the face of affairs as well as of him in a moment. I returned again to the parlor, and in a few minutes a very gentlemanly-looking man, of middle size, with a head well covered with snowy hair, an erect carriage, and quick, firm step, entered the room, with his spectacles in his hand, and, approaching me, said, "Do you wish to see Mr. Hedding, ma'am?"

"Yes."

"That is my name."

I handed him my card. "Ah!" he said, looking pleased and clear at once, "you are the friend of Mrs. Anderson. You are very welcome. How do you do?"

I replied to his welcome and inquiries; but told him I was more anxious to get on the road to my friends' home than for anything else. Could he tell me about the time or manner of going?

"You go by stage, ma'am, to ———, within seven miles of them, and there you have to take mules. It would occupy three days at least—perhaps a part of the fourth. Mrs. Anderson has written me a note since she arrived, giving a sketchy account of her journey, which seems to have been very pleasant; but she was going to Paradise, you know, ma'am, and had her archangel beside her, and a cherub with her, one may say:

for the boy is as charming, in his way, as the mother."

Would he kindly ascertain, I asked, the times of going, and inform me?

"Yes, immediately," and he left me for that purpose. My impatience increased during the waiting to a most uncomfortable degree. I felt the slowness of everything in this Spanish city, and wondered how Eleanore's keen, fiery temperament had ever endured it.

When Mr. Hedding returned, he brought the disheartening news that the diligencia, as they call a stage, went but once a week, and had gone the day before.

"Then," said I, feeling perfectly unable to endure the delay, "I must hire some special conveyance. May I ask your good offices in this also?"

"Certainly, ma'am. Do you speak Spanish?"

"Unfortunately, not a word."

"Then I fear you may find some difficulty in getting along with the people on the road, unless I could find a driver who speaks a little English. But even then, they are such a graceless set of petty rogues, from first to last, that you would be at their mercy."

"If I had Antonio now," I rather muttered than said.

"Ah! you mean Col. Anderson's man, a trusty, faithful fellow; but he went with them."

"What can I do, sir?" I asked. "I wish so much to go that I will pay any reasonable price, and overlook many inconveniences. I would like to start to-day—at once."

"I will go out and do the best I can for you," said Mr. H., "but you had better take patience into the counsels directly; for I assure you, ma'am, Chili extras and expresses, and all that sort of thing, will try any

spirit—much more an American's, because we are the people, of all the world, for dispatch and impromptu proceedings in these things." I had it on my tongue to say that he seemed to have suited himself with enviable success to the temper of the country, so deliberate was his speech and action, while I was fretting intensely within, at the prospect of delay. But I restrained myself, and the good gentleman, after a few more words, went on his kind errand. It was more than an hour before he came in, and then he was looking so warm, that I hastened to cool him, as fast as possible, with regrets, thanks, apologies, and hopes, all poured out confusedly for his relief. He had succeeded in finding and engaging a driver who was called very honest, "among Chilenos, remember, ma'am," and had selected a horse and carriage which would be here at one o'clock.

I was truly thankful for this success, and with a meekness and docility which I am sure ought to have charmed him in any woman, I accepted his advice in regard to my luggage, leaving most of it to be sent by Col. Anderson's freight-wagon, which went up and down twice a month. He gave me a list of the prices I was to pay on the road, the amount my driver was to receive, with reiterated charges not to give him a dollar of it till I was ready to have him leave me—a glossary of the few indispensable words I should need to use, and thus I set off, with many expressed misgivings on the part of the good gentleman that I was undertaking a rash and almost dangerous enterprise.

"But I see," he said, "you are, in one thing, at least, like your charming friend. What you want to do *must be done*." He wished me all manner of good fortune, shook my hand, spoke some last words of



warning, in Spanish, to the driver, and we rattled away through the streets of the city; then over a rough country, with incredibly bad roads; then over a considerable plain, and finally, hills and rough roads again, and so on, till darkness came and hid everything from my view for at least two hours and a half before we stopped for the night. But I am not going to tell you of the bed of untanned oxhide I had there, or the breakfast, or the slow starting, or anything else that worried or amused me, but hasten on to the end of my journey, which I am sure you must wish to see as much as I did.

I rode three days—considerable part of the last two through an unsettled country of towering mountains, with deep, fearful chasms between them, not wide enough to deserve the name of valleys anywhere, except in three or four places, where were clustered a few huts, with now and then a smartish adobe house. In these spots gardens bloomed and flourished, and here and there a few poorly-fenced fields were redeemed from the domain of nature. It rained slight showers twice, which made the traveling much better than it could have been two months earlier; and often, in passing the difficult or dry, dusty places, where the rain had not fallen, I asked myself—how did Eleanore go through all this?

But then I remembered the archangel, and felt that all was right with her.

It was late in the fourth evening when we reached ———, and I could do nothing toward finishing my journey till morning came. I had seen but two persons beside Manuel, my driver, in the whole journey, who could speak English; and I was very fearful I should find no one here. If not, how was I to get my

further progress settled? I did not pay Manuel that night, telling him I must see him in the morning. If there were no other chance, I must negotiate through him. I slept well, for I was very weary, and I had here the first bed I had lain upon since leaving the ship.

When I woke, the morning was cloudy, and, walking to my window, my breath seemed to be taken away by the enormous height of the dark, frowning mountain, that reared itself into the mist and clouds of the upper air, within fifty rods of me. It was raining above there, but none had yet fallen where I was, and I hurried through my toilet, and set out on the labors of the day with no little anxiety.

I could make no one understand me, and had to hunt over the public rooms of the *Fonda* myself for Manuel. He was not to be seen, but men who seemed to have just left their sleep were gathering into an apartment across the hall from mine, and I waited and watched for sight of him, finding, after several attempts, that it was hopeless to look for any other means of making my wants known. I could get a stolid, patient hearing from any one I met; indeed, they seemed rather pleased to have an excuse for stopping so long from their sauntering, lazy motion; but it always ended in—"No sabe, Signorita—no tiende—no Ingles."

What on earth am I to do if he doesn't come?—I asked myself; but then I remembered thankfully that I had been prudent enough to keep his money, which was the surest possible guarantee that I should see him by-and-by.

I was looking anxiously from the door, and being looked at in return by some not pleasant eyes—a woman of my color being rarely seen there—when, sud-

denly, I was gladdened by the sight of a Saxon face. The man who wore it was a sort of half-way gentleman in his garb, and seemed to have some business in hand, for he was walking more like a live person than anybody I had seen since leaving the city. He had entered the street, or plaza, where I stood, a little below, and was moving away in the opposite direction, so that I had but one resource, and that was to follow and accost him instantly.

"Pray, sir," I said, when, by hastening—to the wonder of everybody—I had overtaken him, "do you speak English?"

"Yes"—with a look of unequivocal surprise.

"Then, will you have the kindness to give me a little help? I arrived here last evening, on my way to El Mino Valverde—"

"Ah! that is our place—Col. Anderson's, isn't it?"

"The very same," I said, almost unable to believe in my good fortune. "Do you belong there?"

"Yes; I am one of his foremen, and am down with a team and some of the hands, after machinery."

"Then you can help me to some means of going out, can you not? I am an old friend of Mrs. Anderson."

"Are you Miss Warren, whom they expect from California?"

"Yes."

"Then there is an old shipmate of yours here now—Antonio; he came down with us yesterday, and spoke of you on the road; I will send him to the *Fonda*, and he will be able to do everything for you; I suppose you would like to be on the road soon?"

"Yes, as quick as possible; but do you drive wagons all the way?"



"Our heavy teams we do; but there is no road that a light wagon could go over, and passengers always go on mules. Mrs. Anderson went on one."

"Well," I replied, "I will try it—though I am not a rider. Can you put a trunk into your wagon?"

"Oh, yes, anything you have can go with us; but you could not stand our slow travel. It will be well on to five o'clock by the time we get up, and you will go in two hours, or two and a half."

I accordingly returned to the house, paid Manuel, who soon appeared, and, having got him to order me coffee and eggs for breakfast, I sat down to wait for Antonio.

There was a kind of aching expectation in all my nerves. I was not more than half sensible to the wonders and grandeur of the spot I was in, though I looked at the awful mountains with my face right up to heaven, and followed out with my eye a zig-zag path up the precipitous side of one, which I greatly feared was the very one I should have to try, by-and-by, on a perilous mule's back.

Before my breakfast was brought in, Antonio came. I could almost have kissed the creature, I was so heart-glad, in that wild, strange spot, of the sight of his honest, affectionate face.

"Antonio," I said, "you are a treasure—you are better than gold to me now! Sit down on my trunk"—chairs are very scarce in the Andes—and tell me how I am to get out to Col. Anderson's."

Either his English had improved marvelously, or it was so much better than the vile attempts at it I had heard along the road, that it seemed so.

"I got a first-rate mule of master's here," he replied; "I put you on him, and walk."

“Oh, no,” I said; “if your mule is very good, let me ride it, and I will hire one for you.”

But he would not hear of this. He could walk as fast, he said, as I would ride. “I walk home in two hour, Miss Warren; and Signorita and Mas’r Philip and the Colonel all be so glad you come. Talk much about you.”

“Do you live in their house,” I asked.

“Yes, I live with Colonel all the time; no been here before since we come.”

“Then,” said I, “it must have been Providence that sent you now, I think.”

“No, Signorita; mistress send me for some very nice chicken to lay egg. I bought many, and they go in wagon, by-and-by.”

I took my breakfast while he was gone to get his and arrange his affairs; and at last he came, leading to the door a sturdy, shining brown mule, with a very shabby side-saddle, that might have been the property of Mrs. Noah before they took to the ark; it was so very aged, that I feared to trust myself upon it without trying the girths and stirrups; but Antonio looked so hurt at my pulling and examining them, that I desisted, and stepping on a large stone near the door, I took my seat in it. Mr. Johnson, the foreman, had come to receive my luggage, and when all was adjusted, I pulled the bridle-rein and followed Antonio, a little nervously at first, but with a lively sense, all the time, of the spectacle I should be in any other part of the world I had ever seen.

It was our road, as I suspected, that lay up the breast of the high mountain—not the highest one—and through what seemed to me a slight depression between it and the next peak, south. But when we reached

the top of our ascent, I found there were still great elevations on either hand, and we looked back into the narrow basin we had left, and off over wild, rugged groups of mountains, with slender valleys, and dark, wooded gulfs between them—an endless confusion to my eyes. The rarefied air swept through the elevated passes, and moaned softly among the sorrowing evergreens that welcomed it, as if it grieved for the living sea and the distant populous worlds it had left below. How profound the solitude of that cloud-piercing world! How awful the power that had sent forth such proclamation of itself!

When we reached the next valley, Antonio told me we were a little more than half way. Our path often left the rude wagon-road, making "cut-offs" up or down the mountains.

It was Mrs. Anderson's favorite ride, he said, to the top of the next hill, and when we got there, we could see the smoke from Valverde.

"I go first, and tell her you come," he suggested.

"No, no, Antonio; I can't spare you."

"Mula safe," he said; "he know the way home; bring you right there."

"But I don't wish them to know till I get there," said I. "I want to walk into her house without a word."

He laughed, as understanding something of my feelings, and we held our way to the hacienda.

From the height overlooking it, I could, as Antonio had said, discern something more like a palpable wreath of light than smoke, changing and shifting slowly among the piles of evergreen foliage. Two giant birds of prey floated lazily, in majestic circles, in the thin air above us; but except them and ourselves, no living



thing was in sight. The mountains were bald in patches, but generally thinly covered with the ever-greens I have mentioned, sparsely intermixed with the more generous foliage of larger-leaved trees.

Down, down, down we went—the verdure increasing with our descent, or, rather, the evidences that there had been verdure, and would be again, when the new rains of the season had brought it forward.

The wonder I continually entertained, was—how did anybody ever find this spot, or dream that it contained treasure? Indeed it was “a wild and wondrous region,” as Col. Anderson had told Eleanore.

At last we emerged upon a hand's-breadth of level ground—a miniature valley, which a large house would almost have filled—and then our path lay across a little elevation beyond, from which we saw the houses, through the scattering tree-tops, and heard noises; and then Antonio's impatient feet literally danced to be gone before me with the good news. But I could not let him.

“You must let me go first, now,” said I—“there's a good soul—and you shall have the first word some other time.”

We entered upon the short bit of worn road, that might be called the street of the hacienda, and a few rods in advance I saw a house, with neatly-curtained windows, standing alone, and a little back from the dust-line, with a rustic piazza, supported by small knotty trunks and thatched with evergreen boughs, which I immediately guessed to be Eleanore's home; and glancing at Antonio, I saw by the direction of his gleaming eye that I was right. Mula knew it also, and set his ears forward, and shambled into three or four steps of trotting to bring me to its front.

How clean-swept was every inch of the dry ground on which I alighted ! The door stood open, and I was hoping to steal in before anybody should see me ; but when I had scarcely two steps left between me and the threshold, there appeared the happy face and well-remembered form of the master-spirit of this little world, with wide-extended arms, that took me in and folded themselves about me with a heartiness which filled my eyes instantly.

“Where is *she* ?” I whispered, when he had kissed my cheek.

“In a back room,” he answered, in the same tone, “and doesn’t know that you are here. Come softly, and we’ll surprise her.”

I followed without speaking. She had heard his footstep, but not mine, and was occupied for the moment with something that kept her face turned from us.

“Come in, dear Leo. I was just thinking of something I have to say to you—something very important.”

“I am afraid you will have to put it off, Nelly. I can’t possibly hear it now.”

“But you must and shall, sir.”

“I cannot, my queen. I have something to say to you, instead.”

“That will do quite as well,” she replied ; and I could hear the old laugh in her words. “I’d rather hear you than myself. It was only a bit of stratagem to keep you a few minutes.”

Col. Anderson had pressed me from the doorway, so that, after the first glance at her, I was out of sight. She now turned toward him, and seeing his face, asked, in quick, surprised tones : “What is it, Leo ? There’s a pleasant story in your eyes”—approaching rapidly

with the words. "Tell me what it is." And she drew his arm coaxingly about her.

"Somebody has come."

"Ah! your Mr. Hedding, is it? or Huntley? or who else?"—seeing him shake his head.

"Somebody better than either. Here she is"—stepping suddenly aside and disclosing me.

We went spontaneously into each other's arms.

"I felt you were near us this morning," said she; "and I wanted to tell Leo so, but I was afraid of that deep smile in his eyes. He thinks I don't see it, because he doesn't let it come out of them, but I do. How good and handsome you look, dear Anna."

"Yes," said Col. A., "you both are handsomer at this moment than usual; so much so, that I am not willing to act the part of mere spectator any longer;" and with a strong arm about each of us, he drew us away to a lounge—yes, a real Yankee lounge, got up by Eleanore's own hands—that stood across the room, and there seated himself between us.



## CHAPTER LVII.

I shall not attempt to give you the sequel of that meeting, nor how question and answer followed so fast on one another, that Col. Anderson at last stopped his ears, in an affected agony of confusion, and kissing Eleanore, said, impudently, he should have to go, as a measure of self-defense. It was necessary he should preserve his intellects.

"Which will require little effort, sir, I should say, if we are to judge by the magnitude of the thing to be saved," was her answering thrust.

"There it is, you see, Miss Warren," he said, appealing to me. "So merciless she is. I am always sure to get a heavier shot than I send, when I get this battery opened upon me. But I am so spicily treated after the wounding, that I love the warfare."

"Go away, sir," she said, looking after him with such radiant large eyes, "and come again when you can behave better. O Anna, I am so glad you have come, and yet I was happier before than anybody could deserve to be. You see what he is now, and he is always so or better and nobler as he is graver. But I shall not tell you about him. You shall see for yourself. What is your first want, dear?"

"Phil," I answered.

"He is gone a little way up the mountain, with one of the men, who hurt his hand, and is disabled. You'll

have to wait for him ; and I suppose the next thing will be water and towels, or shall it be lunch ?”

“Oh, the water first, by all means,” I replied, and while the process it served was going on, our tongues were going too—all the thousand questions, and sort of outside experiences we had had, which friends such as we were, take off first and lay aside, as they do their dusty garments, thereby opening the way to the inmost heart-talk that would follow. I was eating a biscuit and some sweetmeat which Eleanore had brought in, when Antonio entered, and after many pleasant, cheering words, for the good gift he had brought her, to my surprise asked some direction about the dinner.

“Is Antonio a house-servant, then ?” I asked, after he had gone.

“He is my cook and butler,” she responded, laughing, “and we find him invaluable, I assure you. He is better than anything we could get of the natives—to say nothing of his being so attached to us, so cleanly and agreeable, where they would be intolerable. He does all the work with a boy to wait on him, and the house, when he is home, is perfect in neatness.”

“How very fortunate,” said I, “and the creature is so good and faithful.”

“Yes,” said Eleanore, her face shaded with a serious look of the past. “He seems to feel that there is but one pleasure in life for him, and that is in serving us. He will not take his wages from Leo, except enough to supply his wants, and make a few presents. He is very generous in that way to those he likes ; but they are few out of our house. Most of the money he spends goes for gifts to Phil, and the rest we are laying up for him.”

“Your house is small, Eleanore,” said I. “What are you going to do with me ?”

"You shall have my room, dear Anna, if you will consent to share it with Phil, and sometimes with me."

I was surprised at these words; but either she did not observe that I was, or did not see fit to heed it. I was moved almost to speech; but there was no pause in the flow of her varied talk, to give me an opportunity for so unwelcome and delicate an utterance as remonstrance would have been then, and therefore the subject passed into silence, not, however, without a firm resolve on my part, to do my duty in regard to it some day.

In due time the little matters of settlement were disposed of. I was shown the resources of the house, and assigned my place in the largest sleeping-chamber, where she still kept her own bed, and as we had never been a hindrance to each other in these ways, so we seemed now to take up our old relations of amity and order at once.

There was a small room, or rather closet, which she had had made off and lighted, between this and the next one, which was occupied by Col. Anderson, and this was his dressing-room. I was shown with some pride all the order and comfort and neatness which she had been able to create here, with rather slender resources in furniture, which the cost and risk of transportation forbade their bringing in any considerable quantity; and I remember as we were returning to the parlor, her saying some confused words, which she blushed in uttering. "Leo and I, have found that, dear Anna, which robs external life equally of its plainness and splendor. We both forget the isolation and rudeness here, as we should their opposites, were we in the midst of royal luxury. He *is* to me, and I *am* to him. That suffices us. I am absolutely and wholly happy



except in the moments when I remember that this resplendent state on which I have entered, hangs upon a single life, and that a mortal's. Do not think me weak, dear friend. I have the sublimest sense of power in this experience. It is a revelation of myself to myself."

So I was established in this remote starry household, and there I spent four months, almost the entire rainy season, in an atmosphere of peace, love, refinement, and harmony, such as it was never my lot to breathe elsewhere. Intellect, taste, culture, wit, and sentiment, lighted and warmed our daily life.

Col. Anderson was a man endowed with a mind at once so comprehensive and exact, and with so much executive force, that in his business matters there was rarely any jarring or hindrance. He had great forecast, and exercised a keen attention—therefore he had rarely an unsupplied want. His chief difficulty lay in the inferiority of the labor he was obliged to employ; but as there was no escape from this, he went on the first few months, diligently sifting his laborers, sending away the bad and encouraging the good, until at last he had about him, he said, as efficient a set of men as he had ever employed. But in no case were his outdoor cares permitted to cloud the hours of leisure in the house. He often communicated to his wife the nature of the difficulties he met with; but when he came in from the works they were laid aside peremptorily, and a ride or a walk, or reading, or conversation, closed the days upon us, all grouped together sometimes, and at others, knowing their intense happiness in each other, I stole away by myself with Phil, and left them sitting like two unwedded lovers, and treasuring like them the charm of the hours, till they should sepa-

rate for the night. Long before my visit was over, I gave my hearty assent to Eleanore's family arrangements, seeing how harmoniously they moved on with them, and with what entire respect as well as tenderness each was considered in them. I told her so one day.

"Ah, dear Anna," she said, "I felt you would see it so after a while. Leonard, I think, had your feeling and thought about it at first; but now he tells me he is so grateful for my having entreated him to give me my way for six months. He will never think of any other, he says; and I am sure the whole world would not induce me to risk one spark of his precious love, by a greater familiarity."

"You are right," I said, "dear Eleanore, I am persuaded; but I do not feel certain that the same views and practices would serve all sorts of people."

"Possibly not, Anna, lower persons than we are. One blushes and grieves to think of the army of people in whom sense is the only or chief bond of union; but there are also very many, dear, who would be as happy as we are, if they would but search themselves out, and estimate truly their sources of enjoyment. The laws which govern our gratifications are as invariable as any others in nature; and if we will not study and heed them, how can we expect to be blessed with the rewards of obedience. Leo and I are, thank God, so mated in our mental being, that we have infinite joys derivable from it alone. When some thought or subject of our own does not come to us, we go with equal pleasure to serious or entertaining books—to Ruskin or Dickens or Carlyle—though I confess the last is less a favorite with me than with him. But in these, and such as these—in the great poets, and in the thinkers

and teachers of our own country, whom I am proud to bring to his acquaintance, we find such exhaustless themes for our tongues, that we often bid each other good-night as reluctantly as if we were not inmates of the same house. Then we have the same zest in meeting again, that two such persons, loving each other as we do, would have under those circumstances.

“Did I tell you that he surprised me one day, a short time before you came, by walking into the house with that set of Ruskin in his arms. Hearing me refer to him frequently in our talks on art, mental growth, and so on, he had written to Mr. Hedding to ransack the city for ‘The Stones of Venice.’ They were not to be had in the book-stores, and the good old gentleman, by great diligence, found this set on a gentleman’s library-shelves, and made out such a piteous case about our seclusion and suffering tastes, and so on, that he sold them to him. He said he supposed he could wait for others from London better than we could; and we were very thankful for them, I assure you. They are not a quarter read yet, because Leonard has seen a great deal that he describes; and this, and all our discussion, makes the reading slow.

“We agree, dear Anna, in sentiment, in our hopes for man, and in all the main estimates of what life is to do for us. The only differences we have, are as to means and practicabilities, and thus we have endless agreement and disagreement without discord.



## CHAPTER LVIII.

The lack of music was the one substantial privation of this position, which we all lamented at times, but saw no remedy for. It would have been madness to attempt bringing a piano over the mountains I had crossed; so we could only lament, and listen occasionally to Col. Anderson's flute, which he played very sweetly, but without variety or brilliancy. He was only an amateur, and had too great a respect for Eleanore's taste, to gratify us often by his modest performances.

One day, after luncheon, when there had been a deal of sharp-shooting between us all round, and Eleanore, as usual, had borne off the banner, just escaping him at the door, with a very saucy speech on her lips, he took me aside, and told me confidentially that he had a little surprise in hand for her, which he wished me to help him prepare.

Of course I was ready. What was it?

"A piano."

A piano! It almost took my breath to think of it.

"You see, dear Miss Warren," he said, "I couldn't endure to keep her here a year, or perhaps two, without one. Music is so much to her life. And, beside," he added, solemnly, Eleanore has such a religious conviction of what is due to our child, that I must be a very infidel to neglect any joy or satisfaction for her

that might be a blessing to it. I am, after much conversation and thought—the subject was so new and startling to me—convinced that hers is the true philosophy in regard to the offices and powers of your sex; and with God's help, who has given me so noble a wife, no child of ours shall suffer blight or warping of its nature through lack of aught that may make the mother strong, happy, and harmonious. I have said so much, that you might understand that this apparent rashness is not mere weak indulgence of myself or her."

"I could scarcely judge either of you in that way," I replied; "but in your view of it, I see a higher faithfulness than simply that of affection for her, which, alone, I should have been little likely to question."

"Your heart is true and always to be trusted," he said, laying his hand upon my shoulder; and now that you understand all, I know you will zealously second my plans, and appreciate the importance of keeping from her the possible disappointment that may await me. If we fail, I must leave it to your ingenuity to devise some plan for sealing Phil's lips. *She must not know it at present*, Miss Warren, remember that."

"How do you expect it?" I inquired; "and who is to put it in order, if it comes safely?"

"Oh, I have taken care of all that. Hedding and Huntley are both coming, to see the works and spend a few days. I haven't told her of them, either, and I wish to take her a ride and keep her out till the wagon comes, and the thing is proved. So if I may depend upon you to see to it, and receive them in our stead, I shall feel very grateful. Huntley is all sorts of a genius—very musical himself, and could make a piano, perhaps, for lack of a better hand at it. He purchased it for me, and understands my wishes perfectly. May I now leave the whole affair to you?"

"I will do my very wisest and best," I replied ; and hearing the sound of her coming feet, I immediately spoke on another topic, and the subject was dismissed.

But you may be assured that I did not, with the cessation of speech, cease to think upon and admire the nobleness, delicacy, and true manly tenderness, which were thus endeavoring religiously to fulfill the measure of duty and blessing to the unborn. I knew that he had happiness, great happiness, in pleasing the beloved of his soul ; but I saw, by the radiance of his beaming eye, and the glow of his countenance while he spoke, that there was here a holy, elevating, and sacred purpose, higher even than that, which warmed this great, true soul. Eleanore had spoken to me, long ago, in one of her exalted, prophetic moods, of the children that would one day be born, when it should be understood how richly ennobling and high influences could flow to them through the daily life and experiences—the susceptibilities and capacities of the mother. I remembered this, and her saying, once, that man could exercise his most potent and beautiful influence over the character and destiny of his children only through pure and divine ministrations to woman in this greatest office of humanity ; and I rejoiced with joy unspeakable in the assurance thus afforded me, that appreciation, and noble, delicate, and religious aid toward the actualizing of these holy hopes, were to be hers. The announcement cheered and exhilarated me more than I can tell, and gave me an almost feeling of importance in the magnitude of the secret intrusted to me.

When dinner was over, and José, Antonio's lieutenant, brought the mules to the door, I hurried them away as fast as possible, for the Colonel had told me



that, the roads being much improved of late, the wagon, which was to us like a train of rail-cars or a steam-packet, might be there earlier than it had yet come, and, in any case, the gentlemen might be expected soon.

"You must make my case good to them," he said, "for deserting in this unusual manner, but there is nothing else I can do to keep her away till the experiment is tried, and I will make all amends when I get back."

As soon as they turned from the door, I took Phil, who stood kissing his hand to them, to my heart and confidence.

"A piano!" he exclaimed, with dancing eyes; "a piano, Miss Warren! Oh, isn't that nice! I believe mamma will teach me to play on it when I am big enough—don't you!"

"Yes, darling."

"Do you know," he asked, thoughtfully, and seeming to reach far back into the shadowy past for it—"do you know that Harry used to play, away off in the other land?"

"No, Phil, I didn't know it."

"Yes, he did, Miss Warren; and mamma used to show him how."

"But you must not talk to mamma about that, dear Phil. It will grieve her."

"No, I won't; but I 'member it. I am so glad we shall have one here; I like to have mamma play for me to dance."

Antonio was full of business, for he understood affairs also, and was bustling about outside preparations for the extra dinner, and we were both watching for any sign of approach down the mountain.

At last the shouts of the muleteers were heard, and shortly after, the great wagon, with its immense burden, and long train of little patient slaves, rumbled into the street, and stopped before the large storehouse a few rods below. There were no strangers there though; but Antonio soon came in with the cheering news that they were coming. They were to start from ——— at two o'clock, and as it was now a little past four, we might expect them immediately. At once there was a little bustle of preparation running through the house.

I shifted a table and some chairs in the parlor, to make room for the welcome arrival; strong in faith that all would be right with it, and that next day, if not earlier, we should hear some of the sweet sounds which Eleanore could make it discourse, to delight us. In my care, I went out myself to see that it was properly handled in the unloading and bringing in. It was certainly well packed, being apparently in the center of a gigantic bale of some soft material, and all strongly sewed in sail-cloth. When all this was removed, and the exhumation fully effected, I saw a smallish, old-fashioned instrument, which I greatly feared must disappoint our hopes. It was of antique make, and English, as I judged, from the unfamiliar name, Whitehouse, which alone appeared upon it.

We had but just got it safely in doors, when the two gentlemen came, and after being introduced to Mr. Huntley, I proceeded with the explanation of their host and hostess' absence. They accepted it with entire good nature, entering heartily into the spirit of the affair, at once, and Mr. Huntley, after returning from his room, put his hand readily to the setting up and tuning, saying, good humoredly, he had done a little of

almost everything since he had been in Chili, and it should go hard with him, but he would make this undertaking of the Colonel's successful. He lost not a moment till dinner was laid, and then, taking only the Yankee measure of time for that important event, came back and resumed his labors—examined this and that, groaned here, whistled despairingly there, and by-and-by muttered a few syllables of encouragement to himself—keeping very busy all the while—tried the keys—tuned the strings, tried them again, tuned a little more—ran over them, caught his breath painfully when some unexpected discord rang out, stopped, set it right, and tried them again and again, growing flushed and heated all the while with the exertion, and the consciousness of the shortening time—called for lights, and went on still more excitedly, but with a calm and steady hand, and at length hurried a chair up to the instrument, sat down and played, from memory, one of the Strauss waltzes.

“There,” said he, exultingly, “it’s all right but that A, sounding the rebellious key, and I fear we may have to get a new string for that. I am afraid it will jar Mrs. Anderson’s fine ear. I’ll try it once again, though. Yes, that improves it a little more—yes that is better, very good in fact. Now, Mr. Hedding”—this gentleman had been sitting, talking with me and Phil, telling us how he had brought stores of rare seeds and flower-roots for Mrs. Anderson—“now, Hedding, I call that a triumph, by Jove! When Mrs. Anderson comes home, I think she’ll be a little surprised. I believe I’ll conceal myself, just to see the effect.”

“You’ll have but little time, sir,” I said, “for strata-gem; for I think I hear their voices in the still air from that hill-side; and if so, they will be here in a few



minutes." And so they were, and you must imagine Eleanore's incredulous look, and how her large eyes opened upon us wider and wider, and how, having shaken hands mechanically with her guests, she allowed her exulting husband to seat her at the instrument, and how, after a few touches of it, she seemed to become convinced that it was a veritable piano, and proceeded to make it tell the story itself by such an outpouring of sweet sounds as had never before startled that little valley, and how the peons and their dark wives and children gathered around, and pressed up to hear, and how, after this, she rose, and with tearful eyes, clasped and kissed the dear hand that had conferred this great pleasure on her, and then gave a cordial and meaning welcome to both the gentlemen, and how the evening passed in alternate music and talk, till a late hour, when we all retired—even Phil having been allowed to sleep there, with his head pillowed on my lap, when he could no longer keep waking; and how, when he was laid in his little bed, Eleanore came and bade me good night, with such an earnest and religious thankfulness in her eyes, that I said, without her speaking, "Yes, dear friend, you are indeed richly blest."

## CHAPTER LIX.

Our guests remained a week with us, prolonging their visit from day to day, in pure surrender to the beautiful life we enjoyed. There were rides and walks and visits to the works, in which both were largely interested; there were games at chess between the three younger ones, Mr. Hedding generally managing to keep me under a perpetual challenge to backgammon; there were discussions—political, theological, and scientific; there were conversations upon art, esthetics, life, death, matter, spirit. Mr. Huntley, when tried, proved an accomplished talker. He was a Cambridge man, and the difference in conversational resource between him and our host was well characterized by the latter one evening, when, smarting under a temporary defeat, he said: "Ah, Huntley, you and I are too unequally matched in this ring. The years that went over me in my wanderings on the deserts and in the jungles of the east, were spent by you in the drawing-rooms of London and the salons of Paris. You can level me at one fell swoop with authorities of which I am ignorant, or which I know only by report."

"And you," replied his antagonist, "can throw about me, before I know what you are doing, the giant arms of some law, which nature, in your love-passages with her, has revealed to you and there I am, bound and prostrate at your feet. What are all the musty

opinions of the schoolmen—speculations between man and man—compared to a decree which lives and works daily and hourly in the elements that sustain us?”

Eleanore looked proudly at her husband as these words fell upon her ear, and gratefully at him who uttered them. “You have spoken truly, Mr. Huntley,” she said, “and in your self-disparagement have proved the highest claim to acknowledgment. I admire that soul, which, valuing its own possessions, sees and confesses richer treasure in another. I think it is the secret of deep and true happiness in our relations;” and her eyes turned, as she spoke, to Col. Anderson’s, with a language that needed no interpretation from the tongue.

In some manner and for some reason—whether of greater fitness in years or tastes I scarcely know—but it often happened, when the conversation was not general, that Mr. Hedding and I found ourselves a little apart, and on subjects less cosmic than our young friends were apt to settle down upon, when once they had loosed their pinions in the field of thought. True, we sometimes sat and listened when a more than usually eloquent strain was falling from some one of those living, hopeful tongues; but, however it happened, it was quite natural and easy for us to treat ourselves as the “old folks.” The young ones were all musical; they often sang and played whole hours away; for Huntley had inexhaustible stores of pieces in his memory—English, Scotch, and Irish; marches, lilt, jigs, waltzes; opera pieces, and pieces that were older than opera. He was a cyclopedia, Eleanore said, of music, though not remarkable in execution.

“We want to be inspired now, after all this humdrum playing,” he would say to her. “We must have you here for that.”



And then often came a grand, solemn improvisation, or a brilliant and capricious one, or a tender and timid one; but whatever it was, it was living. There was no mistaking and no resisting it. We could chat or pursue our game while Mr. Huntley was doing his best, or even while she was playing written music; but when the instrument was made to interpret her, it was quite otherwise. Then it was as if her soul spoke to us its highest conceptions, and we listened perforce.

Their last evening with us was brilliant in music, conversation, and wit. It was prolonged till a late hour, and as we were parting for the night, I said to Mr. Huntley: "You will return to the gayeties of the city, after this seclusion, with a keen relish for them."

"The city!" he exclaimed. "Think of that, Anderson! We are both compelling ourselves to go away from you all, and here is Miss Warren singing the praises of the city. I assure you it has never been so dull as it will be now, to me, and I am quite certain it will be equally so to my friend, will it not?"—addressing Mr. Hedding.

"You are right in that," he replied; "for, really, I have been thinking of trying to get myself into society by asking Col. Anderson to give me a situation here. Have you anything that would suit me, Colonel?"

"Yes, admirably," replied he, looking with that deep smile, as he spoke, first at Eleanore, and then at me. It brought the color to my face; and she, too, turned her glowing eye upon me, and pressed my hand on her arm. What did all this mean?

But we were just separating, and so there was no time to ask—only time for speculation and dreamy conjecture after I reached my room.

In the morning our guests took their departure—

not without repeated promises to visit Valverde again before the flowers should have faded. Mr. Huntley, with his universal readiness and faultless taste, had laid out and planted a flower-garden and numerous beds around the house, and already vases were in requisition for the *eschscholtzias* and lupines of the wild lands, and we were promised, in a couple of months, to be overrun with the annuals of the garden.

We had visited the "works" many times, and watched with a deep interest the riddling of the great mountains. There were three separate mines being opened, with all sorts of vertical, lateral, and ascending and descending shafts—a perfect labyrinth it seemed to Eleanore and me. There were the old and new galleries, up and down, to the right and the left, winding hither and thither, and all seeming endless in their grim blackness. At all hours of the day and night they swarmed with men, quarriers, drillers, carriers; and many times each day the dull, heavy boom of the great blasts reverberated through the valley and from side to side of the towering mountains in thundering echoes.

The work was driven with an energy and quietness that were admirable to witness; no confusion, no noise, no disorder anywhere; one potent and enlightened will directing every step and every blow to its exact purpose—one clear eye computing every foot of progress—one accurate and always calm mind comprehending and controlling, without the slightest show of authority, all that vast application of labor. It inspired me with a more enthusiastic admiration of Col. Anderson than I had before entertained, to see how he moved among these men, of all grades of capacity and all varieties of ambition and desire—laborers, mechanics,

machinists, and sub-engineers—governing all perfectly, yet so utterly without pretense or show of doing it, that they were never made conscious of his relation to them.

Mr. Hedding had expatiated warmly upon this feature of his capacity. "He has the power," he said, "to make himself felt everywhere, and yet a stranger might spend a day here and ask at night who was the head man, if it were not that he is so superior in every way, that he could not be mistaken for a subordinate." There was the most unwavering confidence in his judgment, as well as in his executive ability, so that when he pronounced favorably of any branch of the undertakings he had in hand, everybody was set at rest with regard to it. And how proud Eleanore was of all this. With what worship she looked on him, when letters came bearing testimony to his judgment, his scientific knowledge, and worthiness, in everything that belongs to the complete man, to be trusted.

"We leave all to you, sir," was the constant language of those whom he consulted. "We are convinced there can be no greater safety than this. Employ whatever force and capital you think best suited to develop our interests, and advising us of your wants as early as you can foresee them, rest assured that they will be supplied."

From our friends came pleasant epistles to us all, filled with delightful recollections of their visit, and pitying themselves that they were no longer of our circle, "which, I assure you," said Mr. Hedding in his note to me, "it would not be easy to match in this city." With the second post after their return, came a letter from Senor Senano, very polite and stately, containing a formal application to me to come to them



in the capacity of governess. He hoped for a speedy and favorable answer, from what my friend, Mrs. Anderson, had told them, before she was herself taken away by the excellent Colonel.

"What shall I say, dear friends?" I asked, when the letter had been read in full session at supper.

Phil voted *instantan* no.

Col. Anderson followed on the same side, with reasons and arguments as plenty as blackberries. Even Antonio, who was serving us, put in his nay. But Eleanore was silent. "Have you no voice on this question, my queen?" asked the husband.

"Yes, Leo, and my voice is ay."

We were all betrayed into an expression of surprise.

"Why, Nelly," began Col. Anderson.

"Oh madame," exclaimed Antonio, catching his breath and subsiding into instant silence.

"Mamma, mamma," cried Phil, "don't let Miss Warren go away. I want her to stay here. I believe she ought to stay here."

"One at a time, my darling," she replied to the man and the child. You, good Antonio, wish her to stay, I know, because we all love her, and are so happy to have her with us; and that would be right if there were nothing else to be thought of but our happiness for this present time. But we must think of Miss Warren as well as ourselves, and though we shall miss her very sadly, from our table, and our house, and our garden, we ought not to keep her here, if it will not be best for her. I think so, Antonio, and so I vote ay on this question. Will you come to the parlor now," she said, rising and leading the way with Phil in one hand and myself in the other. "Leo, come and sit down here, and let us consider." For my own part, I remained

silent. I was not in the least hurt by her decision ; for our affection for each other was above every doubt. Not a shadow could possibly fall on that. But I was curious to hear a more explicit statement of her thoughts than she had given to Antonio.

“Well, Nelly,” said her husband, “what is it? I know you are thinking of something that would be worth hearing. Will you give it us?”

“I did not propose to argue this question, dear friends,” she said, taking a hand of each of us. “I asked you, Leo, to sit down and consider. That did not mean to discuss. Now reflect for a little, and see if you do not vote with me. We are talking, dear Anna,” she said, “as if you were absent, and I endeavor to think and feel about your going, as far above the level of the present hour as possible. I try to forget how much I shall long for you—how much we shall feel your loss from this blessed household, and think of your future only, and I am persuaded that you ought to go to the city.”

“I am more than half inclined to agree with you,” I said, “because I have so often found you right heretofore. Nevertheless, I do not care so much for pecuniary interests now, that I need to sacrifice so much as I should in giving you all up for the sake of a salary.”

“It is not pecuniary interest alone that I consider,” replied Eleanore. “But I should like you to enter upon a social life in the city, which will never be possible to you here. You are able to speak Spanish passably now, and therefore you will not be so isolated in the Senano household as I was. You will not have the same reason that I had, in this worshipful master, for shunning company, and, in short, I feel assured that we shall all be much happier a year hence if you go.

Now, Leo, you shall have the privilege of withdrawing your former vote and reversing it if you choose."

And so it was settled, with the clear concurrence of all but Phil, that I should reply affirmatively to Don Alexandro's letter, which I did, promising to go to them at the end of a month. What intense enjoyment was compressed into that period! What hopes and plans of future meetings there or in the city. How the packet was to be charged with parcels to Mr. Hedding's care for me; and in return, how I imagined myself picking up now and then a choice book, or a gem of a picture, or, with Mr. Huntley's help, a piece of rare music to delight these dear souls, in this secluded little house. At last the morning of the day came. The Colonel was to accompany me to ———, and his second foreman, a very gentlemanly, quiet man, was to act as my escort to the city, whither he had to go on business.

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When I parted from Eleanore, her swimming eyes smiled into mine as she said, "I hope I am not afflicting myself so much in vain, Anna. Keep your heart alive, dear friend, and think what a bright, beautiful, and sufficient world *home* is to a woman." The calmly spoken words startled me, and returned to my inner ear, hours afterward, in the heat of that day. Was I traveling toward a bright and peaceful home? I asked myself, with a vague, wide wandering of my imagination into the future. There came also an occasional memory of the past—streaks of something like light across that misty expanse. On the whole, my journey was accomplished in a state of mind pretty nearly balanced between expectation and pleasing memories. I had at the least a new home and new persons before me, and if life should offer me nothing



more than it had already, a perpetual membership in the beloved household I had just left, that indeed was much. But why was it not now, as it would once have been, enough? Why did I look beyond?

When we reached the Hotel du Nord, I was following my companion, Mr. Burney, up stairs, to the parlor, when we met Mr. Hedding going down. His undisguised pleasure in meeting me, his hearty cordiality, and his endless praises of Mrs. Anderson's generosity and kindness in urging my coming, quite touched my heart. So much appreciation, so much pleasure derived from my presence, warmed my blood into strange pulsations. Would it not be happiness always to be able so to give happiness?

I retired late, but did not even then sleep till I had questioned myself thus many times, and recalled many times the earnest, lingering clasp, in which my hand had been taken that night.

The next day I was installed in my new post, but although I liked my employers much, and they liked me, and the children were particularly fond of me, I remained there only four months. At the end of that time, I received the following short note from Eleanore:

“ VALVERDE.

“ Your cards were received with great joy, dear Anna. Leo and I have talked of nothing else all the evening. We have laid all sorts of delightful plans for your future days, which we feel assured cannot fail to be happy. If they are as much so as you both deserve, and we wish they should be, you could not, I am sure, ask more. As this will not reach you till after the wedding day, let it bring to your home the assurance of our congratulations, and of my joyous, heart-felt sympathy with you, dear friend, in this long-deferred

experience. I feel happier in thinking of you as the wife of that good, noble, genial man, than I should if you had been placed upon a throne, and thereby cut off from following your heart in this leaning of it. Leo and I hope to see you before the rainy season sets in. Will you not come to us? Phil begs for a visit, and Antonio smiles brightly when your name is spoken, and seems to approve as warmly as any one of us the new relation.

“Our hearts are full of love and hope for you, and here is the little queenly flower of pure white—cyclobothra, Leo calls it—which he has carefully pressed to offer you. Put it in your herbarium, and under it write the language which he intends it to express to you from himself: ‘May you be happy and beloved as I am.’ It is the type of a victorious, exulting heart, and never had any a better right than he to send it, unless it were your rejoicing friend,

ELEANORE.”

## CHAPTER LX.

I shall give you but one more short letter from Eleanore, though I have large files of them. She is now living at one of the two important points on the globe where capital, employed by intellect and knowledge, is subduing the hindrances to material civilization. Her husband is engaged there in work which will record his name to future ages. I have many of her letters from that place, but this is written in answer to my last, informing her of the birth of this little Eleanore Hedding :

“On the whole,” she says, after giving me her earnest congratulations and some particulars relating to themselves, “on the whole, my dear Anna, I am glad your child is a daughter. You are beyond any probability—I hope any possibility of want; and a daughter comes so very near to a mother’s heart by the sympathies which fall between women, that I think, other things being equal, her life will enrich your age more than a son’s would. A happy woman’s experience is, I sometimes fear, richer than any man’s can be. Is not mine more so than Leonard’s, I wonder? Can I be so much to him as he is to me? I will to be every day, when I feel the wealth of his love, but I fear I must fall short.

“We are still, dear Anna, the same lovers as when you were with us in the dear old mountain-home. There is such a fine and subtile influence flowing from his life into my soul! I feel it in the presence with



which he is clothed in approaching me. I feel it in his voice, and in the outpouring tenderness which he bears to every living creature. As a man, he gains year by year in the completeness of the nature I first loved. One feels in him so clearly, now, the great, strong soul, at home and on easy terms with its magnificent tenement, the body, which is equally at home and at ease with the material world.

"If there is any fault to be laid at his door, it is, perhaps, that he is too religiously proud of our daughters—though it would be difficult to see how one could help that, and they such children as they are.

"Nellie, who is now, you know, past five, is wild, and grand, and imaginative, and tender, and terrible, all in one, like the mountains that watched over and whispered to her before she was born. And I think the spirit of that dear, blessed old Whitehouse piano lives in her little soul, she is so full of music—trilling parts of choruses and snatches and cadences all day long, as a forest-bird its notes; so that her father thinks he never did a wiser or truer thing than surprising me with it, as you remember he did, so charmingly.

"'We made ourselves a beneficent Providence to her, did we not?' he asks, as we watch her tiny fingers playing over the keys of our grand new instrument.

"She has played more than a year, and actually gets through several little pieces of Phil's, though I have never shown her where to find a single key.

"Dear Phil, no less precious and beloved by each of us than he was, has constituted himself, in right of his age, Nellie's care-taker; and nothing can be more charming than to see them strolling along the beach, hand in hand—for Phil never lets go of her there—when the tide is out—gathering shells and delighting in the endless frolic of the waters.

"Nellie is poetical, too, and loves to personify the sea, finding in it many of the attributes of her human idols; but with all this, Phil cannot persuade her that the water stood up on each side to let Moses and his host pass through. She insists that their passage must have been effected by means of a 'tanal.'

“ ‘But, Nellie, don’t I tell you there couldn’t be a canal in the middle of the sea! and folks go in boats on canals. They don’t walk or ride, as Moses did.’

“ ‘Well, then, wasn’t it a dry tanal, like papa’s, Phil?’

“ And then Phil says, despairingly: ‘Oh, dear—if you was a boy, Nellie, you’d understand it.’

“ Bertha, who is now well on in her second year, bids fair to be quite another sort of character. She is a miracle of beauty, with large, joyous blue eyes—so like her father—and golden hair that lays in loose coils all over her beautiful head, and a mouth so sweet, yet spirited, even at this age, that we often laugh at her little demonstrations—Leo and I—and say: ‘How like that is to Phil!’

“ She is born of a more tranquil condition, to which I had grown interiorly in those years of deep-settled happiness, as well as attained externally by the changed conditions of our life. She will have more native repose, I think, than her sister; and it seems to me that, for the artist in Nellie, may be substituted, in Bertha, the more serious, earnest, loving nature of the philanthropist.

“ It may seem absurd to you, dear friend, that I should thus speculate upon the probable character of a young child. But it is not, as you will know when your own daughter has added some months to her age. You will see prophecies, even then, of her future; and, beside, if you have been true to God and her, before she saw the light, you already *know* something of what you have done for her.

“ You remember how high-strung, keen, variable, yet centered upon ourselves, was my spiritual life before Nellie came to us—how all my little artistic power was in vivid and joyous play—how I breathed in the genius of that wonderful mountain-world—all its poetry, all its terrors of storm and tempest, as well as its genial sunshine and tenderness. They were all daguerreo-typed in her being, and are now showing themselves to us every day.

“ But the intervening years calmed and settled me

much. I looked out upon the world with a clearer vision. Its suffering appealed to me—its great movements stirred my comprehensive powers to lay hold of and harmonize them with my own hopes of human progress; but chiefly my sympathies were in exercise, toward those who were less happy than ourselves, and toward the millions who are yearly being born to perversions and pains and incapacity, for want of the light I enjoyed.

“Therefore I know, independent of the expression of baby deeds—which *may* mean as much as the deeds of the man or woman—independent of broken, lisping chatter, betraying the secret springs of sympathetic tenderness—independent of the calmness and almost grandeur of self-poise we sometimes see, with waters of inexpressible gratitude in our eyes—I know, I say, independent of all these imperfect proofs, that Bertha is born to a life of earnest, loving uses. The need to perform them has grown into her body and soul from mine. She cannot live without them.

“Do not laugh at me for this. You will one day *know* it as the divinest and highest truth upon which our life can lay hold for its practical healing and purification—so exalted and revered is the office of womanhood.

“Antonio remains with us—the same self-sacrificing, watchful, faithful creature that you knew him. When I left my room, after Bertha was born, leaning upon, or, rather, in Leonard’s arm, the poor fellow came to meet and congratulate me, with tears in his eyes. ‘Madame have three now,’ he said; ‘rich woman—very rich; so handsome and good.’

“I hardly knew whether the praise applied to myself or my children, which doubt, when I suggested it to Leonard, he said could only arise from sheer and excessive vanity, which, considering all things, he must be allowed to express his wonder at.

“We have plenty of room here, dear friend, and I wish you and our good Mr. Hedding and the young lady who has appropriated my name, could come to share some of it with us. There is the nursery to the left of my room, and Leo’s to the right, with his dressing-



room beyond ; and on the opposite side of the house is a corresponding suite, which I would that you were in to-day. Ours overlook the bright sea, and the blue, distant mountains ; and when Leonard and I sit there by ourselves, voicelessly talking, as we sometimes do, to each other, in our souls, I think—looking on the great, grand world before me, and feeling what my heart leans on there—that God indeed is Love.

“ ‘Have not our lives proved it so, dearest soul ?’ I said, one day.

“ ‘My own wife,’ he replied, taking me very close to his heart, in uttering the words, ‘we have proved God’s love in all the common gifts of life that have been ours ; but more richly than any man have I proved it, in finding thee so dowered in the soul he gave thee, as perfectly to husband all that life could bring to us. I owe thee a debt for the sweet firmness and high honor of thyself and me, that have preserved this love blooming in my heart as freshly now as on the day, long ago, when I sought to make thee mine ; I owe thee a debt as the mother of our matchless children ; I owe thee a debt for the grand religious culture wherein my soul has risen toward God, with thine ; I owe thee a debt for the faith thou hast given me in the capacities and destiny of man ; almost I owe thee my own clear and unwavering trust in God and the future, which I feel to be so sufficient an armor against the poisoned arrows of sorrow, should they ever search me out. How shall I pay thee all this, sweet one ?’

“ ‘So,’ I replied, holding his generous heart to mine.”

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
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2. *Eliza Woodson; or, The Early Days of One of the World's Workers.*

In the three and a half centuries since Cornelius Agrippa, no one has attempted with so much ability as Mrs. Farnham to transfer the theory of woman's superiority from the domain of poetry to that of science. Second to no American woman save Miss Dix in her experience as a practical philanthropist, she has studied human nature in the sternest practical schools, from Sing-Sing to California. She justly claims for her views that they have been maturing for twenty-two years of "experience so varied as to give it almost every form of trial which could fall to the intellectual life of any save the most favored women." Her books show, moreover, an ardent love of literature, and some accurate scientific training—though her style has the condensation and vigor which active life creates, rather than the graces of culture. \* \* \* \* \*

The difference between her book and most of those written on the other side is, that in the previous cases the lions have been the painters, and here it is the lioness. As against the exaggerations on the other side, she has a right to exaggerate on her part. As against the theory that man is superior to woman because he is larger, she has a right to plead that in this case the gorilla were the better man, and to assert, on the other hand, that woman is superior because smaller—Emerson's mountain and squirrel. As against the theory that glory and dominion go with the beard, she has a right to maintain (and that she does with no small pungency) that Nature gave man this appendage because he was not to be trusted with his own face, and needed this additional covering for his shame. As against the historical traditions of man's mastery, she does well to urge that creation is progressive, and that the megalosaurus was master even before man. It is, indeed, this last point, which constitutes the crowning merit of the book, and which will be permanently associated with Mrs. Farnham's name. No one before her has so firmly grasped this key to woman's historic position, that the past was an age of coarse, preliminary labor, in which her time had not yet come. This theory, as elucidated by Mrs. Farnham, taken with the fine statement of Buckle as to the importance of the intuitive element in the feminine intellect, (which statement Mrs. Farnham also quotes,) constitutes the most valuable ground logically conquered for woman within this century. These contributions are eclipsed in importance only by those actual achievements of women of genius—as of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Rosa Bonheur, and Harriet Hosmer—which, so far as they go, render all argument superfluous.

In this domain of practical achievement Mrs. Farnham has also labored well, and the autobiography of her childish years, when she only aspired after such toils, has an interest wholly apart from her larger work, and scarcely its inferior. Except the immortal "Pet Marjorie," one can hardly recall in literature a delineation so marvelous, of a childish mind so extraordinary as "ELIZA WOODSON." The few characters appear with an individuality worthy of a great novelist. Every lover of children must find it altogether fascinating, and to the most experienced student of human nature it opens a new chapter of startling interest.





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